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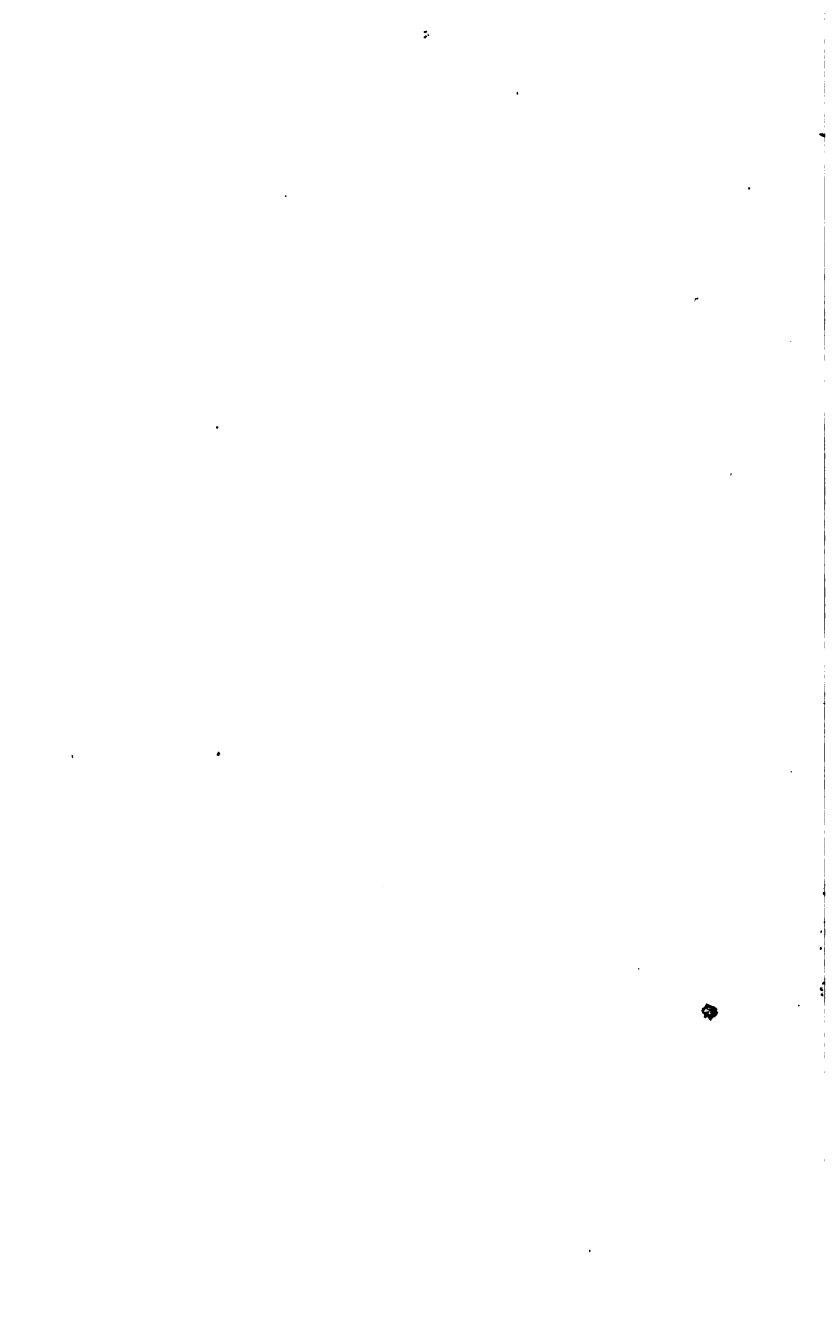
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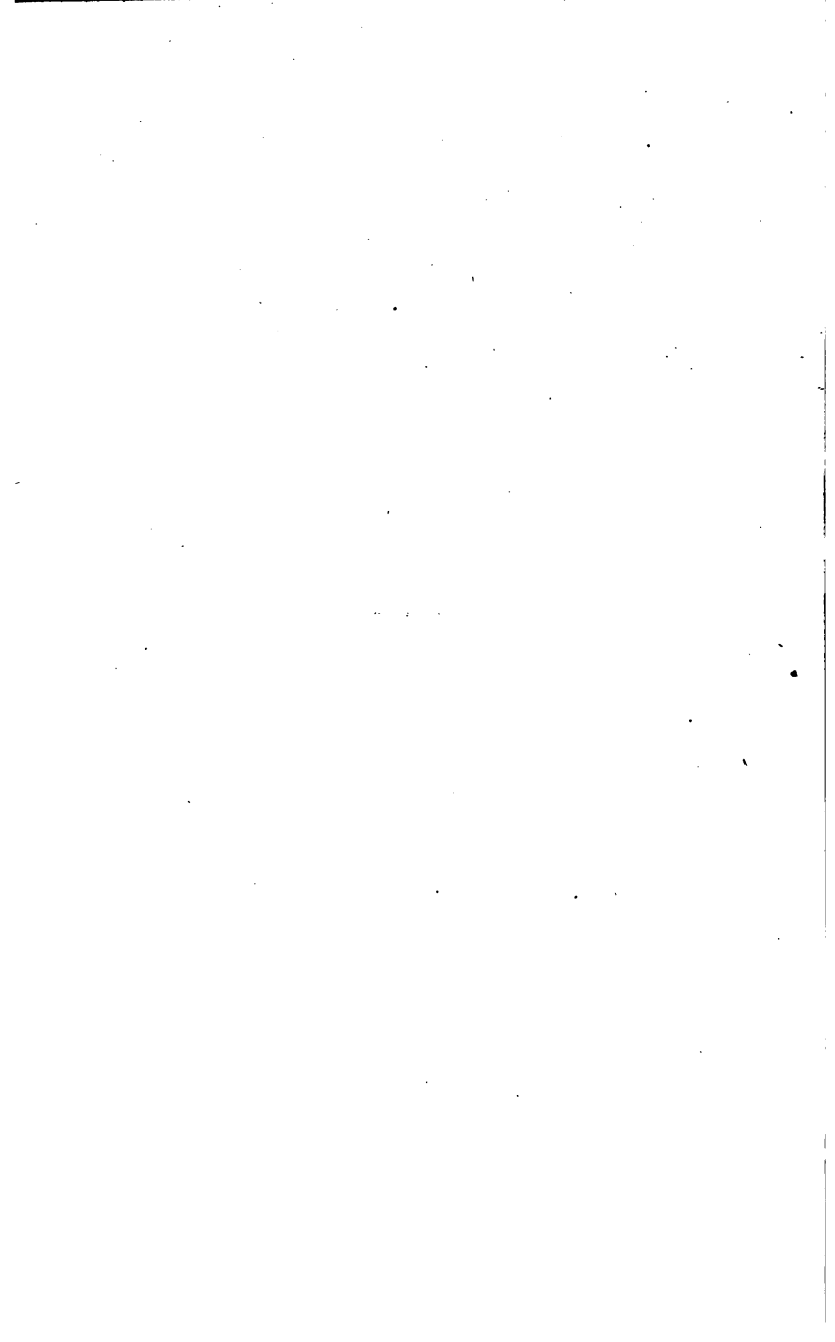
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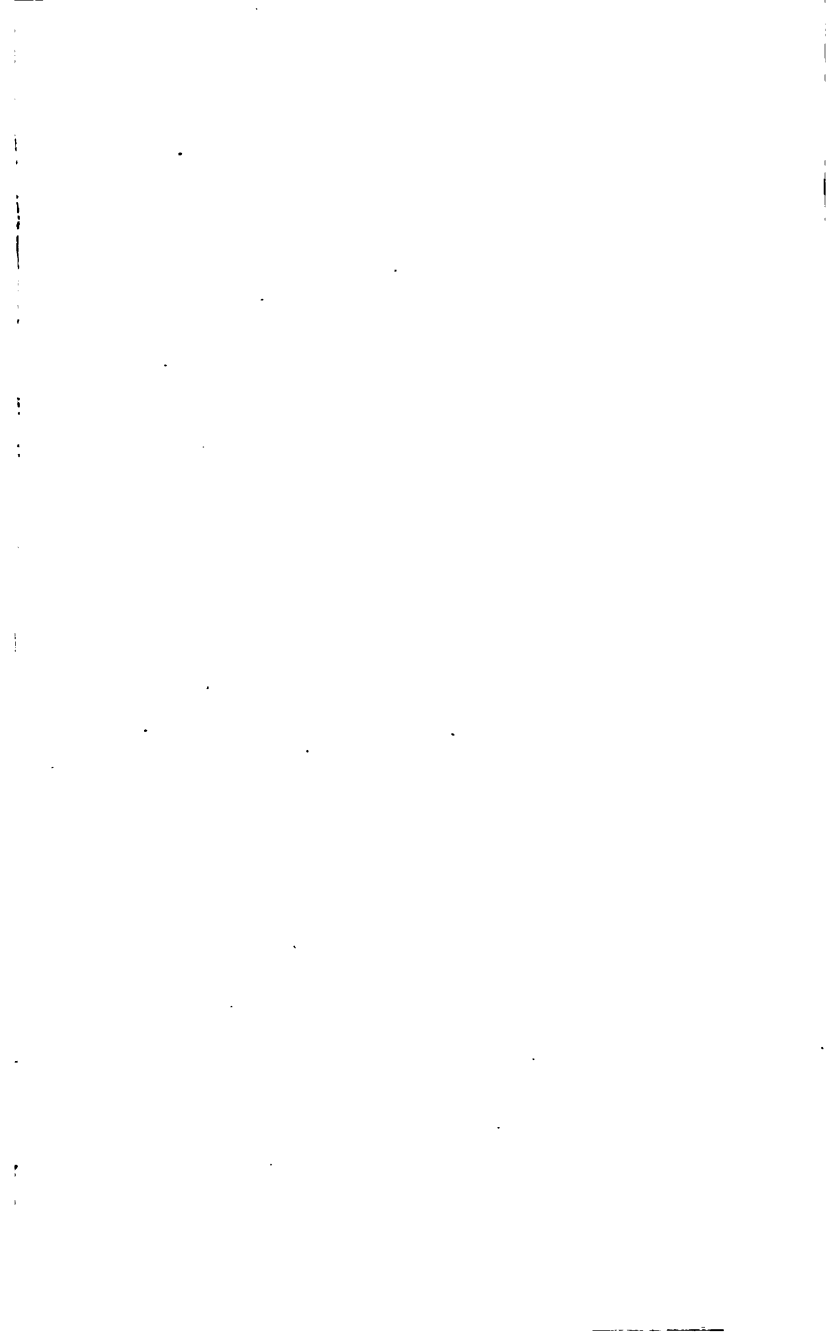
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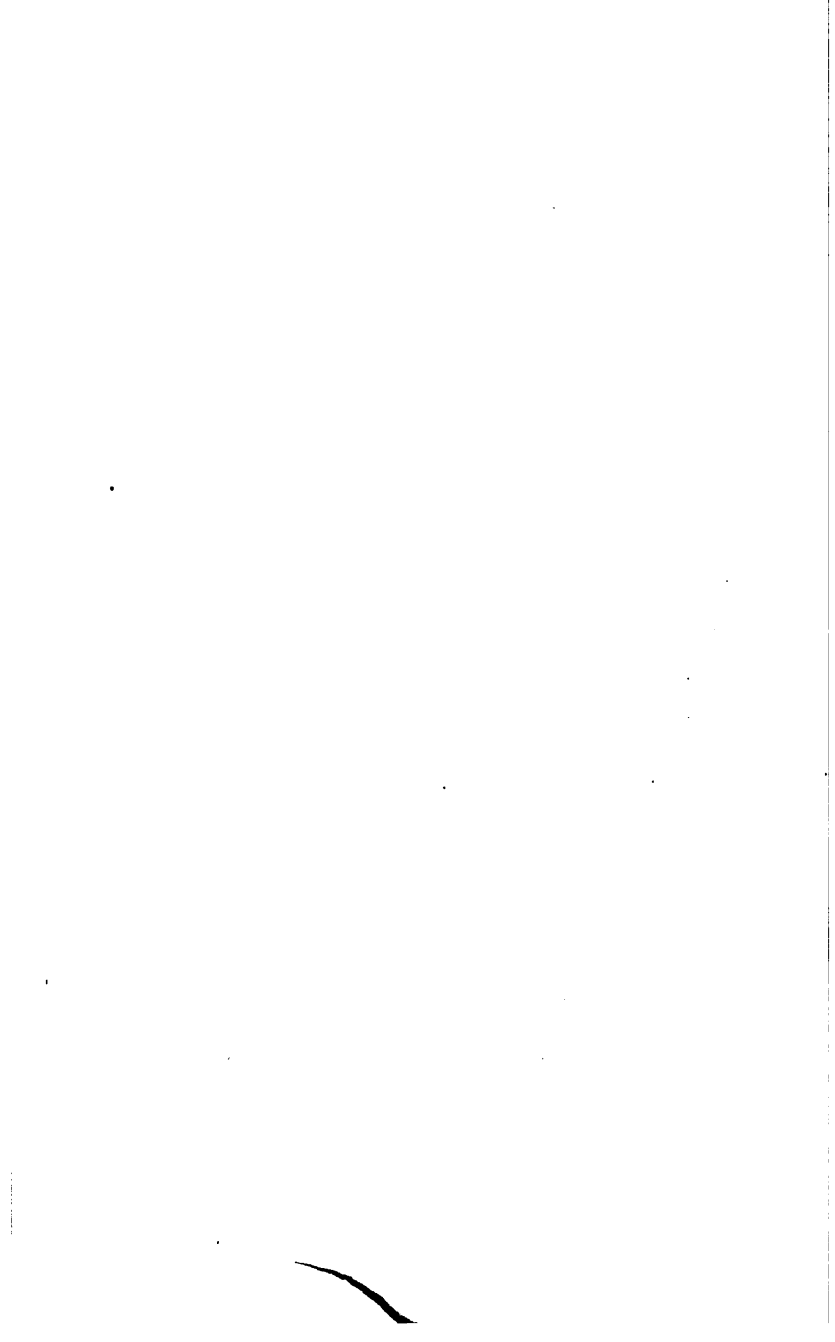
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# LIFE OF WELLINGTON.

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The Duke of Wellington—Another stone to his Cairn—Birth—Account of his Family—Education—First appointment to, and rapid advance in the Army—Appearance in Parliament—His first Service in Flanders—The Retreat from Holland, and the Commander of the Rear Guard—His appointment to a Colonelcy.—Embarkation of himself and his Regiment for India—State of our Indian Possessions in 1798—Lord Mornington appointed Governor-General—War with Tippoo Saib—The Battle of Mallavelly.

THE most remarkable man of our time, in all respects, and the greatest military commander the world has ever seen, has passed from among us ; but

“The trail of glory marks the vanished star!”\*

He has left behind him the materials for a monument to his fame, in the glorious events of his long and useful life, the splendour of which cannot be surpassed, and has never yet been approached in either ancient or modern times. This eulogium will scarcely appear hyperbolic to those who have traced him throughout his vast and varied career ; in the battle-field and in the council-chamber ; in the court and in the closet ; now deciding the destinies of the world by a single wave of his sword ; and, anon, awing the clamour of a senseless and imbruted democracy by the resolute dignity of his look. It seems impossible, in attempting to add another stone to his cairn, not to remember the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on

\* Dryden.

Hercules: "On Hercules!" responded the admiring Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" And who, in our times at least, has ever ventured to question the genius, the wisdom, or the honesty, of Wellington! Never has any great public character descended to the tomb with a more unanimous testimony in his favour. If, during a period of violent political excitement, his inflexible principle may have provoked for a brief space the hostility of the blind and unreasoning partizan, his stern loyalty of purpose enabled him soon to live down that temporary unpopularity, and acquire an influence over his fellow-countrymen such as has never before been possessed by any individual whatsoever; until

"They more or less came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs, as pages followed him,  
Even at his heels, in golden multitudes."

Whilst, on the other hand,

"By his light  
Did all the Chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."\*

Never was the mind of a great man more thoroughly constitutional, in the best sense of the term, than that of Wellington. It has been often and truly remarked, that his prevailing characteristic was his strict sense of duty, which appeared to influence alike the greatest as well as the least important acts of his life. He seemed to have no will that was not altogether subservient to this absorbing principle; and in describing him as the most valiant and the wisest, we may add that—second only in station to royalty itself—he was also the most dutiful and least selfish subject of his sovereign; never allowing an impulse to weigh with him, for a single moment, that was not based on the most loyal devotion to the monarch, and the most patriotic regard for the general interests of his country.

Fortunately for posterity, no man, however illustrious, ever left behind him so ample a body of materials for his

\* Shakspeare.

history as the Duke of Wellington. His military life may be said to have been written in his Despatches; for the rest, he has lived so entirely before the world for more than half a century, that the biographer has not to go far afield for his data. They lie ready to his hand, and his chief difficulty would appear to arise from their abundance and importance.

On the present occasion, our task is limited to the abridgment of the labours of a biographer who is no longer among us to perform it for himself, and to furnish such additions and corrections as appear to be indispensable to render the record complete. In a narrative limited to a single volume, it has, of course, been impossible to give documents and despatches *in extenso*. The utmost that could be done was to condense their spirit into the very limited space at our command; giving more prominence to those events in which the Duke was more immediately concerned, than to incidents which, however they may have ministered to his final triumph, have only a collateral interest in such a work.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington, third surviving son of Garret, second Earl of Mornington, by Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, was born at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, on the 1st of May, 1769;\* the year that gave birth to Napoleon Buonaparte, Marshal Soult, Mehemet Ali, and the late Marquis of Londonderry. The Wellesleys derive their origin from the Colleys, or Cowleys, of Rutlandshire.

From the account of this family which is given in most of the Peerages, it would seem that it is one of considerable antiquity, and was originally settled in Rutlandshire; but that two of its members, Walter and Robert Cowley, emigrated to Kilkenny in the reign of Henry VIII.; great inducements having been held out by that monarch to Pro-

\* Some controversy has arisen as to the precise time and place of the Duke's birth; but we have his own authority for the facts as we have recorded them, conveyed in a reply to some inquiries on the subject, addressed to him only a few weeks before his death. A letter also from his mother, in answer to the enquiry of a friend, which has lately been published in the daily prints, can have left no room for doubt on the matter.

testants of respectability to form a settlement in that country. We accordingly find the Cowleys, who had been bred to the law, presented in 1531 with the Clerkship of the Crown in Chancery for their joint lives; and, in 1537, Robert made Master of the Rolls, and Walter, Solicitor-General. Robert, after holding his office for twelve years, resigned it for the Surveyor-Generalship of Ireland. From this period the descendants of the family held various important posts, and acquired several grants of land from successive monarchs. They also represented, from time to time, divers places in parliament. The immediate ancestor of the Morningtons appears to have been Sir Henry Colley, or Cowley, of Castle Carbery, second son of the elder son of Walter Colley, who was Seneschal of the King's County in the reign of Elizabeth; was knighted in 1576; and married Anne, daughter of Adam Loftus, archbishop of Dublin. From this branch descended Richard Cowley of Castle Carbery, who succeeded to the name and estates of his cousin, Garret Wesley, or Welesly, the descendants of a Sussex family, which had emigrated to Ireland in the 16th century, and whose ancestor had been standard-bearer to Henry II., and had for his military services obtained large grants of land in the counties of Kildare and Meath. The youngest son of the great-grandson of Sir Henry Cowley became the first Lord Mornington, and assumed the name of Wellesley on succeeding to the estates of Garret Wellesley of Dangan Castle. He was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Mornington in 1746, and died in 1758. Garret, the second Baron, was born in 1735, and was advanced, in 1760, to the dignities of Viscount Wellesley of Dangan Castle, and Earl of Mornington, county of Meath. He married, Feb. 6, 1759, Anne, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, by whom he had issue: 1. Richard, the late Marquis of Wellesley; 2. Arthur Gerald, who died in infancy; 3. William Wellesley Pole, the present Earl of Mornington; 4. Arthur, the late Duke of Wellington; 5. Gerard Valerian, D.D.; 6. Sir Henry, G.C.B.; 7. Frances Seymour; 8. Anne; 9. Mary Elizabeth.

The second Earl of Mornington, a man of polished manners and hospitable disposition, took no part in public

business, devoting himself almost exclusively to the study and practice of music, in which, as a composer, he acquired a considerable reputation. Five of his glees,—“Hail, Hallowed Fane,” “Come, Fairest Nymph,” “Here in cool Grot,” “When for this World’s Repose,” and “Go Happy Shade,” have found a very wide acceptance in the musical world for more than half a century. Although nearly self-taught, his compositions were admired by the first musicians of the day. A taste like his was naturally averse from the turmoil of political intrigue; and, happy in his family and friends, Lord Mornington avoided the bustle of the crowd. He lived loved and respected; and no death was regretted, by an extensive circle of acquaintances, more sincerely than his. That event occurred at his house in Kensington, on the 22nd of May, 1781.

Lord Mornington died in the noon of life, leaving a large family, and a property considerably encumbered. His son, the late Marquis Wellesley, correctly appreciating the value of his excellent mother, confided the management of his patrimony to her care; and at once assumed the payment of his father’s debts, an act, on his part, the more honourable, because it was entirely discretionary.

The earlier education of the distinguished brothers, the Earl of Mornington and the Honourable Arthur Wellesley, commenced at Eton; whence Arthur, after receiving the rudiments of his education, was removed to the care of the Reverend H. Michell, A.M., vicar of Brighton. In due time, Lord Mornington was sent to Oxford, and there completed his studies; while, with excellent judgment, his younger brother Arthur was placed in the Military College of Angers, in the department of the Maine and Loire, as a fitter school for one already destined to the profession of arms.\* Here he acquired that perfect knowledge of the French language which was so serviceable to him in after-life.

The career of a boy is seldom particularly remarked until after-life has stamped the individual as one beyond his fellows. At his first school, Wellesley gave certain promise of

\* This academy was under the direction of the celebrated engineer, Pignérol, whose name is chiefly known as the constructor of one of the formidable fortresses of the Alps.

a distinguished manhood,—Wellington did not—and yet how easily may this anomaly be accounted for! The taste and fancy that afterwards produced the senator, were germane to the classic forms of Eton; while those mental energies which can alone constitute the soldier, like metal in a mine, lay dormant, until time developed the ore, and circumstances elicited its brilliancy.

That Wellington, beyond a fair and creditable proficiency, exhibited no marked superiority at Angers, is acknowledged, while Napoleon, his contemporary at Brienne, if the assertions of his biographers be correct, displayed martial propensities in everything connected with his studies or his sports. Had the latter fallen at Toulon, would his snowballings have been remembered and recorded? Most boys of strong nerve and lively disposition, are essentially martial in their amusements; for a field-game is not without its resemblance to a battle. Here, however, strength rather than science obtains the mastery. A year or two confers a temporary superiority on the boy: for a time he maintains a leadership; this advantage is lost as he approximates to manhood; and the bully of a school is rarely found in after-life among the bravest and most fortunate of his race.

Lord Mornington, having attained his majority, was returned for the borough of Beeralston, and obtained place under Mr. Pitt. He was subsequently elected a representative of the royal borough of New Windsor, and named one of the Commissioners for Indian Affairs. This appointment was the stepping-stone to more important posts; and influenced, no doubt, his own subsequent success, and still more decidedly the fortunes of his distinguished brother.

On the 7th of March, 1787, Arthur Wellesley obtained his first commission, being gazetted to an Ensigncy in the 73rd regiment; and on the 25th of the following December, he was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the 76th. In the succeeding month, he exchanged into the 41st, and on the 25th of June was appointed to the 12th Light Dragoons. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a company in the 58th Foot; and on the 31st of October, 1792, obtained troop in the 18th Light Dragoons.

At the general election, which occurred during the summer of 1790, he was returned to the Irish parliament for

Trim, a borough the patronage of which belonged to the house of Mornington. He sat for the same borough in 1791, 1792, and 1793, and on the 10th of January of the last-mentioned year seconded the address to the throne. His personal exterior must have been very different from what those who have only seen him in after-life would imagine. Sir Jonah Barrington describes him as "ruddy-faced, and juvenile in appearance;" and adds, "that he was popular among the young men of his age and station;" alluding to his parliamentary *début*, he observes: "his address was unpolished; he spoke occasionally, and never with success; and evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity to which he afterwards attained."

That Barrington was a very superficial observer, the following anecdotes will show:—

"The first time I ever visited the gallery of the house, was on the opening of the session of 1793, and I was accompanied by a friend, a barrister of high standing, and a person of acknowledged judgment. He was one of a celebrated society, termed 'The Monks of the Screw,' and was consequently on intimate terms with all the leading men of the day, including Grattan, Cuff (afterwards Lord Tyrawly), Langrish, Parnell, Wolf, &c., &c. As each member entered the house, my friend named them in succession, and generally at the same time rapidly sketched their characters. A young man, dressed in a scarlet uniform, with very large epaulettes, caught my eye, and I inquired who he was. 'That,' replied my friend, 'is Captain Wellesley, a brother of Lord Mornington, and one of the aide-de-camps of the Lord-Lieutenant.' 'I suppose he never speaks,' I added. 'You are wrong; he does speak sometimes, and when he does, believe me, it is always to the purpose.' The subject which occupied the attention of the house that night, was one of deep importance in Irish politics. A further concession to the claims of the Roman Catholics, had been recommended in a speech from the throne, and an animated debate resulted. Captain Wellesley spoke on the occasion; and his remarks were terse and pertinent, his delivery fluent, and his manner unembarrassed." His sentiments at this period were strictly constitutional. Even so far back as 1793, he avowed his willingness to emancipate the Roman Catholics.

The appointment of Captain Wellesley to the staff of the Earl of Westmoreland, had placed him in the household of the Viceroy, and as aide-de-camp, demanded his constant attendance at the castle. The Irish court, at that period, was celebrated alike for its hospitality, its magnificence, and its dissipation. The princely display of the Lords-Lieutenant entailed a heavy expenditure upon the numerous *attachés* of the court, and too frequently plunged young men of high family and limited fortunes into very distressing embarrassments. Captain Wellesley's patrimony was small, his staff appointment being more fashionable than lucrative; and it is not surprising, therefore, that soon after he had come of age, he found himself involved in pecuniary difficulties. At this time, he lodged in the house of an opulent bootmaker, who resided on Lower Ormond Quay, and the worthy tradesman having discovered accidentally that his young inmate was suffering annoyance from his inability to discharge a pressing demand, waited upon him, told him that he was apprized of his embarrassments, added that he had money unemployed, and offered him a loan, which was accepted. The obligation was soon afterwards repaid; and the young aide-de-camp was enabled, in a few years, to present his humble friend to an honourable and lucrative situation. Nor did death cancel the obligation; the Duke's patronage, after the parent's death, was extended to his son, for whom he obtained a valuable appointment.

The professional advancement of Captain Wellesley was steadily progressive. On the 30th of April, 1793, he was gazetted Major of the 33rd Foot, on the resignation of Major Gore; and on the 30th of the following September he succeeded to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the regiment, *vice* Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke, who retired from the service. His parliamentary career was now interrupted by a summons to attend his duties in the field.

For the last three years the political horizon of Europe had been seriously overcast; affairs daily became more gloomy,—“coming events threw their shadows before,”—and the frightful spread of democratical principles, the murder of the French monarch, the increase of the Republican army to 450,000 men, and the extraordinary success that had attended these raw and undisciplined levies, had roused Britain into

energy, and compelled her to prepare herself for a contest, on which not only her liberties but her existence as an empire were in a great degree dependent.

France was fearfully convulsed; the Reign of Terror was at its height; and though frightfully persecuted, the Royalist party still maintained a courage and displayed an attitude of resistance worthy of a better fortune. Hence there was hope that if the Bourbon party were supported from abroad, a reaction might be produced in France, and the alarming spread of Republicanism even yet be arrested. To effect this object, an expedition was prepared with all possible despatch for making a descent on the coast of Brittany, the command of which was entrusted to the Earl of Moira.

In June, 1794, the 33rd Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, embarked at Cork, and landed in the ensuing month at Ostend, whither it was quickly followed by a body of troops under Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, the reverses which had been experienced by the allies rendering reinforcements indispensable. The armies of the coalition having been driven from the soil of France, were at this moment making a vain effort to maintain themselves in Hainault and Austrian Flanders; but the defeat of the Austrians at Fleurus on the 26th June, 1794, decided the fate of these countries, and the allies fell back precipitately on Dyle. The intended descent upon the French coast had never been attempted, and the failure of the Duke of York in the Netherlands caused the notion to be altogether abandoned. The destination of the troops was accordingly changed from France to Ostend. The enemy, however, was already in possession of Ypres on the one side and Brussels on the other. Near the former place, the Austrian General Clairfayt had just sustained three defeats, and had retired on Ghent. Walmoden, the Hanoverian commander, being thus compelled to evacuate Bruges, had marched to join him. The Duke of York, whose misfortune it was to have been called upon to command so perfectly inefficient an expedition, was, in consequence of these defeats driven from his position at Tournay to Antwerp.

Lord Moira deciding that the defence of Ostend was of less

importance than affording immediate succour to the Duke of York, evacuated that town on the 29th June, and with 8,000 men marched by Bruges to Ghent, whence he embarked on the Scheldt, and joined the camp of His Royal Highness before Antwerp. It was here that Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, who accompanied his regiment from Ostend, first saw an army in the field. Here it was that he received his first lesson in practical warfare; and although this his first campaign offered but few opportunities of distinction, he did not fail to avail himself of all that presented themselves. In every affair in which the 33rd Regiment was engaged, it was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley; and on the river Neethe, in a warm affair near the village of Bortel, and in a fierce skirmish on the Waal, it did good service. At the close of the campaign he was selected by General Sir David Dundas to cover, with the brigade to which his regiment was attached, the memorable retreat from Holland; a duty which he performed to the full satisfaction of that intrepid soldier. This movement was commenced in the middle of January, during a winter of unusual rigour, and was peculiarly trying to the tempers and constitutions of men already exhausted by continued fatigue, and without the clothing or comforts which might have helped to mitigate the severity of the task.

The sufferings endured in this retreat were most acute. The route from the frozen banks of the Lech to the barren provinces of Gueldreland and Over-Yssel was over desert and flat heaths, with but few houses on the way, and those scattered singly or in small hamlets, which afforded little or no cover for the troops. It was a hard frost, and bitter winds and blinding sleet from the north-east directly met them on the march. The casualty of sinking down in a torpor of fatigue, and sleeping the sleep of death, was of frequent occurrence. The duty which devolved upon the young commanding officer of the rear-guard was consequently one which demanded incessant vigilance. This command, the post of honour in a retreat, stamped the young soldier, even at that early period, as a noticeable man. Notwithstanding their sufferings, the British who formed part of the expedition returned home in good heart, if with lively prejudices against the *sans-culottes* of Republican

France, and a full disposition to try a fall with them whenever an opportunity might occur.

Brief, however, and unsatisfactory as was this campaign in Flanders, and although it included no general battle, and but little fighting of any kind, it was not ill adapted to afford the young Lieutenant-Colonel some notion of war upon the grand scale; for the army to which he was attached consisted of no fewer than sixty-eight battalions, and eighty squadrons. It had also brought him in contact with the troops of various nations, differing alike in discipline, habits, costume, and aspect; and had thus afforded him opportunities of making observations and estimating the comparative value of military systems, which could not have failed to be useful to him in after-life. He may, in fact, be said to have begun his military education as a commanding officer in the school of adversity; of all schools, if there be any truth in an apothegm which has passed into a proverb,—the best.

In the House of Commons, in an early period of his career, the young soldier never omitted an opportunity of doing justice to the services, numerous and important, which the late Duke of York had rendered to the Army; and of bearing testimony to the skill and generosity with which his Royal Highness had, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, administered the duties of that office. Amid the discontent of a retreat, for which he was in no respect responsible, and the blind clamour which was raised against him in Parliament some years afterwards, the young Colonel was ever on the alert to bear testimony to the reforms which his Royal Highness had effected in the British military service, and to claim for him the merit to which he was, on this ground at least, so fully entitled.

On the return of the 33rd Regiment from Holland, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley was ordered to join an expedition about to sail to the West Indies, under the orders of Admiral Christian. Owing, however, to a long detention, after it had embarked, occasioned by adverse winds, and the sluggishness of the fleet of men-of-war and transports which had to be collected together, it did not positively sail until the middle of December 1725. After having been six weeks at sea in most tempestuous weather, the squadron was dis-

persed by a violent storm, and several of the vessels foundered. The rest, in obedience to their private instructions in such an event, returned to Portsmouth in a very shattered condition. The 33rd Regiment, on being disembarked, marched to Poole, where it was stationed during the remainder of the winter.

In April of the following year, the regiment was again embarked, its destination having been changed to India; but in consequence of severe indisposition, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley was unable to accompany it. He followed it, however, so soon as his health was sufficiently restored; and having joined it in September at the Cape of Good Hope, accompanied it to Calcutta, where he landed with it in February 1797, holding the rank of Colonel in the army. "Thus," says the accomplished Sherer, in his *Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington*, "a star which might have set early in the West in obscurity, and perhaps death, arose in the East with life and brightness." During his voyage out, Colonel Wellesley is said to have passed much of his time in reading, and in studies connected with his profession, and the military history of the country he was about to visit.

Towards the close of the year 1797, the Governor-General of India, Sir John Shore, having projected an attack on the Spanish settlement of Manilla, the 33rd was one of the regiments selected to compose the expedition from Bengal, charged with this service; but on reaching Penang, where it was to rendezvous with other troops sent from Madras with a similar object, orders were received recalling the different corps to their respective presidencies. The reason assigned for this step was, the representation of Lord Hobart, the Governor of Fort St. George, to the Governor-General, that he had great grounds for apprehending that Tippoo Saib, the Sultan of the Mysore, would take advantage of the absence of so many troops, to violate the treaty of 1792, and pour his forces into the Carnatic. In accordance with these orders, the 33rd returned to Bengal; and shortly afterwards Colonel Wellesley proceeded to Madras on a visit to Lord Hobart, who was on the eve of his departure for England. The two months he was absent from his regiment he was occupied in examining the several

military posts and establishments of the Madras Presidency; and having collected much useful information concerning the state of the Carnatic generally, he returned to Calcutta to await the arrival of his eldest brother, the Earl of Mornington, who had been appointed to succeed Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, as Governor-General of India.

A wiser or more judicious civil appointment has seldom been made; for a man more eminently qualified for the duties of this exalted office than Lord Mornington, could not have been selected. Having from a very early age devoted himself with remarkable assiduity to the study of Indian history (he had passed much of his time in his youth with Bishop Cornwallis, where he became intimately acquainted with the distinguished ex-Governor-General of India, Lord Cornwallis), and having acquired, as Commissioner for the Affairs of India since 1795, an extensive knowledge of the country he was called upon to govern, he seemed to possess peculiar and almost unrivalled qualifications for the office.

Our empire in the east was at that time in a state of greater apparent tranquillity than it had been for some years; and the suspicions of the bad faith of Tippoo Saib, which had led to the abandonment of the Manilla expedition, having been allayed, there seemed to be no present demand upon the new Governor-General's energies. On his arrival at Calcutta, however, on the 17th of May, 1798, his knowledge of the Indian character and his great penetration enabled him at once to discover the unsoundness of the tranquillity which was simulated on all sides, and the necessity which existed for the adoption, without delay, of such energetic measures as were necessary to provide against the coming danger.

It is impossible in a *précis* like the one on which we are now engaged, for us to enter upon the history of the political state of India at the period to which we refer. The possessions of the British East India Company, although considerably augmented by the valuable districts wrested from Tippoo in 1792, by Lord Cornwallis, under the walls of Seringapatam, were far short of the vast extent of territory which they now exhibit. The presidencies were at that time completely isolated, having extensive and powerful kingdoms interposed between them. In 1798, the com-

paratively insignificant territories of the Company, amounting to scarcely a twelfth part of its present empire, were divided as now into three distinct presidencies; namely, Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. The presidencies of Bengal consisted of the provinces of Bengal and Bahar, together with the district of Benares; all lying along the Ganges, and extending to about the distance of 500 miles from the mouth of that river; and a portion of coast country in the Bay of Bengal, denominated the Northern Sircars; as also the district of Midnapour in Orissa. The government of Madras, or Fort St. George, contained what was termed the Jaghire; an inconsiderable tract around Madras, and a strip of territory stretching along the Coromandel coast as far south as Negapatam, together with certain rights over the entire province of the Carnatic, amounting almost to sovereignty. In addition to these, the Company held some districts near the Caverry river, adjacent to the Carnatic, which were ceded by Tippoo in 1792. The government called the Bombay Presidency contained the island so called, about twenty miles in circumference, having an excellent and capacious harbour, together with the larger island of Salsette.

The remainder of this vast country was ruled over by a number of independent princes, several of whom were in alliance with the British. Of these, the Nizam Soubahdar, or supreme prince of the Deccan, was the most closely connected with them. His sovereignty extended over the kingdom of Golconda, a portion of Berar, and Dowlatabad, as also over some of the provinces ceded by Tippoo in 1792; when by the treaty of Seringapatam, that prince was deprived of half his territories, which were partitioned among the British, the Nizam, and their ally, the Peshwah. Hyderabad was the Nizam's capital, lying about 300 miles north of Madras. Before referring to the Mahratta states, it may be useful to describe the great divisions of India.

Hindustan Proper is the country north of the Nerbudda river, whose course is nearly east and west. The Deccan is that part between the Nerbudda and Kistna. South of the Kistna are the Carnatic, Mysore, and Malabar. The Mahratta territories extend from Delhi in the north, to the river Toombudda in the south; comprising the provinces

of Delhi, Agra, Ajmeer, Malwa, Guzerat, Candeish, Baglana, Bejapoor, Concan, Berar, and part of Dowlatabad. The population of the Mahrattas was estimated at forty millions of different nations and tribes, of whom nine-tenths were Hindus, and the rest Mohammedans. The head of this vast empire was the Peshwah, having under him a confederation of princes. His capital and residence were at Poonah. The most formidable enemy of the British was Tippoo, Sultaun of the Mysore, who having been stripped of half his dominions by the treaty of 1792, had brooded in silence over his disgrace, and cherished that hatred to the English name, which he had inherited from his father, Hyder Ali. He had a large army, chiefly disciplined by Frenchmen, and the central situation of his kingdom gave him great advantages for either attack or defence. The Nizam had been a faithful ally of the British, but over his army, the French, who appear to have been its organizers and instructors, had exercised a great and undue influence. Another prince who played a prominent part in this war was Dowlut Rao Scindiah, a warlike Mahratta chief, whose seat of government was Ougein in Malwa, although his court was usually in his camp.

One of the first objects that engaged Lord Mornington's attention, after his accession to the Governor-Generalship, was the equivocal attitude of Tippoo Saib, who having repeatedly infringed his treaties with the English government, was now intriguing with Buonaparte, with a view to obtain the aid of a levy of French troops, to assist him in taking possession of the South of India. After many proofs of his enmity to England, the Governor-General wrote to him, in an expostulatory tone, suggesting to him to settle any pending controversy between himself and the East India Company, by means of negotiation; but did not, meanwhile, neglect to prepare for offensive operations, should they be called for. Accordingly, an army was assembled at Vellore, under the command of General Lord Harris, which was prepared to enter the Mysore territory on the shortest notice. In a new treaty, which had been accepted by the Sultaun of the Mysore, it was expressly stipulated that the French mercenaries, who officered the army of the Nizam, should be forthwith dismissed. In spite of

these arrangements, he was intriguing with the King of Candahar and Cabul to invade our territories from the north, and with the Mahrattas to make common cause with him against us. At this juncture our alliances in the Deccan were most unstable. French influence was paramount in the Court of the Nizam; and the Court of Peshwah at Poonah was at the mercy of Scindiah, who was at hand with a large army, and dictated all its measures. Other native magnates of India were known to be equally unfavourable to England, and it became necessary that prompt and vigorous measures should be adopted. A mutiny among the Sepoys at Vellore offered an excuse for the despatch of a force from Fort William, which, assisted by the Nizam's cavalry, surrounded the infantry, and having arrested the officers (most of whom were French), disarmed the Sepoys. This successful *coup* annihilated the French influence in the Carnatic; and the news of Nelson's victory, which had just reached the Governor-General, relieved him from all apprehension that the Sultaun would receive assistance from abroad. His preparations being complete, he waited in vain for a satisfactory answer to his remonstrances, and then directed, preliminary to a declaration of war, the British army to advance. Under all the circumstances, no alternative, save an appeal to the sword, appears to have been left to him; and Lord Mornington repaired accordingly to Calcutta, for the purpose of placing himself in more immediate communication with General Harris.

The letter of the Governor-General to Tippoo Saib having been left unanswered, or answered evasively, a declaration of war was issued on the 22nd February, 1799, the British army collected at Vellore having been augmented by the large contingent of the Nizam of the Deccan. Of the latter force, the infantry was placed under the command of Colonel Wellesley, and the cavalry under that of Meer Alum, the prince's minister. We have already alluded to the dangerous condition of our alliances in the Deccan. The ostensible head of the Mahratta Empire was the Peshwah, having under him a confederation, independent in everything but name, of his authority, who were all more or less hostile to the British Government. The designs of Tippoo Saib had been placed beyond all doubt by a proclamation issued by

the French Governor of the Isle of France, which reached Bengal in June 1798. This document, which was in reply to a direct appeal from Tippoo to the French nation for held against the English, stated that he only awaited the moment when the French should come to his assistance, to declare war against the English, all of whom he ardently desired to expel from India. The authenticity of this proclamation, which was at first doubted, was soon confirmed by the arrival from the Isle of France of 100 men and several officers for the service of Tippoo, by whom they were instantly and graciously received. Notwithstanding the crippled condition of the Suldaun, he had contrived by superior management to recruit his army; and aided by French instructors, had considerably improved its discipline and efficiency. He was, therefore, even unassisted, a very formidable antagonist.

On the 12th of August, 1798, Lord Mornington directed Lieutenant-General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief at Madras, to assemble a large force in the Carnatic. On the 8th of November he addressed a firm but conciliatory letter to Tippoo, intimating his knowledge of the intrigues to which he had been a party, and offering to terminate their disputes by peaceful negotiations. To this and a second communication of a similar import, Tippoo returned no answer. On the 9th January, 1799, the Governor-General addressed to him, from Madras, a third letter, which shared the fate of its predecessors, although it terminated with a threat of immediate hostilities if a single day were allowed to elapse without the return of a satisfactory answer.

The British army, as we have already stated, began its march to Seringapatam, and made all its leading dispositions for the contest before the Governor-General had issued a declaration of war. The armies of Coromandel and Malabar were in so weak and inefficient a condition, that hostilities could not be commenced at once. A large army, however, fully prepared to take the field, was collected with unprecedented expedition, and on the 5th of March, General Harris having sent Tippoo his ultimatum, commenced hostilities. The hill forts were surrendered without resistance; and when the army of the Carnatic passed the eastern frontier of Mysore, that of the western coast, amounting to 6,400 men,

was also marching upon Seringapatam. This force had been assembled at Cannamore under General Stuart, and was destined to combine its operations with those of General Harris. Tippoo's first movement was towards the east, as if to oppose the advance of Harris; but he suddenly broke up from his encampment at Seringapatam, and taking with him the flower of his infantry, marched swiftly towards the division coming from Cannamore, and encamped on the 5th of March close beside them. From the nature of the country, which is full of jungle, it could not be ascertained if Tippoo was himself in the camp. On the 6th, the enemy made a sudden and impetuous attack on the brigade, consisting of three native battalions, of Colonel Montresor, which was posted in advance at Seduseer. The assailed battalions, though vastly outnumbered, stood their ground with great gallantry; and it was not until the arrival of General Stuart that the troops of the Sultaun were overpowered, with a loss of about 1500 men. They numbered 11,000 before the action. The gallant brigade of Colonel Montresor lost only 140 men, yet the combatants on both sides were natives,—a proof how much discipline has to do with the stability of a military force.

The preparations for this campaign had been made upon a grand scale; the Earl of Mornington sharing the well-known opinion of his brother of the danger and inexpediency of "little wars." It is a sound principle of military policy, that by taking the field in full strength, campaigns are rendered short as well as decisive. There is consequently, in the end, a saving of treasure, and of what is a thousand times more valuable, of human life, in striking the blow at once with all our strength. The force under General Harris could not have fallen far short of 40,000 men. The Bombay army under Lieutenant-General Stuart consisted of 6400 effective combatants, of whom 1600 were Europeans. The two other divisions comprised one of 5000 men under Lieutenant-Colonel Read, and another of 4000 under Lieutenant-Colonel Brown. These troops had marched from the southern districts of the Carnatic and Baramahl, to co-operate with General Harris. The military establishment of the Sultaun amounted to some 76,000 men; namely, Regular Cavalry, 6000; Irregular ditto, 7000;

Guards (slaves) 4000; Regular Infantry, 30,000; Pikemen, 15,000; Carnatic Peons, 8000; and Pioneers, 6000.

The progress of the Anglo-Indian force was necessarily slow, in consequence, among other obstacles, of the enormous number of its non-combatants. Some notion may be formed of the extent of this overwhelming evil from the fact that the troops of the Nizam numbered no fewer than 20,000 Brinjarries (dealers in grain or rice), and as many more servants and attendants of various kinds. When to such an incumbrance are added the baggage of the troops, and the animals engaged in its transport, some idea may be formed of the difficulty of advancing, not to say protecting, such a body.

After his defeat at Seduseer, Tippee, having waited at Perinpatam (whither he had retired after his defeat of the 6th) until the 11th, returned to Seringapatam on the 14th of March, and moved thence to meet the Madras army. On marching from Sultaunpet to Malavelly on the morning of the 27th of March, the army of the Mysore was discovered in great force, posted on some high grounds to the westward of the town. At ten o'clock, Tippee opened a distant cannonade, at the same time threatening with his cavalry the British pickets on the right: a supporting corps was pushed forward by General Harris, and a general action resulted. The 33rd regiment and the troops of the Nizam under Colonel Wellesley, formed and advanced upon the left, supported by the regular cavalry under General Floyd. The right moved forward under the more immediate direction of General Harris: 2000 of the Sultaun's best trained infantry advanced firmly upon the British 33rd, and came within sixty paces before delivering their fire. The 33rd, led on by their Colonel, charged these Cushoons, bayonet in hand, and overthrew them. The cavalry of Floyd was soon among their broken ranks. Having witnessed the destruction of his best troops by a corps scarcely one-third their number, and retired his guns, Tippee abandoned the field to his conquerors, and thus ended the battle of Malavelly. The Sultaun left 2000 of his troops upon the field: the loss of the British was very trifling: some 20 killed, and 80 wounded.

## CHAPTER II.

Siege of Seringapatam—Storm and Capture of the Fortress—Tippoo's Conduct and Death—Treasures discovered in the Palace—Colonel Wellesley appointed Governor of Mysore—Colonel Wellesley's services against Dhoondiah Waugh—Appointment to be second in command of the Troops collected at Trincomalee, for an attack upon Manilla—Colonel Wellesley's return to Seringapatam, and resumption of his Command in Mysore—Promoted to the rank of General—Battle of Assye.

On the morning of the 28th of March, General Harris resumed his movements, having decided on crossing the Cavery by the ford at Sosilay, after the country in his front had been carefully reconnoitred, and reported free from the presence of an enemy. He had ascertained that the Sul-taun had been totally mistaken as to the line of march by which the British would approach the capital; for, erroneously believing that their route would be the direct one, he had despatched thither the main body of his army, determined to oppose their advance on his capital, by risking a decisive battle. This was a fatal oversight. He uncovered the best road to Seringapatam; and, unchecked by the presence of an enemy, the march of the British divisions was leisurely effected. The villages through which they passed were stocked amply with provisions,—stacks of forage were everywhere standing in the fields,—not a musket was heard,—and the march seemed rather a military movement through a friendly country, internally at peace, than an advance upon an enemy's capital, covered by a force of 50,000 men.

Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore country, is situated on an island three miles and a half in length (west to east), and towards its centre about one and a half broad. It is 1170 miles from Calcutta, 622 from Bombay, and 200 from Madras. The fortress, whose enceinte forms an irregular four-sided figure, stands at the western, or with reference to the course of the river, upper extremity of the

island, occupying, with its outworks, a space of nearly a mile square. On the west and south sides of the fortress, the defences were multiplied to a great extent; and since the attack of Lord Cornwallis in 1792, a line of entrenchments had been carried quite across the island from the Rajah's garden on the northern side of the Periapatam gate, which opens on the river from the south side of the city. The northern and western, or more correctly speaking, south-western fronts, were undefended by outworks, and the base of their lofty towered walls was washed by the Cavery.

The fort was encompassed by two distinct walls, each having ditches, bastions, and a number of cavaliers—a species of defence in great favour with Indian engineers. On the different faces of the fort, the gates were secured by numerous outworks. As a fortress, Seringapatam was generally strong; but an immensity of labour and materials had been expended in useless and ill-designed defences. Within the walls two buildings were very remarkable,—the palace of the Sultaun, and the beautiful mosque near the Bangalore gate, from whose lofty and elegant minarets the country for many miles around was visible.

The army arrived before Seringapatam on the 3rd April, and on the 5th encamped at a distance of 3500 paces from the western face of the works; having on the right, the contingent of the Nizam, *en potence*, resting on a height, and the extreme left on the Cavery. In front, there were several ruined villages and rising grounds, with an aqueduct running in an easterly direction, within 1700 yards of the fort, and winding towards the right, until it reached a wooded tope, called the Sultaunpet. The whole of this ground was broken and irregular, affording to Tippoo's skirmishers and rocket-men a safe cover, from which the advanced pickets could be seriously annoyed. Otherwise the British camp was favourably situated—five large topes (groves or thickets) of cocoa, areca, bamboo, and other trees, furnished, within the lines, an abundant stock of materials for a siege—an advantage which no other position near Seringapatam could have afforded.

From the facility which the Sultaunpet and adjacent

enclosures offered the Sultaun's troops of annoyance, the broken ground in front of the position was examined by General Baird with a part of his brigade, on the night of the 5th. The whole was found unoccupied; and the general returned to the camp, "after scouring the tope in all directions," without discovering an enemy. Aware of its advantages, the Mussulmans, early on the ensuing morning, re-occupied the tope and ruined village, from both of which they kept up a teasing fusilade, with an occasional discharge of rockets. Some of the latter fell within the tents of the British encampment—and it became advisable to dislodge the enemy from the whole line of posts which they had formed amongst the enclosures.

One column, composed of Her Majesty's 12th Regiment and two battalions of sepoys, with guns, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Shaw, was ordered to attack a ruined village in front of the centre of the British position; whilst the other, led by Colonel Wellesley, and consisting of the 33rd Regiment and a native battalion, *without guns*, was directed to drive the enemy from the tope to the left of the village of Sultaunpettah. The failure of this attempt was foreseen by Colonel Wellesley. The ground had not been properly reconnoitred, and the guns were sent with the wrong column—as the bayonet is the best weapon with which to drive an enemy out of houses; whereas grape and canister seem best adapted to clear topes. The darkness of the night was moreover unfavourable to such an operation, and the interior of the tope being everywhere intersected by canals for irrigating the betel-plants, confused the assailants, and left them no alternative but to retire. In so doing, Colonel Wellesley was struck on the knee by a spent ball, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy, having wandered for several hours in darkness before he could regain the camp. At break of day, the attack was renewed with complete success, and the Sultaun's troops were driven from all the inclosures they had strengthened.

Alarmed at the turn which affairs appeared to be taking, the Sultaun sent a vakeel to General Harris, pretending not to be aware of the ground for these hostilities: but the General contented himself with referring to Lord

Morrington's letters, and proceeded vigorously with the siege.

Immediately after establishing his posts in front of Seringapatam, the Commander-in-Chief detached General Floyd, with four regiments of cavalry (one European), five battalions of infantry, and 2000 of the Nizam's horse, to Periapatam, to unite with the Bombay army, and secure its advance. This service was ably executed, and the junction with General Stuart effected safely on the 10th. Both these armies, with large supplies, having reached head-quarters, the siege was vigorously pressed on. A sortie, made on the morning of the 22nd, had been repulsed; and a parallel opened within 750 paces of the works. The progress of the batteries was rapid; the approaches had reached within 200 paces of an entrenchment still in possession of the enemy; when General Harris determined to drive them from that post, preparatory to the closer investment of the fortress. Colonel Wellesley, commanding in turn in the trenches, was ordered to direct the attack; and proper dispositions were made to storm the entrenchments at sunset.

The troops ordered for the assault moved forward in two columns. During the previous hour, the fire of the English batteries had been turned entirely on the enemy's works, and, ceasing when the advance of the storming party was observed, it was then directed on an angle of the fort, from the guns of which the assailants had most annoyance to apprehend. The attack had been arranged with excellent judgment, and was most gallantly executed. The entrenchments were stormed, occupied by the assailants, and, in a few hours, tolerably secured from the fire of the place.

On the 20th the Sultaun attempted once more to open a negotiation with General Harris. The only terms to which the General would listen seemed hard enough. The French mercenaries were to be sent within forty-eight hours to the British camp; half Tippoo's dominions to be surrendered; the allies to select which moiety they pleased; all disputed claims to be relinquished on the Sultaun's part; all prisoners released: and, lastly, a payment of two crores of sicca rupees, made by two instalments, one in money or bullion on the spot,

the other in six months from the signing of the treaty. As security for the fulfilment of these conditions, four of Tippoo's sons, and four of his chief Sirdars, were demanded as hostages. This reply was despatched on the 22nd. On the 28th another proposal for a conference was forwarded by the Sultaun, but occasioned no relaxation in the preparations for the assault, now close upon completion.

On the 30th a battery was unmasked, and commenced breaching the bastion; and on the 2nd of May another was completed, and opened a heavy fire on the curtain to the right. Several guns of large calibre were gradually got to work; and the old masonry, unable to support this well-served and sustained cannonade, began to yield. Masses of the wall came down into the ditch. A breach in the *fausse-braye* was reported practicable—and on the 3rd of May the face of the bastion was in such a state of ruin, that preparations were made for an immediate assault; and in a brief letter, orders to that effect were given next morning to Major-General Baird, who had volunteered to command the storming party.\*

The troops ordered for the assault were composed of Europeans and natives. They were selected from the armies of the three Presidencies, with 200 of the Nizam's contingent: the whole amounting to 4476. The right column, under Colonel Sherbrooke, consisted of the flank companies of the Scotch brigade, and De Meuron's regiment; the King's 73rd and 74th; eight companies of coast, and six of Bombay, sepoys; with 50 artillerymen, and a detachment of gun lascars. The left column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop, comprised six European flank-companies of the Bombay army, the King's 12th and 33rd regiments, ten flank-companies of sepoys, and 50 artillerymen and their gun lascars. The whole were placed before daylight in the trenches, and noon was properly chosen as the best hour for the attack.

\* The *fausse-braye* is an outer work, for securing the covered way and fosse. It has generally a *terre-plein*, of 16 to 24 feet, nearly level with the field, and defended by a parapet. *Bastions* form the angular portions of a fortification; and *curtains* are the connecting walls, which unite them with each other.

At one o'clock the troops moved from the trenches—crossed the rocky bed of the Cavery, under an extremely heavy fire—passed the glacis and ditch—and ascended the breaches in the *fausse-braye*, and rampart of the fort; surmounting, in the most gallant manner, every obstacle which the difficulty of the passage and the resistance of the enemy presented to oppose their progress. Major-General Baird had divided his force, for the purpose of clearing the ramparts to the right and left; one division was commanded by Colonel Sherbrooke, the other by Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop; the latter was disabled in the breach, but both corps, although strongly opposed, were completely successful.

Although the river had been carefully examined during the preceding night, and the proper place by which the troops should effect their passage, marked out by inserting stakes in the sand, Sherbrooke's column, swerving to the right, got into deep water, and the progress of the whole was retarded. Baird, observing the difficulty, rushed on close to the forlorn hope—cheered the men forward—and, in six minutes, the British colours were flying above the breach.

So far the assault had been successful:—"the breach was won;" and the assailants pressed boldly forward: while the defenders, partially taken by surprise, were astounded to see the Cavery crossed with little loss, and the rampart carried without a check. But unforeseen difficulties were behind, which accident fortunately assisted British valour to surmount.

When General Baird had reached the top of the breach, he discovered, to his inexpressible surprise, a second ditch, full of water, within the outer wall. Fortunately, however, in leading the troops along the ramparts, he met with some scaffolding which had been raised for the use of the workmen who had been repairing the wall. Having immediately taken advantage of the opportunity which thus luckily presented itself, he crossed the inner ditch, and proceeded by the ramparts to the other side of the fort, where the two columns were to meet, and enter the body of the town.\*

The ramparts and cavaliers having been captured, and

\* Despatch of General Harris.

occupied by fresh battalions, who followed to support the storming parties, success became certain; and to save unnecessary effusion of blood, Major Allan was dispatched with a flag of truce, to demand the unconditional surrender of the place.

To the last hour of his life, the Sultaun would not believe that Seringapatam could be carried by assault, and that the attempt would be made in open day. Although the troops chosen for the attack had been marched to the trenches before there was sufficient light to betray the movement of a body of such unusual strength, it was impossible to conceal them altogether from the enemy's view, and Meer Ghoffar reported the circumstance to his master. Tippoo coldly noticed the intelligence, but took no measures to oppose an attack, which the sirdar assured him might be momentarily apprehended. The Sultaun resumed his seat; in a few minutes a breathless messenger informed him that the columns were crossing the river; and the roar of cannon and musketry confirmed the fatal news. Rising from table, where dinner had been laid under a thatched shed on the northern face of the works, he performed his ablutions coolly, and called for his horse and arms. At that moment the death of his best officer, Meer Ghoffar, was announced. The Sultaun paid a tribute to the bravery of his favourite, named his successor, and rode forth never to return. Having reached the inner wall, Tippoo gave his horse to an attendant, and mounting the ramparts, placed himself behind a traverse that commanded the approaches from the breach. His servants were provided with carbines, which they occasionally handed to their master, who fired repeatedly at the assailants, and, as it was asserted afterwards, with fatal effect. But the storming party, having carried part of the ramparts, were actually entering the body of the place, and the Sultaun was obliged to retire hastily, accompanied by his personal attendants.

Fatigued, suffering from intense heat, and pained by an old wound, Tippoo mounted his horse, and retreated slowly along the northern rampart. The British were momentarily gaining ground, the garrison in every direction flying, while a spattering fusilade, and occasionally a wild huzza, told that the victors were everywhere advancing. Instead of quitting

the city, as he might have done, the Sultaun crossed the bridge over the inner ditch, and entered the town. The covered gateway was now crowded with fugitives, vainly endeavouring to escape from the bayonets of their conquerors, who were heard approaching at either side. A random shot struck the Sultaun: he pressed his horse forward, but his passage was impeded by a mob of fugitives, who literally choked the gloomy arch. Presently, a cross fire opened, and filled the passage with the dead and wounded. Tippoo's horse was killed; but his followers managing to disengage him, dragged him exhausted from beneath the fallen steed, and placed him in his palanquin. Escape was impossible; the British were already in the gateway; the bayonet was unsparingly at work, for quarter at this moment was neither given nor expected. Dazzled by the glittering of his jewelled turban, a soldier dashed forward and caught the Sultaun's sword-belt. With failing strength Tippoo cut boldly at his assailant, and inflicted a trifling wound. The soldier, irritated by pain, drew back, laid his musket to his shoulder, and shot the Sultaun dead. His companions, perceiving the struggle, rushed up; the palanquin was overturned, the bearers cut down, the body of the departed tyrant thrown upon a heap of dead and dying, and the corpse, despoiled of every thing valuable, left among the fallen Mussulmans—naked, unknown, and unregarded.

Soon after this catastrophe had occurred, Major Allan, having proceeded to the palace, found part of the 33rd regiment under arms before the gateway, and some of the family of the Sultaun in the balcony above, in a state of dreadful alarm. On being admitted by the Killedar, and introduced to Tippoo's sons, the Major endeavoured to remove their apprehensions, by an assurance that he would remain with them himself, and secure them from danger. Presently General Baird was announced; and after confirming Major Allan's promise of protection, he inquired where the Sultaun was? The princes declared themselves ignorant of every thing respecting their father, from the time he quitted the pandal\* for the ramparts; but, supposing that Tippoo might be still concealed within the palace, the General commenced a careful search; a guard having been previously

\* The oriental term for an open shed.

placed around the zenana, to protect the women and prevent the Sultaun's escape, should he have retired thither for security. But the search was discontinued. The Killedar reluctantly informed General Baird and Colonel Wellesley, that it was reported his master had been wounded in the northern gateway of the fort, and that he was still lying there; and volunteered to conduct them to the spot. On arriving at the place, the entrance was found choked with the dead and dying; and from the number of corpses heaped irregularly around, it was necessary to remove numbers of the slain Mussulmen—a disgusting and tedious operation. The light had failed,—the archway was low and gloomy,—and torches were obtained. Presently, the Sultaun's horse was recognized by the Killedar; his palanquin was afterwards discovered; a further search proved successful, and the body itself was found. The heat had not yet left the corpse; and though despoiled of sword and belt, sash and turban, the well-known talisman that encircled his right arm was easily recognised by the Killedar. The amulet, formed of some metallic substance of silvery hue, was surrounded by magic scrolls in Arabic and Persian characters, and sewed carefully in several pieces of richly-flowered silk. The eyes were unclosed; the countenance wearing that appearance of stern composure, that induced the lookers-on for a time to fancy, that the proud spirit of the haughty Sultaun was still lingering in its tenement of clay. The pulse was examined—its throbs had ceased, and life was totally extinct.

Colonel Wellesley, who accompanied General Baird to the gateway of the fort, could not be persuaded, after the body was identified, that the Sultaun was not still alive, so remarkably placid was the expression of his features, and so life-like the appearance of his eyes; and until the Colonel had pressed the heart and pulse with his fingers, he doubted if the tiger-spirit had escaped. The corpse (which had four wounds, three on the body and one on the temple), was then taken to the palace, where it was exposed to view during the whole of the following day, in order that no doubt might remain of the Sultaun's death; and in the evening he was buried with military honours, in the cypress garden, beside his father.

As might have been expected after the storming of a defended place, the troops indulged in licentiousness and revelry—and, during the night, there were frequent alarms, many of them, of course, groundless. At one time, it was reported that the city was on fire; at another, that the soldiers were murdering the inhabitants. Presently, the General was awakened, and informed by an officer that the treasury of the late Sultaun was at that moment being plundered. The intelligence was true. The door generally in use had been duly provided with a guard; but the discovery of a private entrance enabled the plunderers to gain access to the treasure. When Colonel Wallace reached the spot, he found the place crowded with soldiers, who were carrying off quantities of jewels and gold coin. Of course, prompt measures were adopted to recover the stolen valuables, and secure the place from any future attempt; but no estimate could be formed of the property that had been abstracted; and, from circumstances which afterwards transpired, the loss of treasure, on this occasion, must have been enormous.\*

The morning of the 4th of May saw the green-streaked banner of the Sultaun expanded from the loftiest flag-staff of the fort. On the 5th, the British ensign was floating proudly on the breeze; for that sun had risen upon a captured city, a routed host, and a dead tyrant; and an empire, acquired by a father's usurpation, was extinguished in the bloody grave of a more perfidious son. The despot of Mysore was gone to his account; and, assuredly, a more tiger-hearted monster never disgraced the musnud. His conduct to his European prisoners, after Hyder's death, was atrocious. Of those taken with Bailey, the greater proportion

\* The loss to the captors could never be ascertained, while but little advantage accrued to the soldiers. Dr. Mein, of the medical department, purchased from a private of the 74th regiment, for a mere trifle, two pair of solid gold bangles, or bracelets, set with diamonds; the least costly of which was valued by a Hyderabad jeweller at eighty thousand sultaunies, or thirty-two thousand pounds sterling; the other pair he declared of such superlative value, that he would not venture an opinion. It was moreover notorious, that a quantity of the most valuable pearls were bought frequently in the bazaars, from the soldiery, for a bottle of spirits.—*Price.*

perished from starvation and disease: while Matthews, and his officers, all of whom had surrendered under the usual conditions of honourable warfare, were treated with barbarous inhumanity; and, with few exceptions, all were murdered in detail. His truculence ended only with his life; and his last acts were in fit keeping with a career marked throughout by treachery and blood.

On the night when Colonel Wellesley's attack failed on the Sultaunpet, in the darkness and confusion, twelve of the 33rd lost their way in the betel-tope, and were made prisoners. When brought into Seringapatam, it might have been supposed that the presence of a victorious army would have insured them the common usage that civilized warfare requires. But the tiger-like ferocity of the Sultaun was superior even to his fears; and, with a terrible and immediate vengeance impending, he slaughtered the ill-fated victims. They were murdered "by threes" at midnight. "No hurried act of fury—no frenzied ebullition of despair—pleads in extenuation of this ruffianly act. Night after night, his victims were taken from their cells; and while he husbanded his means of hellish gratification, he varied the method of his murders. One mode of killing them was by twisting their heads while their bodies were held fast, thus breaking their necks."\* For this purpose, the Sultaun's jetties were employed—a caste of Hindus, who perform feats of strength. Others were dispatched "by having nails driven through their skulls."†

During his halt upon the ramparts, Baird was informed of the death of the prisoners, by the Adjutant-General; and a native officer, who accompanied Colonel Close, confirmed the horrid statement. In an honest burst of indignation, the General declared to Colonel Wallace, that on ascertaining if the fact were so, "he would deliver Tippoo over to be dealt with by the grenadiers of the 33rd." His despatch, addressed to General Harris, confirms the statement; for, after alluding to the murder of the prisoners, he adds, that he immediately advanced—determined, and most justly, "to sacrifice the tyrant to their manes!"

Above 8,000 of Tippoo's troops had fallen. The carnage

\* Macleod's Report.

† Baird's Despatch to Harris.

in and around the principal mosque was tremendous, for it was here that the true Mussulmen, who would neither fly nor surrender, assembled for their latest struggle. Our own loss during the siege and storm was found to be greater than had been anticipated. It amounted to 67 officers, 803 British soldiers, and 539 natives killed and wounded. It is understood that General Harris had never more than 20,000 men actually occupied in the siege, and that the divisions that carried the place did not exceed 4000 men. On the morning of the 5th, Colonel Wellesley being next on the roster, was directed to take the command of the fortress. Cowle flags (indicating quarter) were hoisted, and notice given that severe examples would be made of persons found plundering houses or ill-treating the inhabitants. Four men were executed for marauding, and this well-timed and necessary measure, and the extreme vigilance of Colonel Wellesley, speedily restored confidence and good order. Those who had fled from the city during the night of the storm, took courage and returned. The bazaars were promptly opened for the sale of merchandise and provisions; and three days after the fall of Seringapatam, the main street was so crowded as to become almost impassable; and the town exhibited rather the appearance of an eastern fair than a place so recently carried by assault.

Early on the morning after the assault, Tippoo's second son, Abdul Khalié, surrendered himself, and was conducted immediately to the camp, and delivered up to General Harris. He was assured of kind and honourable treatment; and, while to the living a promise of clemency was held out, the dead was protected from indignity. The corpse of the deceased Sultaun was given to his Mussulman attendants, to be prepared in proper form for the tomb; and on the same evening it was laid beside his father's ashes, with the usual solemnities which distinguish the funerals of the rulers of the Mysore.

The property and stores found in Seringapatam were immensely valuable, but the plunder, of which no estimate can be made, must have been enormous. The following general returns will assist the reader in estimating the value of the capture of that place:—

*Estimate of Treasure and Property taken at Seringapatam, by  
W. M. Gordon.*

	Star Pagodas.
Specie ....	16,740,350
Jewels, gold, and silver bullion ....	25,000,000
Pepper, paddy, salt, &c. ....	1,100,000
Copper and brass pots, carpets, &c. ....	200,000
Elephants, camels, horses, &c. ....	540,000
Cloths in the Tosha Khana ....	2,000,000
Total amount ....	45,580,350

Thus fell the Mysore empire, which had been rendered truly formidable by the military genius and enterprising boldness of Hyder Ali, the father of Tippoo; so long the dread, not only of the surrounding native princes, but even of the British themselves.

Attempts have not been wanting to attach blame to Colonel Wellesley for his failure in the night attack upon the tope; but the blame, if any be called for, should have been his who directed a night attack on such a position; the more especially as Sir David Baird had scoured the tope a few hours before, and had found no obstacle to its attack by day; the whole chain of posts having been withdrawn by the enemy. Yet, although undisturbed, the General had lost his way, and would, but for an accidental discovery of his path, have marched directly into the Sultaun's lines.

On the night of the 5th, matters stood very differently. The whole chain of posts was strongly occupied; and the tope and aqueduct, ruined village, enclosures, and broken ground, were crowned with musketeers and rocket-men. To penetrate a thick plantation, and cross a surface intersected by deep canals, in a night intensely dark, and exposed to a converged fire, was not to be effected. The 33rd consequently retired with trifling loss; but next morning, with a similar force, and broad daylight to direct it, Wellesley achieved with comparative ease, a task that, had it been attempted a second time by night, would have proved, most probably, a disastrous failure. In a diary of the late General Harris, he thus notices Baird's expedition:—"He missed his road coming back, although one would have thought it impossible: *no wonder night-attacks so often fail.*" If the General, then, without the discharge of a carbine to

distract him, and provided with an astronomer and pocket compass, contrived to go astray, what could be expected from Colonel Wellesley, who had neither the one nor the other to direct him? Had he had both, however, we question if the result would have been different. Men moving quietly in the dark may consult the stars, and "read their high decree;" but nothing disturbs planetary observation more than a shower of musketry, accompanied by a flight of rockets.

General Baird having requested to be relieved, the command at Seringapatam devolved upon Colonel Wellesley, whose active measures, and personal influence, soon restored the confidence of the inhabitants. The functions exercised by the commandant were of a highly important character, for they involved the civil as well as military government of the town. A regular garrison having been established, a commission was issued by the Governor-General, to partition the conquered territories among the allies, according to preliminary treaties. The commissioners nominated by Lord Mornington were, Lieutenant-General Harris, Lieutenant-Colonel Barry Close, the Hon. Colonel Wellesley, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick, with Captains Malcolm and Munro, as secretaries. In allocating the different provinces of the Mysore dominions, a considerable portion of the late Sultan's territories was bestowed upon the Nizam; whilst a large tract on the north-western frontier along the course of the Toombuddra was conferred on the Peshwah, with the view of increasing his means of resisting the encroachments of Scindiah. One measure appeared to be imperative: to deprive the dynasty of the usurper Hyder Ali of the means of again exciting the native princes against Great Britain, or of encouraging the intrigues of the French; and to found a new principality for an heir of the Rajah, who had been deposed by Hyder. A large portion of Mysore, equal to one half of the Sultan's dominions, but more than the former Rajahs had ever possessed, was erected into a principality for Kistna Rajah Oodiaver, the grandson of the deposed Rajah; and the ancient town of Mysore was selected as his seat of government.

That these unfortunate descendants of a dethroned prince

should experience harsh treatment from the son of the usurper, might have been expected; but the extreme of want and misery, to which Tippoo's inhumanity had reduced them, seems almost incredible. They had not only been subjected to privations, but to what, in Eastern estimation, would be considered the deepest degradation—the separate accommodation which Oriental usage requires for the opposite sexes, having been savagely disregarded. In one apartment, the whole of the Rajah's descendants were found by Colonel Wellesley; a portion of the chamber having been screened off by a curtain, to afford the Queen-Mother and other female branches the semblance of that privacy which in earlier and more prosperous days they had so rigidly exacted. When acquainted by Purneah, the dewan of the late Sultaun, of the decision of the Indian Government, they could hardly be persuaded that the happy alteration in their fortunes was anything but a dream. As the Rajah was but five years old, the Rana, or Queen-Mother, expressed her gratitude to his English benefactors, promising on his part the most devoted loyalty and gratitude, and that, in her Eastern parlance, “while sun and moon should continue.”

The families of the late Sultaun and of Hyder Ali were removed from Seringapatam under the direction of Colonel Wellesley, who accomplished this delicate duty without creating any fresh heart-burnings. The portion of the conquered country appropriated by the East India Company, was formed into a separate government, and entrusted to the direction of the Colonel; and even at this early period he displayed administrative talents of no common order. His appointment to be Governor of Seringapatam was dated 6th May, 1799; he was made Governor of that city and Mysore, July 9th of the same year. Head-quarters were established at Seringapatam, but every care was taken to avoid offending the religious or other prejudices of the inhabitants.

The country above the Ghauts was now tranquil, all apprehension from French efforts to disturb it having subsided; and Colonel Wellesley had ample leisure to turn his attention to the civil administration of the extensive province over which he had been placed. But the insecurity of eastern quiet has ever been proverbial; and it was to be instanced again, by a sudden appearance of danger; and

that from a quarter whence none could reasonably have been anticipated.

On the capture of Seringapatam, several prisoners were found in the dungeons of Tippoo Sultaun—a brother of his own among the number—and they were at once liberated, without any inquiry being made into the causes of their incarceration. One of the captives, thus delivered from a hopeless bondage, was a Mahratta trooper, called Dhoondiah Waugh. He was an obscure man—one who had entered the service of Hyder—deserted at his death—become a freebooter—committed sundry depredations in the Mysore—was fool enough to listen to the false promises of Tippoo,—returned, was employed, suspected, imprisoned, became a Mussulman, and was then left to perish by a greater villain than himself. No sooner was he at liberty than he resumed his predatory habits, and having collected together a large body of vagabonds of his own order, made a sudden inroad from the province of Bednore, laid that fertile country under contribution, and committed the most inhuman atrocities. Two strong detachments, commanded by Colonels Stevenson and Dalrymple, were dispatched to reduce him, the latter of whom succeeded in cutting to pieces 650 of his followers, and driving him across the Toombuddra, into the territory of the Peshwah. The defeat of this brigand left the country in a state of comparative repose. Nothing is more remarkable in India, than the almost magical growth of a predatory force. A single adventurer, with no purse, no possession but his horse and sword, if he have once ridden at the head of a body of freebooters, and got a name for activity and good fortune, is sure to be sought out and followed by all whose feet are “swift to shed blood, and to divide the spoil. Thus in 1800, Dhoondiah rode south again with 5000 horse, and threatened the frontier of Mysore. The robber chief had now assumed the title of King of the two Worlds. Against this enemy, a force was immediately ordered to take the field, and Colonel Wellesley was appointed to command it. Accordingly, he crossed the Toombuddra with his troops on the 24th June, followed by another body under Colonel Bowser, with whom he had been ordered to co-operate. Finding from intelligence that had reached him, that if he waited for Colonel

Bowser, he might lose the opportunity for striking an effectual blow at Dhoondiah, he pressed forward with his cavalry only, and at Malowny, on the Malpoorba, came on the detached camp of the freebooter; cut up or drove into the river all the combatants he found there; took animals, baggage, etc., and closed the affair by making a party of his European dragoons swim across the river, and seize a boat. By this means he contrived to possess himself of the enemy's guns, which had been transported to the opposite bank before his arrival. After various forced marches, he found himself within a few miles of Dhoondiah's main body on the 9th September; but was compelled by bad weather and jaded horses to hold his hand for a few hours. After a night's delay, impatient lest his prey should escape him, he overtook Doondiah's army, consisting of upwards of 5000 horse, which was drawn up in a very strong position near the village of Conagull. Having rapidly formed the British dragoons and Native cavalry, he decided, by one resolute charge, led on by himself, the fate of the bandit and his followers. They were all cut up or dispersed, everything in their camp taken, and Dhoondiah himself, "King of the two Worlds," slain. His body was recognized among the dead, and having been lashed on a galloper-gun attached to the 19th Light Dragoons, was brought into the British camp. Colonel Wellesley seemed to make light of this battle, but it was a very dashing affair nevertheless. The following passage from his letter to Major Monro on the subject, displays more humour than the gallant writer has often had credit for:—"Thus has ended this warfare; and I shall commence my march in a day or two towards my own country. An honest killedar of Chinnoor had written to the King of the World by a regular tappal, established for the purpose of giving him intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th, and at Chinnoor on the 9th. His Majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest killedar did all he could to detain me at Chinnoor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop; and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place. My own and the Mahratta cavalry afterwards prevented any communication between his Majesty and the killedar."



*Death of D'Amboise*

*Designed by John Norton*



It was fortunate for the "King of the two Worlds" that he departed from the stage of life so respectably. Had he been secured alive, the probability is great, from the letter of Colonel Wellesley's instructions, that Dhoondiah's royalty would not have saved him from a rope.

A circumstance most creditable to the humanity of the victor deserves to be recorded. When the baggage of the freebooter was overtaken, a beautiful boy, four years old, was found, and brought to Colonel Wellesley's tent. His name was Sulabuth Khan, and he proved to be the favourite son of Dhoondiah. Not only did Colonel Wellesley afford his present protection to the orphan; but on leaving the East for Europe, he deposited a considerable sum of money with Colonel Symmonds, to defray the expenses of his future maintenance and education. Sulabuth grew up a handsome and intelligent youth—was placed in the service of the Rajah of Mysore, and continued in it till his death.

In the month of December of the same year (1800) Colonel Wellesley was appointed to command a body of troops assembled at Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon, for foreign service. In offering him this command, Lord Mornington gave him the option of accepting or declining it without prejudice to his future interests; observing that it was one which was likely to obtain for him some credit and to be attended with great pecuniary advantages; but learning by a letter from Lord Clive that his absence would be highly detrimental to the interests of Mysore, he at once declined the appointment. The correspondence to which this affair gave rise, exhibits Colonel Wellesley's disinterestedness and devotion to public duty, in a most agreeable light. "Lord Mornington, in his letter to me," says he, "thinks the service is one from which I may derive some credit; but *I feel all that entirely out of the question*, and I leave to Lord Clive to decide according to his sense of the *public convenience*."\*

About this time letters arrived from the home Government, ordering that 3,000 men should be immediately dispatched to the Red Sea, to act against the French in Upper Egypt, and announcing that a force was about to be sent to the Mediterranean, under the command of Sir Ralph Aber-

\* Despatches.

crombie, for driving the French out of Lower Egypt. No sooner had Wellesley read these despatches, than, knowing that his force at Trincomalee was the only disposable force, without orders or instructions, which it was not possible to obtain in time, he proceeded to act on his own responsibility, and removed it from Ceylon to Bombay, where it would be some thousand miles nearer the Red Sea and Egypt. He seems fully to have expected to have had the command of this expedition; however, on arriving at Bombay, he found that his precautionary measure had met with the disapproval of the authorities, and that it had been conferred upon Sir David Baird; after exploding his vexation in a letter to his brother, he appears to have thought little more about it. Even after his supercession (for so he termed it) the delay in the arrival of General Baird, with the knowledge that it was essential that no time should be lost in making the intended diversion in favour of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, seems to have decided him on setting sail without him; but after communicating this intention to his brother, he was taken suddenly ill and prevented from carrying his plan into effect. A few days afterwards General Baird arrived and assumed the command.

It was obviously the wish of the government that Colonel Wellesley should go out second in command; and whatever might have been his own disinclination, he had evidently the intention of following, if he should not be able to accompany, the expedition. But his illness, coupled with the fact that Lord Wellesley had, at the instance of Lord Clive, left the matter completely optional to him, induced him to alter his intention.

Towards the latter end of April, Colonel Wellesley reassumed his command in Mysore, and devoted himself, with the greatest assiduity, to the civil and military administration of that territory. He visited the several provinces; made himself thoroughly acquainted with their situation and wants; and applied himself vigorously, and with the happiest effect, to the reform of those abuses which had crept in during the latter part of the reign of Tippoo Saib.

An extensive hiatus occurs in Colonel Wellesley's correspondence at this period, which is wholly unaccounted for by Colonel Gurwood or any of his biographers. Fore-

seeing that a war with the Mahrattas was inevitable, he had employed himself in preparing an able and elaborate memorandum on the value of Seringapatam to the East India Company, proving, beyond a question, that the possession of that fortress, and its maintenance as a stronghold, were essential to the power and interests of the British in Mysore. He also drew up a memorandum upon operations in the Mahratta territory, in which he recommended, among other useful provisions, that military operations should commence when the rivers fill, which usually happens about July. When full, they interrupt the movements of the Mahratta troops, which are principally composed of cavalry; and, as most of these rivers are not fordable, and there is no means of passing them save in basket-boats, their fulness operates as an insuperable barrier. British troops, on the contrary, with good pontoons, can pass any river. Colonel Wellesley's second stay in Mysore lasted nearly two years. He was promoted to be Major-General on 29th April, 1802, soon after which he was destined to command in a new and eventful campaign against the Mahrattas.

Before we enter upon this portion of his history, however, we will present our readers with a sketch of his personal appearance at this time, as drawn by Major Moyle Sherer, one of the most gallant and devoted of his followers:—"General Wellesley was a little above the middle height, well limbed, and muscular, with little incumbrance of flesh beyond that which gives shape and manliness to the outline of the figure; with a firm tread; an erect carriage; a countenance strongly patrician, both in feature, profile, and expression; and an appearance remarkably distinguished: few could approach him on any duty, or on any subject requiring his serious attention, without being sensible of a something strange and penetrating in his clear light eye. Nothing could be more simple or straightforward than the matter of what he uttered; nor did he ever in his life affect any peculiarity of pomp of manner, or rise to any coarse, weak, loudness in his tone of voice: it was not thus that he gave expression to excited feelings. He was also a man temperate in all his habits; using the table, but above its pleasures; and it is not to be found on record that he was ever *the slave* of any of those *frailties*, without an occasional subjection to which few men pass the fiery ordeal of a soldier's life."

## CHAPTER III.

The Mahratta Empire and its Rulers—The Governor-General assembles an Army in the Mahratta Territory—Campaign in Mahratta—Appointment of Lord Lake to the command of the Army of Hindostan—Junction of Lieutenant-General Wellesley with Colonel Stevenson—Combined attack on Scindiah.—Siege and Capture of Ahmednuggur and Baroack—Battle of Assye, and total rout of the Mahratta army—Battle of Argaum—Siege and Capture of Gawilghur—Termination of the Campaign, and return of Lieutenant-General Wellesley to England—Honours conferred upon him at home and abroad.

THE vast empire of the Mahrattas stretched, as we have elsewhere shewn, from Delhi, on the north, to Toombuddra, on the south, and was founded by Sevajee, one of those enterprising robber-warriors peculiar to the soil of India in the time of Arungzebe, in the seventeenth century. The descendants of this self-created Rajah were, however, seldom able to hold their own for any length of time, their more confidential subordinates usually usurping their power. The Rajah of Sattarah (the title of Sevajee's race) continued, at this period (1802), to be the acknowledged head of the Mahratta empire, although the Peshwah, his prime minister acting in his name, had usurped all his authority, and established himself at Poona in regal state. To conciliate the principal military chiefs, Bajee Rao, the second who held the office of Peshwah, granted them extensive tracts of country in jaghire (jaghire meaning a grant from a foreign prince to a subject); but these ambitious dependants speedily followed the example of the first Peshwah; and, although still acknowledging allegiance to the Rajah of Sattarah, or rather to the Peshwah, who kept him a prisoner in his palace, exercised independent authority in their respective dominions—going so far as not only to wage war against each other, but even against the acknowledged head of their confederacy. The four great feudatory jaghiredars, who with the Peshwah now governed the Mahratta states, were:

1. The celebrated DOWLUT RAO SCINDIAH, who ruled over an immense tract of territory, extending from the

Indus to the Nerbudda; comprising the Punjaub, Agra, Delhi, and a large portion of the Doab between the Ganges and Jumna. Ougein, in Malwa, was his capital.

2. JESWUNT RAO HOLKAR, who possessed a portion of Malwa, and whose capital was the ancient city of Indore, near Ougein.

4. ANUND RAO GUICKWAR, who held the fertile province of Guzerat.

4. RAGOJEE BHOONSLAH, Rajah of Berar, whose capital was Nagpoor.

Each of these princes maintained a formidable army. That of Scindiah was estimated at 40,000 disciplined troops, divided into brigades, and commanded by European mercenaries, mostly French. He was decidedly the most powerful and influential of these chiefs. Fortunately for the East India Company, their jealousy of each other usually prevented their confederacies from being as mischievous as they would otherwise have proved. It will have been seen, that the Peshwah took no part against Tippoo Saib, being then under the control of Scindiah, who carried on a secret correspondence with the Sultaun of Mysore; but although he had rendered no aid on that occasion, a portion of Tippoo's territory had been offered to him, on the condition of his reviving the alliance between the Mahratta country and the Company, on a basis calculated to render it secure and efficient; but this proposal was rejected. The destruction of Tippoo, and the consolidation of the alliance between the East India Company and the Court of Hyderabad, had left the British no antagonists among the native states of India of any importance, excepting the Mahratta chiefs; and even they could only become formidable when cordially united under one efficient sovereign power. To prevent this combination, and augment the prevailing jealousies among them, was, therefore, clearly the policy of the British Government. Accordingly, a treaty of alliance was entered into with Guickwar, chief of Guzerat, which attached him to the Company's interest, whilst it broke the bond of union with his brother chiefs, and rendered them, with their own internal dissensions, less and less formidable. Lord Wellesley addressed himself at the same time, most earnestly, to lessen the influence of the French in the Deccan.

At this juncture of affairs, Scindiah and Holkar were at variance; the latter having crossed the Nerbudda, and advanced within a few marches of Poonah, Scindiah's troops, under Suddasheo Bhow, were despatched for its defence. A general engagement resulted, and the united armies of Scindiah and the Peshwah sustained a complete defeat. The Peshwah, whose conduct was most pusillanimous, abandoned his capital on the morning of his discomfiture; first soliciting British assistance, through the mediation of the Resident at Poonah. His proposals were at once acceded to, and Colonel Collins was at the same time sent to Scindiah, with the view of including him in the engagement about to be entered into. By this treaty, he bound himself to an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Company, and undertook to dismiss forthwith the whole of his foreign mercenaries. Lord Wellesley now determined to make a vigorous effort to establish British influence in the Mahratta empire; and under the guise of protecting the possessions of the Company and the Nizam, assembled a large army on the southern frontier of Mahratta: this force, which was composed of 19,000 men, was placed under the command of Lieutenant-General Stuart, and stationed at Hurryhur. The Bombay Presidency likewise organized a body of troops for the same service; and the subsidiary division at Hyderabad was directed to hold itself in readiness to take the field. This force, which consisted of two regiments of native cavalry, six battalions of sepoys, and two companies of artillery, amounted to 8368 men, and having arrived on the 25th of March at Pinuda, was accompanied by 6000 of the Nizam's infantry, and 9000 cavalry. The leading object of the Governor-General was to promote British influence in the Mahratta states, without absolutely going to war with them; but these intentions were, as will be seen, ultimately defeated. It was, moreover, an object to restore, by fair means, if possible, the Peshwah to the musnud of Poonah, which he had abandoned so precipitately.

On the 12th of November, 1802, Major-General Wellesley received notice that an army would probably assemble at Toombuddra, and applied himself at once with the utmost vigour to the provisioning of that army. In a

letter to Colonel Close, of January 1st, 1803, he sketched out a plan of operations for the campaign, having for their object the forcible restoration of the Peshwah. This letter dwelt on the facilities afforded in Mysore for the victualling and equipment of the army, and the assistance he had derived from Purneah, the Prime Minister of that country.

Early in February, Major-General Wellesley marched from Seringapatam for Hoonelly, where he was to await further orders. The Governor-General was averse to the advance of the whole army to Poonah, considering it a measure which involved unnecessary risk. It was, therefore, ordered that only a portion of that force should proceed into the Mahratta territories, and co-operate with those chiefs who were dependants of the Peshwah. General Wellesley joined General Stuart at Hurryhur, where he found a letter from Lord Clive, directing that the force to be detached from the main body should consist of not fewer than 7,000 men, and that it should be placed under the command of Major-General Wellesley. His instructions were to induce the southern jaghiredars to declare in favour of the Peshwah, and assist the advancing detachment in re-establishing his government; to form a junction with the Peshwah, or such of his troops as might be in the neighbourhood; to unite with Colonel Stevenson's force and the contingent of the Nizam, and proceed eventually to Poonah. Colonel Stevenson was under orders for the Mahratta territory, and the corps under Major-General Wellesley marched from Hurryhur on the 9th March, and crossing the Toombuddra and Havanoor on the 12th, proceeded towards Poonah. Having received intelligence of the intention of Holkar to burn that city, the General pushed on with the cavalry, and performing a march of 60 miles in 30 hours, reached that town and saved it from destruction. Holkar's army retired without fighting; and on the 13th of May the Peshwah re-entered his capital.

Lord Lake had been appointed to the command of the Army of Hindostan, and his Lordship and Major-General Wellesley were invested with the fullest authority, military and political. After fruitless attempts at negotiation with Scindiah, General Wellesley marched from Poonah to the north, and took

by escalate the town of Ahmednuggur, which was garrisoned by Scindiah's troops. On the 24th of August he crossed the Godavery river, and entered Aurungabad on the 29th. On the 12th of September the British General was encamped twenty miles north of the Godavery. Colonel Stevenson, with the Nizam's auxiliary force, was at some distance from him. Scindiah, who had a large mass of irregular cavalry, avoided a general engagement, being afraid of British discipline, and only thought of carrying on a predatory warfare; supporting his men at the expense of the subjects of the Nizam and other allies of the English, and wearing out the British troops by continual marches and piratical affrays. About the middle of September General Wellesley learned that Scindiah had been reinforced by sixteen battalions of infantry, commanded by French officers, and a large train of artillery, and that the whole of his force was assembled near the banks of the Kaitna river. So soon as the enemy heard of the arrival of Major-General Wellesley at Aurungabad, they moved from Jalna to the southward and eastward, menacing a march on Hyderabad. The General, however, by taking the left bank of the Godavery, placed himself between them and that city, and effectually frustrated their design. Colonel Stevenson had attacked and carried that fort on the 2nd of September, and on the night of the 9th, he had surprised a detachment, and caused them heavy loss. On the 21st Major-General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson met and conferred at Budnapoor, where they arranged a combined attack on the enemy for the morning of the 24th. Stevenson was detached by the western route, the general taking the eastern; in order that, by this division of the force, they might be able to effect the passage of the defiles in one day, and by occupying both, prevent their antagonists from escaping to the southward. The enemy having been reported to be at Bokardun, the general directed his march so as to encamp within twelve miles of that place, but when he halted found that he was only six miles from it. He also learned that the cavalry of the Mahratta camp was already in motion to the rear, and that the infantry and guns were preparing to follow. Taking the 19th Dragoons and three regiments of the regular cavalry, he hastened on to reconnoitre, and soon came in sight of the enemy which had

hitherto so carefully eluded him. But instead of infantry only, the whole combined army of Scindiah and the Rajah, numbering some 56,000 combatants, with 100 pieces of cannon, were in sight, strongly posted before the fortified village of Assye. "The rising ground on which the General stood commanded a view of the entire encampment, which extended over a space of some miles between Bokardun and Assye; swarms of cavalry covered the plain before him, whilst to his right the infantry stretched to the village. Along the enemy's front flowed the seemingly impassable Kaitna between high and rugged banks. The whole of their vast train of artillery was with the infantry. The sight was enough to appal the stoutest heart. Thirty thousand horse in one magnificent mass, crowded the right; a dense array of infantry, powerfully supported by artillery, formed the centre and left; the gunners were beside their pieces, and a hundred pieces of cannon in front of the line, stood ready to vomit forth death upon the assailants. Wellesley paused for a moment, impressed but not daunted by the sight; his whole force, as Colonel Stevenson had not come up, did not exceed 8,000 men, of whom 1,600 were cavalry: the effective native British were not above 1,500; and he had only seventeen pieces of cannon."\* As the British cavalry came up, they formed in line on the heights, and presented a strange but glorious contrast to the multitude of Mahratta horsemen, who were seen in endless array below them. The English cavalry brigade, scarcely numbering 1,600 sabres, took its position with all the boldness of a body of ten times the force; for in number, Scindiah's cavalry were twenty to one.

The columns having arrived, Wellesley changed his original intention of attacking the enemy's right, and determined to fall upon his left, which was composed entirely of infantry. The ground on which these battalions were drawn up, was a flat peninsula of inconsiderable size, formed by the union of the waters of the Kaitna with the Juah. The space was too confined to allow room for the Mahratta cavalry to manœuvre to much advantage, while the defeat of the corps of infantry was most likely to be effectual. Accordingly, a lateral movement was made to the left,—the march of the column being covered on the right flank by the Mysore horse, and

\* Alison's History, vol. ii. p. 165.

in the rear protected by the British cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell. Having crossed the ford of Peepulgaon, which the enemy had neglected to defend, the British infantry were formed in two lines, supported by the cavalry, which were placed in line in reserve in the rear, on an open space between the Kaitna and a nullah that ran in a parallel direction with its stream. While deploying, the Mahratta guns kept up a furious cannonade;\* but undisturbed by a fire that was ably directed and well sustained, the British dispositions for attack were coolly and promptly completed. The order of battle being thus skilfully changed, the infantry of Scindiah was compelled to present a new front. They did so with greater ease than was expected. The line they now formed reached with its right to the Kaitna, and its left to the village of Assye, on the Juah. The front now presented by the enemy was one vast battery, especially towards the left; so numerous and weighty were the guns, and so thickly were they disposed immediately near the village. The fire was rapid, furious, and terrible in execution; the British guns, few in number, opened as the line advanced, but were almost on the instant silenced. Their gunners dropped fast, and the cattle fell killed or lacerated beside them. With the fierceness of the struggle, and the fearfulness of the hazard, the undaunted spirit of the General appeared to rise. He at once abandoned the guns, and directed an advance with the bayonet: with his main body he soon forced and drove the enemy's right, possessing himself of their guns by a resolute charge.

The pickets, with the 74th as a supporting regiment, were on the right of the two lines of infantry, and their attack was distinguished equally by the gallantry it exhibited, and the loss it produced. With unquestioned bravery, but bad judgment, the officer in command, when he might have covered his men in a great degree by a circuitous movement,

\* General Wellesley's orderly dragoon was killed by a round shot immediately beside him. Writing to the Hon. Henry Wellesley, the General says,—“I lost two horses; Diomed (Colonel Ashton's horse, who has carried me in so many campaigns) piked; and another horse shot under me. Almost all the staff had their horses either killed or wounded, or were struck in some place or other.”—*Letter to Hon. H. Wellesley. 3 October.*

pushed forward directly against the village of Assye, thus of necessity crossing "a space swept like a glacis by the cannon of the enemy." Overwhelmed by a murderous fire, the gallant band left half its number on the field. The men fell by dozens; and one company of those forming the pickets was almost annihilated. It went into action with an officer and fifty men; and in the evening four rank and file were all that survived that bloody day.

No wonder that the line under this tremendous fusilade from the village, supported by continuous showers of grape, was in many places fairly cut through, and that with difficulty it still maintained its ground. Perceiving its disorder, a cloud of Mahratta horsemen stole round the enclosures of Assye unperceived, and charged furiously into the ranks already half destroyed. The moment was most critical. The Mussulman sabres were crossing the bayonets of the 74th, and "feeble and few, but fearless still," that gallant regiment was desperately resisting. Colonel Maxwell, who had watched the progress of the fight, saw that the moment for action had arrived. The word was given,—the British cavalry charged home. Down went the Mahrattas in hundreds, beneath the fiery assault of the brave 19th, and their gallant supporters, the sepoys; while, unchecked by a tremendous storm of grape and musketry, Maxwell pressed his advantage, and cut through Scindiah's left. The 74th and the light infantry rallied, re-formed, pushed boldly on, and, the second line coming forward to their support, completed the disorder of the enemy, and prevented any effective attempt to renew a battle, the doubtful result of which was thus in a few minutes decided by the promptitude of that well-directed charge. Some of Scindiah's troops fought bravely. The desperate obstinacy with which his gunners stood to the cannon, seems almost incredible. They remained to the last, and were bayoneted around the guns which they refused, even in certain defeat, to abandon. The British charge was resistless; but in the enthusiasm of success, at times there is a lack of prudence. The sepoys pressed wildly on—their elated ardour was uncontrollable—while a mass of the Mahratta horse were arrayed on the hill, ready to rush upon ranks disordered by their own success. But General Wellesley had foreseen and guarded against the evil

consequences a too excited courage might produce. The 78th were kept in hand; and supported by a regiment of native horse, they were now led forward by the General in person. The guns on the left were carried, and the village stormed with the bayonet. In this short but sanguinary attack, the 78th were highly distinguished. Their loss, from the severity of the enemy's fire, was severe, and General Wellesley himself had two horses killed under him.

A strong column of the enemy, that had been only partially engaged, now rallied and renewed the battle, joined by a number of Scindiah's gunners and infantry, who had flung themselves as if dead upon the ground, and thus escaped the sabres of the British cavalry. Maxwell's brigade, who had re-formed their line and breathed their horses, dashed into the still-disordered ranks of these half-rallied troops—a desperate slaughter ensued; the Mahrattas were totally routed, but the British cavalry lost their chivalrous leader; and in the moment of victory, Maxwell died in front of the battle, pressing on the pursuit of a mingled mob of all arms, who were flying in disorder from the field.

The rout was now complete. The sun at noon had shone on a proud array of fifty thousand men, drawn up in perfect order; it set upon a broken host, flying in dispersed bodies from a field on which the whole *materiel* of an army remained abandoned. Under more desperate circumstances a battle was never fought; and, opposed by overwhelming masses, a victory was never more completely won. Every thing at noon was against the conquerors; numbers, position, all that could render victory almost a certain event, lay with the Mahratta chieftains. Small as the British force was, its energies were weakened by a long and exhausting march beneath a sultry sky; and nothing but indomitable courage could have sustained Wellesley's feeble battalions against the mighty masses to which they were opposed. Assye was indeed a glorious triumph: "It was a magnificent display of skill, moral courage, and perfect discipline, against native bravery and enormous physical superiority." Nor were Scindiah's troops a body of men rudely collected, ignorant of military tactics, and unused to combinations. In every arm the Mahratta army was respectable; and the facility with which it changed its front

in the morning, proved that the instructions of its French officers had not been given in vain. The casualties in the British force on this occasion were 428 killed, 1138 wounded, and 18 missing. The enemy left 2000 dead upon the field, and had at least 6000 wounded. Several standards, and nearly the whole of their artillery, fell into the hands of the conquerors; and when they halted twelve miles from the scene of their defeat, they had no cannon, and scarcely any ammunition; the tumbrils having been deserted or blown up. On the first intelligence that Colonel Stevenson (who reached the field of battle next morning) was advancing in force, the routed divisions fled precipitately down the Ghauts, and easily evaded a pursuit which the feebleness of the victors, and their own immense superiority in cavalry, would have rendered unavailing.

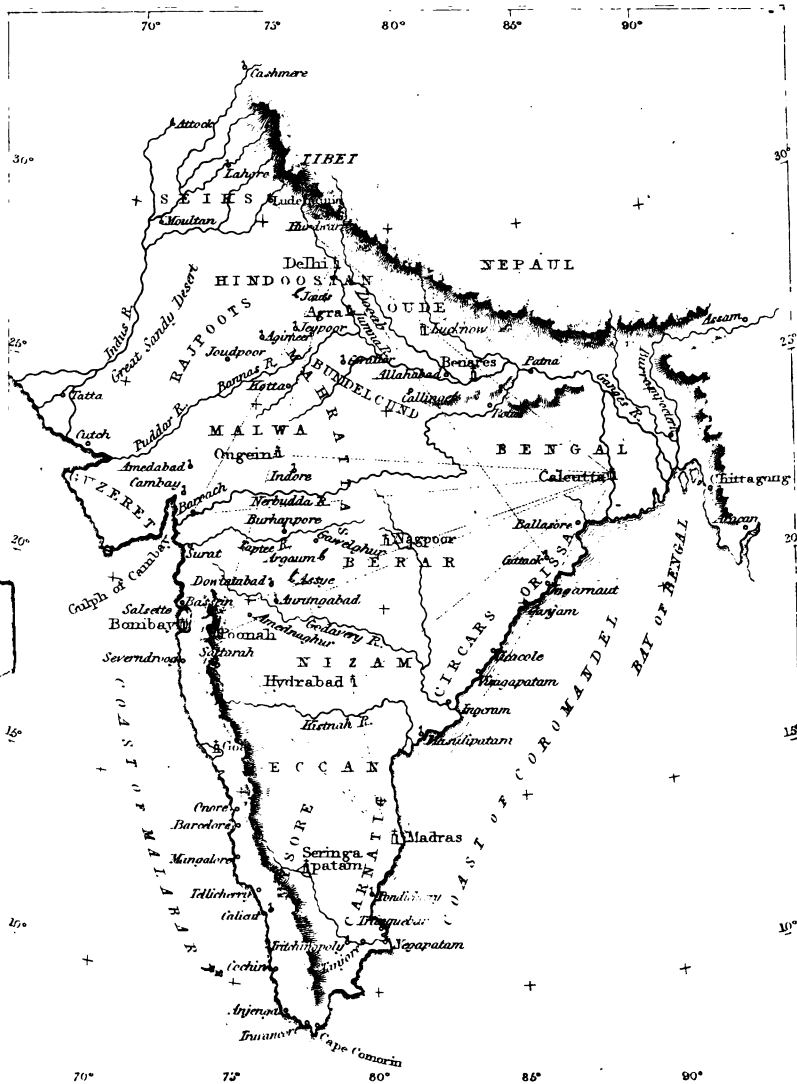
The victory of Assye was followed up by General Wellesley with his customary activity. Colonel Stevenson was detached to harass the ruins of Scindiah's army, and afterwards reduce the fortresses of Burhampoor and Asseerghur. The General himself was prevented moving from the neighbourhood of his victory, as the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining means of transport for his wounded; and no consideration could induce him to "leave his brave fellows exposed in an open town." While, to use his own phrase, "tied by the heels," from being obliged to send all his doolies to the fort of Adjuntee with the wounded, every day brought intelligence which proved how decisive the defeat at Assye had been. In his official letters, dated from the camp, he makes frequent allusions to the extent of Scindiah's losses.

While General Wellesley was defeating the Mahrattas in the south, General Lake gained a complete victory at Allyghur, in the plains of Hindostan, over another part of their force under M. Perron, which had occupied Delhi. The Mahratta power was now broken, and after several marches and countermarches, and desultory negotiations, Scindiah asked and obtained a truce at the beginning of November; but the Rajah of Berar still kept the field, and General Wellesley, coming up with him in the plains of Argaum, on the 29th, found Scindiah's cavalry, together with the Rajah's forces, drawn up in battle array. Taking advantage

of this shameful violation of the truce, General Wellesley effected a junction with Colonel Stevenson's force; and, having halted his jaded troops for a few hours, determined to bring on a general engagement. On proceeding to reconnoitre the enemy, he found that the confederates had anticipated his intention, and were quite prepared to give him battle. Scindiah's force formed one heavy mass upon the right; upon their left were the Berar infantry and guns, flanked by their own cavalry; whilst on Scindiah's extreme right hovered a vast cloud of Pindarries and light troops. The united forces occupied a front of five miles, having the village of Argaum, with its gardens and enclosures, in their rear, and a plain intersected by water-courses in their front. Scindiah and Munoo Bapoo commanded this force in person. Major-General Wellesley advanced upon them in one compact column, and rapidly formed his lines of attack. The Mogul and Mysore horse covered his left and protected his rear. As the British line moved down, a large body of Persian soldiers of the Berar rushed on the 74th and 80th Regiments, but was soon cut up. The cavalry of Scindiah next made an attack on the British infantry, but were repulsed with great loss. The British line now pressed forward, and the enemy gave way in every direction, leaving thirty-eight pieces of artillery on the field. The troops underwent great fatigue on this occasion, having been under arms from six in the morning until twelve at night. The British loss did not amount to more than 46 killed and 300 wounded; that of the enemy exceeded 3000. The next operation was against Gawilghur, a strong fort belonging to the Rajah of Berar, which was assaulted from Ellichpoor on the 15th of December, and carried by escalade. The loss to the British was only one officer and thirteen men killed, and sixty wounded. After this blow, the Rajah of Berar again sent an ambassador to treat for peace. The negotiations were concluded on the 17th of December. The British General, however, determined not to be trifled with again, communicated to Scindiah that unless the treaty was completed, and full security given for its due maintenance in the interim, he should consider the truce at an end on the 27th of December, and act accordingly; and it was not until a body of 10,000 Pindarries had been dispersed by General Campbell at Moodianoor, that the



# MILITARY OPERATIONS IN INDIA FROM 1803 TO 1806.



to Poona  
Nagpur  
Chittagong  
Hindostan  
Bombay  
Delhi  
Hydrabad  
128 Miles.  
200  
100  
100  
100  
100  
100

Length from Ludhiana the British  
Boundary on the North to Cape Comorin  
240 Miles Width from the Gulf of  
Cutch the Western Boundary to Chittagong  
in the East 1800 Miles.

From Madras  
to Poona  
Hydrabad  
Nagpur  
Bombay  
to Poona  
Hydrabad  
Bombay  
Cuttack

Scindiah's vakeels brought the matter to an issue, and the treaty was fully ratified and signed.

General Wellesley had for some time expressed an anxious wish to retire from his command in the Mysore. While the war with Holkar was being carried on, by a skilful distribution of the army of the Deccan, the Mahratta chiefs, whose loyalty was very questionable, were completely overawed; and with every inclination to be troublesome, they were necessitated to remain pacific. General Wellesley had many causes of complaint—he was disliked by the Peshwah—his measures were sometimes rendered inoperative by restrictions of the government—and occasional notices in his despatches show that he felt these annoyances.

When it was officially announced that General Wellesley had determined to return to England, addresses to him were voted by numerous public bodies, and testimonials of various kinds were presented to him. On the 6th of March a grand entertainment was given to him by the civil and military officers of the Presidency of Madras, and on the 10th he embarked for England on board the "Trident" man-of-war, having notified, in a general order to the troops, his resignation of the command in the Deccan, and his immediate departure from India.

A monument, in commemoration of the battle of Assye, was erected at Calcutta. The inhabitants of that city presented General Wellesley with a sword of the value of a thousand guineas; and his own officers testified their attachment and admiration, by the gift of a service of plate. In England, the thanks of Parliament were voted to him, and he was made a Knight Companion of the Bath. Of all the honours paid him, however, none gratified him more than the parting address of the people of Seringapatam, who fully appreciated the blessings of his government.

Thus terminated this splendid campaign. By the final treaty with Scindiah, the British gained those fertile provinces comprising the Dooab, or country between the Jumna and the Ganges, together with extensive districts beyond the last-mentioned river, including Agra and Delhi. The person of the Great Mogul, who had long been in Scindiah's power, was transferred to the East India Company, along

with those cities. Baroach, and the rest of Scindiah's maritime country, was partitioned among the British, the Nizam, and the Peshwah.

General Wellesley had now established himself in public opinion as an officer of the most distinguished merit, and as a politician and diplomatist of consummate ability. In India, notwithstanding the splendid achievements of Lord Lake, all who had opportunities of estimating the comparative merits of these two distinguished commanders, assigned the palm to the victor of Assye. Nevertheless, so little did the home Government appreciate the value of General Wellesley's services, that the Order of the Bath was the only honour conferred upon him, whilst Lord Lake was rewarded by a Peerage and a considerable pension. Both officers received the thanks of Parliament. The King also conveyed to Major-General Wellesley his thanks, through the Marquis of Camden. !

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## CHAPTER IV.

Arrival of Lieutenant-General Wellesley in England—His appointment to command a Brigade under Lord Cathcart; and upon the abandonment of that expedition, to the Command of the Troops stationed at Hastings—Defence of his Brother in the House of Commons—Re-elected for St. Michael's, and appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland—Appointed to the Expedition against Copenhagen under Lord Cathcart—Attack of General Wellesley's division on the Danish Troops, and capture of 1,500 prisoners—Articles of Capitulation drawn up by General Wellesley—Return to England—Resumption of General Wellesley's Parliamentary Duties—Buonaparte's Invasion of Portugal—Appointed to Command an Expedition destined for the Peninsula—Disembarkation at the mouth of the Mondego—Operations in the Peninsula—Battle of Roliça—Battle of Vimieiro.

Soon after his arrival in England, in September, 1805, Major-General Wellesley was appointed to the command of a brigade in the expedition under Lord Cathcart, destined for continental service, and which sailed on the 4th of November

under the temporary orders of General Don. Lord Cathcart assumed the command on the 17th, but the disastrous consequences which resulted from the reverses sustained by the Austro-Russian army at Austerlitz, rendered it advisable to abandon the attempt, and the troops were accordingly recalled to England. On the return of the expedition from Hanover, Major-General Wellesley was appointed to command the troops stationed at Hastings in Sussex,—an humble duty compared to those which he had recently performed, but one to which he devoted himself with his accustomed zeal and assiduity. The Marquess Cornwallis, who succeeded Lord Mornington in the government of India, held it but a short time; dying on the 5th of October, 1805, at Ghazypoor, near Benares. By his demise, the colonelcy of the 33rd regiment became vacant, and Major-General Wellesley succeeded the Marquess, 30th of January; having been lieutenant-colonel of that corps for nearly thirteen years. Shortly before he obtained his regiment, the major-general was returned to Parliament for the borough of Rye. On the 10th of April, 1806, he married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Earl of Longford. Two sons were the issue of this marriage,—Arthur, Marquess of Douro, born the 3rd of February, 1807, in Harley-street, London; and Charles, born at the Chief Secretary's lodge, near Dublin, 16th of January, 1808. Both entered the army at an early age.

The experience of Sir Arthur Wellesley in Indian affairs rendered him a useful and efficient member of the House of Commons. One of his first duties in that capacity was to defend his illustrious brother, the Earl of Mornington, who had been most violently attacked by a crack-brained legislator of the name of Paull, the son of a tailor at Perth, who found abettors in Mr. Fox and several leading Whigs of the time, and brought forward a number of unfounded and wholly unsupported charges against the noble Earl; so palpably absurd and ridiculous as to be beneath contempt. Sir Arthur Wellesley having reminded the House "how often the noble Earl had been thanked by that Assembly, and by the Court of Directors, for the very measures that were now impugned," might safely have left the imputations without further notice, but the pertinacity of Paull,

supported as he was by the more influential members of the Whig party, provoked him to enter upon a defence of his noble relative; in the course of which, among other striking facts, he mentioned that Lord Mornington had increased the revenue of the East India Company nearly seven millions! The foolish charges of Paull and his confederates received their quietus by a vote of thanks to the Earl, which was carried by a majority of 151; not, however, until the House had gone through the farce of examining several witnesses, all of whom deposed in the teeth of the accusations of Mr. Paull and his instigators. The leading supporters of the quondam tailor and his sponsors were Lord A. Hamilton, Lord Folkestone, and Sir T. Turtton, of one of whom the world has since heard matters which have redounded but little to his credit. On the dissolution of Parliament, Sir Arthur Wellesley was returned for the borough of St. Michaels; and on the formation of the Portland Administration in 1807, was appointed, under the Duke of Richmond, to be Chief Secretary for Ireland.

In the summer of this year, Sir Arthur Wellesley once more embarked on foreign service, in an expedition under the command of Lord Cathcart, destined to Copenhagen, the object of which was the seizure of the Danish fleet, to prevent it from falling, as it would otherwise inevitably have done, into the hands of Napoleon Buonaparte. Harsh as this measure may have appeared at the time, its propriety has been perfectly justified by later revelations. It is now an established fact, that but for the vigour and promptitude with which this measure was planned and executed, the Danish fleet would very soon afterwards have been employed by Napoleon against Great Britain. This preventive policy was only to be justified on the plea of necessity; but it is equally certain that such a necessity did exist to the fullest extent. An armament was accordingly dispatched to Copenhagen, consisting of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, commanded by Admiral Gambier, and 20,000 troops under Lieutenant-General Lord Cathcart. It forms no part of our present duty to enter upon the details of our naval operations on that occasion. It is sufficient for us to remind our readers they were entirely successful. On the 29th of August, Sir Arthur Wellesley's division attacked the Danish troops at Kioge,

carried their works, entered the town, and captured nearly 1500 prisoners. The bombardment of Copenhagen brought the Danish Government to terms; and General Wellesley, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, and Sir Home Popham (captain of the fleet), were appointed by Lord Cathcart to draw up the articles of capitulation, which were agreed to on the 7th of September. In accordance with these articles, the Danish fleet was delivered up to the British Government, to be kept in pledge until the conclusion of a general peace. By this capitulation, sixteen line-of-battle ships, fifteen frigates, five brigs, and twenty-five gun-boats, besides several vessels on the stocks, and a prodigious quantity of naval stores, were delivered up to our fleet; and on the 20th of October, the troops being all re-embarked, the expedition returned to England.

The loss sustained by the British was comparatively trifling. Of the land forces, two hundred men were rendered *hors de combat*, while the casualties of the navy scarcely exceeded fifty. The fine fleet and immense quantity of naval stores contained in the dock-yards at Copenhagen, would have afforded Napoleon ample means for effecting his threatened descent upon the coasts of England or Ireland; or, at all events, would have enabled him to strengthen very materially his naval force. The ships were laden with masts, spars, and cordage; besides which, ninety transports were filled with naval stores: of five vessels on the stocks, two were taken to pieces and brought to England, and the remainder destroyed. On the 13th, according to treaty, the embarkation of the troops commenced; on the 18th, it was completed; and on the 20th, the last English guard in the citadel was relieved by a Danish detachment, and the fleet and army quitted the shores of Zealand.\*

With the exception of some trifling casualties, the Danish fleet reached the British ports in safety; and the cause of a great national alarm was happily removed. That the service

\* Lord Roslyn had brought with him a favourite mare, which he rode occasionally during the operations in Zealand. At the time she proved in foal, and after her safe return to England, a colt was the produce. The colt was named "Copenhagen;" and that horse carried the Duke of Wellington throughout the glorious day of Waterloo. Full of honour and of years, Copenhagen died in 1835, at Strathfieldsaye.

had been ably executed, all parties in the state agreed; that sound policy—that which rests on self-protection—required that Denmark should be deprived of the means of endangering Great Britain, was conceded. All admitted that Napoleon would have applied the naval resources of the Crown Prince against his island enemy without scruple; but it was contended, that England had imitated too closely the military philosophy of France, in which the leading principle inculcated was, that the end sanctified the means.

Sir Arthur Wellesley resumed his parliamentary duties on the opening of the session in 1808, as well as the post of Secretary for Ireland. In February, 1808, he received the thanks of Parliament for his important services in Denmark.

The perfidious and aggressive conduct of Napoleon Buonaparte opened, at this juncture, another field for the display of the valour and genius of the Great Captain of our age. Having demanded, by virtue of his alliance with Spain, a contingent of troops to aid him in the north; and having thus withdrawn the flower of the Spanish army under Romana, he sent the greater part of it to Denmark. His next measure was the secret treaty with Charles IV., for partitioning Portugal: one-third was to form a principedom for Godoy; a third for the Queen of Etruria; whilst Lisbon and the lion's portion, were to be selected for himself. Whilst planning this treachery, he was negotiating with the imbecile Prince of Brazil, for the renunciation of the British alliance, the seizure of British property, the imprisonment of British residents, and the adoption of the continental system. The treaty for dividing Portugal was ratified at Fontainebleau on the 29th October, 1807. It was to be immediately invaded and taken possession of by the united armies of France and Spain: 28,000 French soldiers and 27,000 Spaniards were assigned for this service; whilst 40,000 French troops were to be assembled at Bayonne as a reserve, in case any expedition from England, or any rising of the people of Portugal, should render it necessary to support the invasion with reinforcements. To Marshal Junot was deputed the execution of this scheme; and passing the barren hills of Beira at the latter end of November, he did not find one pass occupied, nor the slightest preparation to

oppose him. The Spanish contingent joined him on the frontier of Portugal; his march to Lisbon was rapid, his object being to take possession of the persons of the members of the House of Braganza. The British factories were closed, British property confiscated, and the ports were to be shut so soon as the march of Junot was known. His eagles planted upon the towers of Lisbon without resistance, and Junot neither requiring nor applying for reinforcements, Napoleon nevertheless advanced his reserve into the very heart of Spain, in two formidable armies under Dupont and Moncey; whilst a corps commanded by Duhesme, 12,000 strong, was dispatched through the eastern Pyrenees, and obtained possession of Barcelona and other such places by artifices of the most perfidious kind. The fortresses of the north, and the main roads from France to Madrid, were also occupied by French troops.

Meanwhile, the infatuated Royal Family were occupied in promoting the leading object of the invader. Indeed, after the treaty entered into with Godoy, which made the Bourbon sovereign of Spain "clasp hands with the murderers of his kinsman," it seemed scarcely possible for them to sink into lower depths of degradation. They managed so to do, nevertheless. Ferdinand, the Prince of Asturias, was at this time engaged in soliciting the honour of a matrimonial alliance with the House of Napoleon, and asking his aid against his father; whilst Charles and Godoy were invoking his assistance against the treason of Ferdinand!

The Emperor treated both applications with contempt; whilst his troops were quietly and steadily gaining possession of the country. No sooner were his real objects disclosed, however, than he encountered a storm of popular opposition, and the whole of the Peninsula appeared to be animated but by one sentiment. A French army compelled to capitulate, King Joseph took French leave of Madrid, and Junot found the greatest difficulty in maintaining himself in Lisbon.

The news of this unlooked-for display of vigour excited the sympathies of England for the Spanish patriots; and overtures from the juntas having been favourably received in this country, it was resolved to send a British military force to their assistance.

The French troops entered Portugal on the 19th November, 1807, and marched with the utmost celerity on Lisbon, with a view to obtain possession of the persons of the Royal Family. So sudden were their movements, that Junot had reached Abrantes, distant only ninety miles from Lisbon, ere any notice had been received that he had even crossed the frontier; and, but for the protection afforded the Royal Family by the British Admiral in the Tagus, they must have fallen into his hands. As it was, he arrived on the heights above Lisbon only to witness the escape of the prey he had so eagerly coveted.

The French troops entered the capital of Portugal unopposed; the frontier fortresses of the kingdom, and the forts on the Tagus, having been surrendered without the slightest struggle, to the son of a Burgundian vine-dresser, at the head of a handful of half-famished foot-sore conscripts; such was the terror inspired by the French arms at that period.

The first deputies from the Peninsula, who visited England in June, 1808, gave a very sanguine account of the national armies of Spain, as numerous and well-disciplined; and described the peasantry as animated, to a man, by the most fervent patriotism; requiring but arms, ammunition, and money, to enable them to drive their treacherous invaders across the Pyrenees.

To this appeal the British Government at once responded; and without relying too implicitly on the energy of a nation which, during four months, had tacitly submitted to see, successively, its strongholds treacherously seized upon; its King and Royal Family kidnapped; its revenues plundered; laws defied; its religion scoffed at; and, finally, its government usurped; determined to render every assistance in its power, and those operations which finally assumed the designation of the Peninsular war were accordingly commenced.

A considerable force had been collected at Cork in the spring of 1808, the destination of which had given rise to much speculation. The general belief (which is now understood to have been correct) was, that it was originally intended to act against the Spanish possessions in South America. Fortunately for the fame of our hero, it seems eventually to have had a much more glorious object.

On the 25th of April, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley was

promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General; on the 14th of June ensuing, he was appointed by the Duke of York, then at the Horse Guards, to command this detachment of the army on a particular service; and on the 30th of the same month, the objects it was designed to accomplish were specifically detailed to the Lieutenant-General in a letter from Lord Castlereagh; namely, to assist the people and armies of the Peninsula in repelling the perfidious and most unprincipled aggression of Buonaparte.

The force thus placed under his command, consisted of the Royal Artillery, Royal Staff Corps, the 4th Royal Veteran Battalion, eight battalions and four companies of infantry, and the 20th Light Dragoons, from England; a division of 4,500 men under General Spencer had already arrived on the south coast of Spain. The Staff was comprised of Major-General Spencer, Major-General Hill, Major-General Ferguson, Brigadier-General Nightingale, Brigadier-General Fane, and Brigadier-General Craufurd. Should this prove insufficient, a reinforcement of 10,000 men was to be dispatched to Vigo to await Lieutenant-General Wellesley's direction.

General Wellesley arrived at Cork, and assumed the command of this armament on the 6th July. Two more battalions had been added to its strength; but the state of the wind, and the non-arrival of the dragoons, caused some delay. It sailed from Cove on the 12th July; and the "Crocodile" frigate, in which Sir Arthur was embarked, having quitted the fleet as soon as it cleared the coast of Ireland, reached Corunna on the 20th. His first step was to confer with the Junta of Galicia, from whom he learned that the whole of Spain, excepting Navarre and Biscay, were in arms against the French; whilst, on the other hand, it was certain that the united armies of Castille and Galicia had, on the 14th, been defeated by Bessières at Rio Seco, in consequence of which, the French had acquired the command of the course of the Douro, and were thus enabled to interrupt the communication between Galicia and the eastern provinces of the kingdom.

The Junta professed no anxiety for the safety of the province, and no desire to receive assistance from British troops. All they seemed to want, was arms and money, to

enable them to send any number they pleased into the field.

The information of the state of Portugal which Sir Arthur obtained at Corunna was scarcely more correct. It may, however, be remarked, that it was not known at that port that a body of 18,000 French troops, with their eagles, under Dupont, had laid down their arms to Spanish troops.

Sir Arthur next proceeded to Oporto, had an interview with the active and warlike bishop, and was shown the state of his army on paper; but learned its real condition from the officer who had been directed to communicate with him on the subject. Sir Arthur saw and heard enough to satisfy himself of the impolicy of landing his troops at Oporto; but having stipulated for the co-operation of 5000 Portuguese on the Mondego, took his troops to the mouth of that river, and disembarked them there; the fort of Figuera, occupied by a detachment of British Marines, affording a protection which was not to be secured elsewhere. The force under General Spencer, which was to form part of the expedition under his command, had landed at Puerto de Santa Maria (a town on the north side of the Bay of Cadiz), with the view of remaining in Andalusia.

Sir Arthur's first step was to order this corps to the Tagus, to co-operate with the troops which had accompanied him. When off Figuera, he received despatches from home, announcing that a reinforcement of 5000 men, composed of two brigades of infantry, and two companies of artillery, would proceed without loss of time to the Tagus, under Generals Acland and Anstruther; and that a further reinforcement of 10,000 (which had just returned from Sweden under Sir John Moore), would also be despatched so soon as the troops had been refreshed, and the transports re-victualled. The object of so large a force was to provide effectually for an attack upon the Tagus, and secure Cadiz, should it be threatened by Dupont.

The difficulties by which Sir Arthur Wellesley was surrounded were unusually great. He could gain no information on which he could really rely, respecting the actual state of the countries he was called upon to succour. He could place but little faith in the exaggerated statements of the Spanish patriots. He could not even ascertain on what

amount of co-operation he might positively calculate; whilst of the strength of the opposing force he could learn nothing whatever. There existed neither in Spain or Portugal the unity and intelligence from which such information could be derived. All was doubt and uncertainty. Even ministers themselves had no definite plan when the expedition sailed; their instructions to Sir Arthur being to employ his forces "in counteracting the designs of the enemy, and in affording to the Spanish and Portuguese nations every possible aid in throwing off the yoke of France." It had not even been determined whether the armament should land in Spain or Portugal. Every thing was left to the "judgment and decision" of the commanding officer "on the spot." Even the appointment of Sir Arthur to the command was only provisional. He was to surrender it to Sir Harry Burrard, who was in his turn to succumb to Sir Hew Dalrymple; and in the form which the expedition afterwards assumed, no fewer than six general officers were placed over his head into whose hands the conduct of the war might eventually have fallen.

The state of Spain was in every department ruinous. Its navy was annihilated—its army, a mere rabble—its finances were at the lowest ebb—and public credit it had none. Its quarrel with England had swept the Spanish flag from the surface of the ocean—all was confusion and insolvency—and all exhibited unequivocal symptoms of the approaching dissolution of the monarchy.

French troops had the most complete possession of Spain. Dupont had indeed been circumvented in the south, but the other French generals had gained easy victories in the north, and a French force was immediately at hand which could sweep the country between the Pyrenees and Madrid. The native levies were alike destitute of equipments, energy, and discipline. Their numbers also had been greatly overstated. The officers by whom they were commanded were dogged, hot-headed, and incompetent. The aspect of affairs in Portugal held out a little more promise. Junot, separated from all military communication with his colleagues in the Peninsula, found considerable difficulty in holding Lisbon, with the insurgents of Portugal on one side and the Spanish patriots on the other. He had, to be sure, 25,000 troops

such as they were (most of them being new levies); but many detachments were required for various services to his disposability, for his object. On the first rumours of a British expedition, he sent Loison with 7,000 men, to seize the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea."

The appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple to the command of the expedition, and the sailing of the armament under John Moore, reached Sir Arthur Wellesley off the Morro. This mortifying intelligence led him to make an immediate descent on the coast, and with the handful of troops at his command, to commence operations.\* With only 9,000 men he threw himself into a country occupied by a well-armed French army mustering more than double his numbers. But with this small force did he lay the foundation of his future glory.

The troops began to disembark on the 2nd of April, when Sir Arthur immediately placed himself in communication with the civil and military authorities of the island. Having established his head-quarters, on the 2nd, Sir Arthur issued a proclamation to the Portuguese, explaining the objects for which he had been sent to their assistance. The disembarkation, owing to the resistance of the water, was difficult; and it was not until the 8th that the whole of the men and stores were safely landed. Sir Spencer had disembarked his force at Puerto Príncipe, on the 8th, Sir Arthur found himself at the disposal of men of sufficient strength to war against the enemy, his operations were retarded by the want of adequate commissariat and proper means of transport. Having furnished the Portuguese General with 5,000 stand of arms and the necessary ammunition,

A dispatch received from the Secretary of War, containing instructions into execution, General appointed to the future campaign.

troops, Sir Arthur moved from his ground on the 9th, and was followed on the 10th by the main body of his army. Having arrived at Leiria on the 10th, he caused a magazine of provisions, which had been collected for the British, to be handed over to Freire. His first movement had interrupted the line of communication between Loison and Laborde, who was marching from Lisbon with a view to unite with him at Leiria, and who was now driven to circuitous and forced marches. To oppose the British force, Loison had some 7000, Laborde 5000, and Junot 10,000. Loison was on the left of the British route, and Laborde in front. Where these armies intended to unite could not be ascertained. Sir Arthur, with his accustomed good luck, had so interposed himself between them as to be enabled to take them in detail. On the 15th, Junot quitted Lisbon, and on the 17th, pushing on in person, and leaving them to follow, joined Loison at Alcoentre. On the 15th, a French post at Bulos was attacked, and their pickets driven out of Obidos. The riflemen of the 95th and 60th had the honour of the first encounter, and were so eager in pursuit as to be well nigh cut off. Two officers and twenty-seven men were killed or wounded in this skirmish. The next day Sir Arthur surveyed the strong position of Laborde, which was drawn up on the table-land before Roliça, a village situated at the head of the valley, from which rises the hill of Obidos. The favourable points upon the hills on either side and in the valley below were occupied by his posts. Behind him, a mile to the rear, the steep and difficult ridge of Zambugeira offered a second position. The valley leading from the old Moorish fort of Obidos to the romantic village of Roliça, is walled on the left by rude heights rising above each other till they were finally lost in the dark summits of the Sierra de Baragueda.

Never was a sweeter spot chosen for the scene of a murderous combat, than that which the village of Roliça, and its surrounding landscape, presented at sunrise on the 17th of August. The place, with its adjacent hamlets, contained, it was computed, a population of nearly 300 families. The houses were neat and commodious, each surrounded by an inclosed garden, stocked with vines; while the country about the villages, studded thickly with olive grounds, illex

such as they were (most of them being new levies); but so many detachments were required for various services that his disposable force was inadequate, either in number or effectiveness, for his object. On the first rumours of the British expedition, he sent Loison with 7,000 men, to scour the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea."

The appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple to the command of the expedition, and the sailing of the armament under Sir John Moore, reached Sir Arthur Wellesley off the Mondego. This mortifying intelligence led him to make an immediate descent on the coast, and with the handful of troops at his command, to commence operations.\* With only 9,000 men he threw himself into a country occupied by a well-disciplined French army mustering more than double his numbers. But with this small force did he lay the foundation of his future glory.

The troops began to disembark on the 2nd of August, when Sir Arthur immediately placed himself in communication with the civil and military authorities of the country. Having established his head-quarters, on the 2nd, at Lavaos, Sir Arthur issued a proclamation to the Portuguese people, explaining the objects for which he had been sent to their assistance. The disembarkation, owing to the roughness of the water, was difficult; and it was not until the 5th that the whole of the men and stores were safely landed. General Spencer had disembarked his force at Puerto de Santa Maria the instant he heard of the surrender of Dupont; and thus, on the 8th, Sir Arthur found himself at the head of a body of men of sufficient strength to warrant him in undertaking a forward movement. Although, however, the disembarkation was effected without molestation from the enemy, his operations were retarded by the want of an adequate commissariat and proper means of transport. The united forces of the two divisions amounted to 12,300 men. Having furnished the Portuguese General Freire with 5,000 stand of arms and the necessary ammunition for his

\* The latest despatch received from the Secretary of State authorised him to put his previous instructions into execution, without waiting for the arrival of the general appointed to the future command of the army.

troops, Sir Arthur moved from his ground on the 9th, and was followed on the 10th by the main body of his army. Having arrived at Leiria on the 10th, he caused a magazine of provisions, which had been collected for the British, to be handed over to Freire. His first movement had interrupted the line of communication between Loison and Laborde, who was marching from Lisbon with a view to unite with him at Leiria, and who was now driven to circuitous and forced marches. To oppose the British force, Loison had some 7000, Laborde 5000, and Junot 10,000. Loison was on the left of the British route, and Laborde in front. Where these armies intended to unite could not be ascertained. Sir Arthur, with his accustomed good luck, had so interposed himself between them as to be enabled to take them in detail. On the 15th, Junot quitted Lisbon, and on the 17th, pushing on in person, and leaving them to follow, joined Loison at Alcoentre. On the 15th, a French post at Bulos was attacked, and their pickets driven out of Obidos. The riflemen of the 95th and 60th had the honour of the first encounter, and were so eager in pursuit as to be well nigh cut off. Two officers and twenty-seven men were killed or wounded in this skirmish. The next day Sir Arthur surveyed the strong position of Laborde, which was drawn up on the table-land before Roliça, a village situated at the head of the valley, from which rises the hill of Obidos. The favourable points upon the hills on either side and in the valley below were occupied by his posts. Behind him, a mile to the rear, the steep and difficult ridge of Zambugeira offered a second position. The valley leading from the old Moorish fort of Obidos to the romantic village of Roliça, is walled on the left by rude heights rising above each other till they were finally lost in the dark summits of the Sierra de Baragueda.

Never was a sweeter spot chosen for the scene of a murderous combat, than that which the village of Roliça, and its surrounding landscape, presented at sunrise on the 17th of August. The place, with its adjacent hamlets, contained, it was computed, a population of nearly 300 families. The houses were neat and commodious, each surrounded by an inclosed garden, stocked with vines; while the country about the villages, studded thickly with olive grounds, ilex

groves, and cork woods, exhibited all that rustic comfort which marks a contented and industrious peasantry. Upon a table-land immediately in front of Roliça, and overlooking the country for many miles, the French were strongly posted. Laborde had seized every advantage a position of immense strength naturally presented—while the Sierra afforded a succession of posts on which he might easily fall back. To preserve his communication with Loison, and to avoid exposing the line of Torres Vedras and Mafra, Laborde was compelled to await the attack of the British troops. His force was under 6000, but his position was a very strong one, and besides five pieces of cannon, 500 of his troops were cavalry.

The English army broke up from Caldas at daybreak on the 17th of August, and forming three columns, advanced against the enemy's position. The right column, consisting of 1200 infantry and 50 cavalry of the Portuguese corps left under Sir Arthur's orders by General Freire, was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Trant, who received directions to turn the enemy's left and penetrate into the mountains in his rear. The left column, commanded by Major-General Ferguson, and composed of a brigade of infantry, three companies of riflemen, and a few dragoons, was ordered to ascend the mountain ridge on the eastern side of the valley, and turn the right of the French position. This division was also directed to keep a look-out on its left for Loison's corps. The centre column, consisting of four brigades of British infantry and 400 Portuguese light infantry, the remainder of the cavalry and two brigades of artillery were destined to attack the position of the enemy in front. The moral effect of the battle of Roliça was of immense importance. It was the dawning of a glorious day; and its results were admirably calculated to confirm the wavering faith of doubtful allies, and remove the conviction of the French regarding their military superiority. It was a noble compliment paid by Napoleon to British infantry, when he observed, "that they never knew when they were beaten;" and it was the happiest delusion under which a soldier ever laboured—that of fancying himself unconquerable. That belief had been artfully cherished by Napoleon; and to its prevalence among his soldiers half his victories

may be ascribed. But the battle of Roliça at once dispelled the dream; and the French discovered in the island-soldiers to whom they were opposed, men in everything their equals—and in unflinching gallantry infinitely their superiors. When Roliça displayed the fine properties of British soldiers to their enemies, it was not its least advantage, that it also confirmed the confidence of their leader in the troops on which he depended for success. If the sharp affair at Obidos proved the gallantry, the advance upon Roliça displayed the high discipline of Wellesley's little army. The following graphic sketch happily describes the opening movements of the 17th.

“As the distance between Caldas and Roliça falls not short of three leagues, the morning was considerably advanced before the troops arrived within musket-shot of the French outposts. Nothing could exceed the orderly and gallant style in which they traversed the intervening space. The day chanced to be remarkably fine, and the scenery through which the columns passed was varied and striking; but they were by far the most striking feature in the whole panorama. Whenever any broken piece of ground, or other natural obstacle, came in the way, the head of the column having passed it, would pause till the rear had recovered its order, and resumed its station; and then the whole would press forward, with the same attention to distances, and the same orderly silence, which are usually preserved at a review. At last, however, the enemy's line became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the skirmishers were engaged. The centre division now broke into columns of battalions; that on the left pressed on with a quick pace, whilst the riflemen on the right drove in, with great gallantry, and in rapid style, the tirailleurs opposed to them.”\*

Laborde's first position soon became untenable; his rear was endangered; and, without a moment's indecision, he fell farther back, and occupied the mountain passes. Nothing could be stronger than this second position. “The way by which the assailants had to ascend was up ravines, rather than paths, more practicable for goats than men; so steep, that in many parts a slip of the foot would have been fatal; in some parts overgrown with briars, and in others impeded

\* Lord Londonderry's Narrative.

by fragments of rock.\* Of these the centre was the most practicable; and the 29th and 9th regiments advanced to storm it, protected by the fire of the British guns; while a cloud of skirmishers vanished among rocks and copse-wood, connecting the advance of the different columns, and feeling or forcing their way through obstacles that a vigorous defence had rendered almost insurmountable. Gradually, the scene became more animated, as on each of the several points of attack, the assailants and the assailed became warmly engaged. The spattering fusilade of the light troops was lost in the rolling volleys of the columns, which, with the deeper boom of cannon, echoed loudly through the mountains. The hollow watercourses, behind which the British had attacked, hid for a time the combatants from view: but the smoke wreathing over the ravines, showed by its density the place where the work of death went fastest on. On the left, Laborde gradually lost ground; but on the right, his exertions were redoubled, in the desperate hope that Loison might yet come up, and thus retrieve the fortune of the day. Here, of course, the struggle became bloodiest. While the flank movements of Triant and Ferguson had not yet proved themselves successful, the 9th and 29th regiments forced their respective passes, and gained the plateau of the hill. They reached the summit out of breath, their ranks disordered, and their formation requiring a few minutes to correct. At that moment a fine battalion of Laborde's came boldly forward, delivered a shattering volley, and broke through the centre of the British regiment. But the 29th were broken, not beaten; and the 9th came to their assistance. The officers discharged their duties nobly, and the men fought, and formed, and held their ground with desperate obstinacy, until Ferguson won the right flank of the position; when, aware that the chance of support was hopeless, Laborde retreated in excellent order, covering the regressive movement of his battalions by repeated charges of his cavalry.

His last stand was made at Zambugeira. The British having now arrived in force, rendered opposition unavailing, and falling back on the Quinta de Bugagliera, he united his beaten corps with the troops he had detached to look after

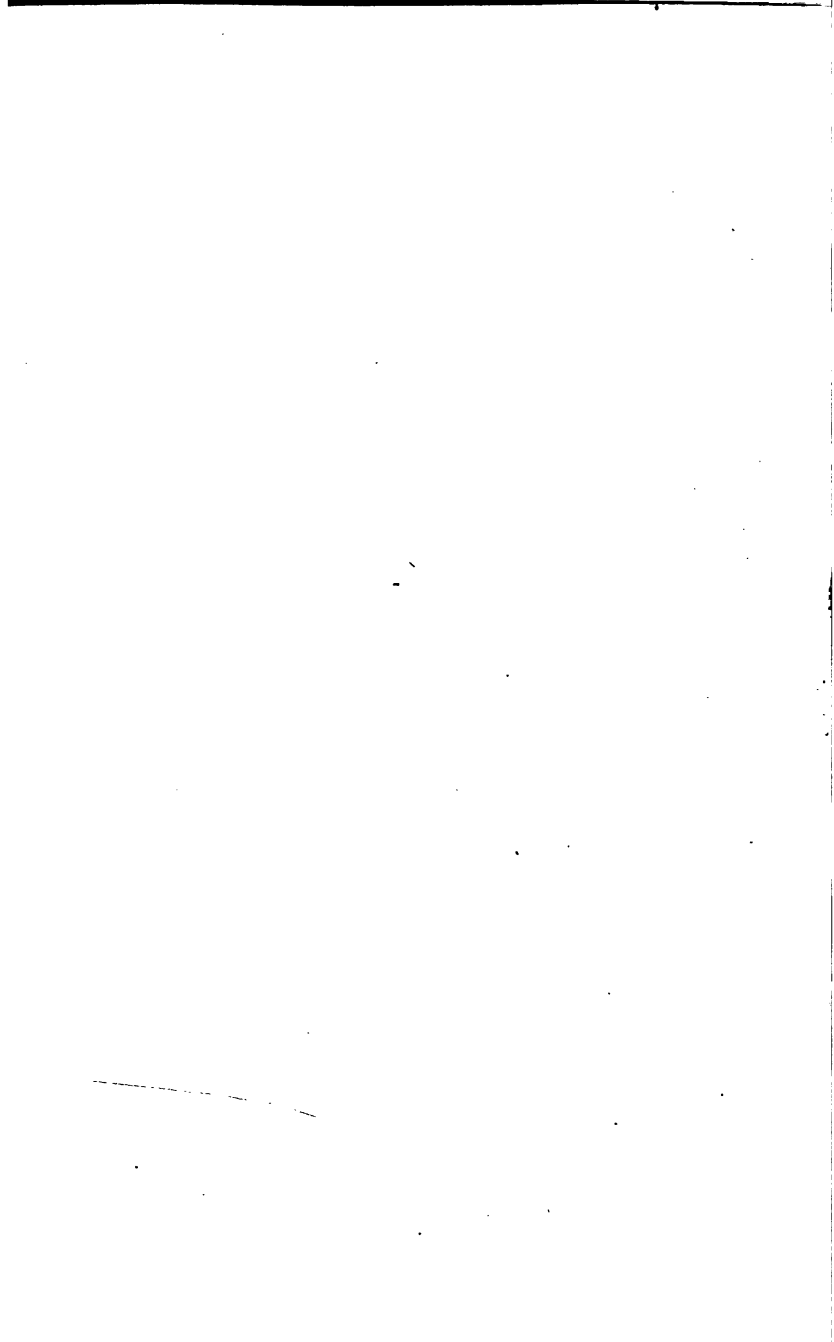
\* Southey.



Engraved by J. E. C. Smith

Illustration of the Battle of the Marston

Engraved by J. E. C. Smith



Loison at Segura; thence, abandoning his guns, he marched by the pass of Runa, and gained Montachique by a severe night-march, leaving the line of Torres Vedras uncovered, and, consequently, Lisbon open to the advance of the British army.

The casualties on both sides, considering the small number actually engaged, marks Rolica as one of the most sanguinary conflicts which has occurred in modern warfare. The actual combatants did not exceed 5000 men; and the French loss, on a low estimate, amounted to 700, and the British to nearly 500, in killed, wounded, and missing. Laborde was wounded early in the action, but refused to leave the field; and the British loss included two Lieutenant-Colonels.

The firing ceased a little after four, when Sir Arthur, hearing that Loison's division was at Bimbural, only five miles distant, took up a position for the night in an oblique line to that which he had just forced. His left rested upon a height near the field of battle; his right covered the road to Lourinham. Before night he learned that Anstruther's and Acland's divisions, accompanied by a large fleet of store-ships, were off the coast. He had resolved to march next morning to Torres Vedras, but this news induced him to alter his plans, and seek some convenient spot, which would enable him to cover the landing of these reinforcements.\*

"This day's work," says Major Moyle Sherer, "should be long and honourably remembered by every British soldier; for it was the first action of the memorable war in the Peninsula, in which British forces encountered the legions of Buonaparte."

On the evening of the 19th, Sir Arthur took up a position beside the village of Vimieiro, having detached a brigade to cover the march of General Anstruther's reinforcement, which, after immense difficulty, had been landed in the Bay of Maceira, and that too in the face of a very superior cavalry force, which overspread the country around the position, and increased the danger of disembarking. Another brigade, under General Acland, arrived on the 20th, and landed the same night, increasing Sir Arthur Wellealey's force to 16,000 men and 18 pieces of artillery.

\* Napier's "Peninsular War."

Thus reinforced, the British general determined on active operations; and orders were issued for an immediate advance towards Lisbon. From the most accurate information he could obtain, Junot's force might be reckoned at 18,000 men, of whom, when garrisons were deducted, 14,000 remained disposable. Expecting the arrival of both Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore, Sir Arthur wrote to the former a detail of all that had occurred, and recommended that Sir John Moore, on arriving on the coast, should land in the Mondego, march instantly on Santarem, and thus protect the left of Sir Arthur's army, and interrupt the communication between Elvas and the capital. In that case, Junot had no alternative but to abandon Lisbon, and retreat on Almeida, or risk a battle with the British army advancing by the coast. In case of attack, Moore would have been perfectly secure; for the positions in front of Santarem were easily defended; while at Granada, 3000 Spaniards were stationed, and Freire, with 5000 British, were apprised that they were on the eve of an engagement. Before day-break, according to the custom of the English army, the troops were under arms, and consequently ready "for the fray." The French advanced pickets were promptly supported by their infantry brigades; column after column followed in order of battle; and with delight Sir Arthur observed that the combat he had courted was unavoidable.

The French had 14,000 men and 23 pieces of artillery; the infantry were in three divisions, under Loison, Laborde, and Kellerman. General Wellesley was stronger in infantry, equal in artillery, but in cavalry greatly inferior to his opponent. The preparatory dispositions were rapidly effected by the French general.

Vimieiro, a pretty village, in a lively and peaceful valley, through which the river Maceira gently flows, was the principal post in the British lines, and was occupied by the park, the commissariat, and that noisy crowd of animals and followers which marks the presence of an army. It stands on the eastern extremity of some mountain heights, which screen it from the sea; and westward, separated from them by a deep ravine, lie other heights. Over these last, the road passes to Lourinham. The cavalry and Portuguese

lay behind the village, upon the plateau of a steep insulated height; the brigades of Anstruther and Fane, with six guns, were immediately in front of Vimieiro. The right of the latter rested upon one extremity of this hill, just above the river Maceira; and the left of Anstruther occupied a church and churchyard at the other. Here passed a road leading to the village. On the mountain, to the right and rear of this plateau, and which, at long range, commanded it, were placed eight guns and five brigades of infantry. The cavalry and reserve of artillery were in the valley, between the hills on which the infantry stood, both flanking and supporting Brigadier Fane's advanced guard.

The enemy first appeared about eight in the morning, in large bodies of cavalry, on our left, on the road to Lourinham, but it was soon obvious that the attack would begin upon our advanced guard. Major-General Ferguson's brigade was immediately moved across the ravine to the heights, with three pieces of cannon. He was followed successively by Brigadier-General Nightingale, with his brigade, and three pieces of cannon, and Brigadier-General Bowes, with his brigade. Their troops were formed on these heights, with their right upon the valley which leads into Vimieiro, and their left upon the other ravine which terminates at the landing-place at Maceira. The Portuguese troops, which were posted in the first instance in the bottom, near Vimieiro, were formed on the last-mentioned heights.

The troops of the advanced guard, on the heights to the southward and eastward of the town, were deemed sufficient for its defence; and Major-General Hill was moved to the centre of the mountain, on which the great body of the infantry had been posted, as a support to these troops, and as a reserve to the whole army; in addition to this support, they had that of the cavalry in the rear of their right.

The enemy's attack began in several columns upon the whole of the troops on this height; on the left, they advanced, notwithstanding the fire of the riflemen, close to the 50th regiment, and were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of that corps. The second battalion, 43rd

regiment, was likewise closely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimieiro, a part of that corps having been ordered into the churchyard, to prevent them from penetrating into the town. On the right of the position, they were repulsed by the bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was successfully supported by the second battalion of the 52nd, which, by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank.

Besides this opposition given to the attack of the enemy on the advanced guard by their own exertions, they were attacked in flank by Brigadier-General Acland's brigade, in its advance to its position on the heights on the left; and a cannonade was kept up on the flank of the enemy's columns by the artillery on those heights. At length, after a most desperate contest, the enemy was driven back in confusion, with the loss of seven pieces of cannon, many prisoners, 36 officers, and 594 men killed and wounded. They were pursued by a detachment of the 20th Light Dragoons, but their cavalry were so much superior in numbers that this detachment suffered much, and Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor was unfortunately killed.

Nearly at the same time the enemy's attack commenced upon the heights, on the road to Lourinham; this movement was supported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the usual impetuosity of French troops. It was received with steadiness by Major-General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 36th, 40th, and 71st regiments, and these corps charged as soon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him, supported by the 82nd, one of the corps of Brigadier-General Nightingale's brigade (which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the first line), by the 29th regiment, and by Brigadier-General Bowes' and Acland's brigades; whilst Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade and the Portuguese troops, in two lines, advanced along the height on the left. In the advance of Major-General Ferguson's brigade, six pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many prisoners, and vast numbers were killed and wounded. The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover part of his artillery, by attacking the 71st and 82nd regiments, which were

halted in a valley in which it had been captured. These regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley to the heights, where they halted, faced about, fired, and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him again to retire with great loss.

In this action, in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed, under the command of the Duke d'Abrantes in person; in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and artillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, they sustained a signal defeat; and lost thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, and stores of all descriptions. One general officer (Brennier) was among the prisoners. The loss of the British army was 720 killed and wounded.

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## CHAPTER V.

Golden opportunity lost through the interposition of Sir Harry Burrard—Sir Arthur Wellesley superseded in his command—Convention of Cintra—Presentation to Sir Arthur Wellesley by his officers, of a piece of plate, of the value of 1000 guineas—Returns home, and resumes his situation of Irish Secretary—Capitulation of Baylen—Flight of Joseph Buonaparte with the Crown Jewels of Spain—Strength and position of the French and Spanish forces—Napoleon determines to throw an overwhelming force into the Peninsula—Retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna—Battle of Corunna.

THE British army, though mustering with the Portuguese force 19,000 men, comprised but 4/10 cavalry, of which only 210 were English. Had two of the regiments then idle in barrack-yards at home been at hand, the march to Torres Vedras would have been made, and Lisbon have been our own. It was only noonday when the affair which began at 10 A.M. was decided. The 4th and 8th British brigades had suffered very little; the Portuguese, the 5th and the 1st

British brigades, had not fired a shot. A striking opportunity occurred of annihilating Junot; but unhappily, the senior officer of the division, Sir Harry Burrard, had landed, and although he abstained from interfering in the battle, he would not permit Sir Arthur Wellesley to avail himself of the golden opportunity that was opened to him by an oversight of the enemy.

The rugged character of the country on the enemy's left compelled them, pressed as they were, to retreat by a more circuitous road, along the level and open ground on the summit of the ridge. Now as this ridge meets the chain of hills that stretches between Lourinham and Torres Vedras at a right angle, the enemy's right could only rejoin the rest of their army by making a very considerable detour. Sir Arthur, perceiving at a glance the critical situation in which they had placed themselves, would fain have cut them off by pushing forward the right wing of the British army to that place, and seizing upon the defile through which they must necessarily retreat to Lisbon. Sir Harry Burrard would listen to no such suggestion; but, with the characteristic caution of age, expressed his belief that the English army was not strong enough for the enterprise. "So," said Sir Arthur to his officers, "you may go and shoot red-legged partridges instead of men."

Nor was this all. The foolish old man insisted upon the whole army waiting at Vimieiro for the arrival of Sir John Moore, and thus lost the opportunity of reaching Lisbon before Junot, and striking the first blow, which, according to the old proverb, is half the battle. In a letter to the Duke of York, Sir Arthur says: "I think if General Hill's brigade and the advanced guard had moved forward, the enemy would have been cut off from Torres Vedras, and we should have been at Lisbon before him; if, indeed, any French army had continued to remain in Portugal." On the very day after the battle, Sir Hew Dalrymple arriving in a frigate from Gibraltar, superseded Sir H. Burrard, as Sir Harry had superseded Sir Arthur. The time for following up the advantage had gone by. He, however, exhibited little more delicacy or discretion than Sir Harry Burrard. Matters turned out precisely as Sir Arthur Wellesley had pre-

dicted. Junot, after withdrawing his beaten corps, called a council of war to consider the course he should pursue. Aware that Lisbon was not secure from insurrection for an hour; without ammunition or provisions; and discouraged by a signal defeat; the position of the French army was perilous in the extreme. To force their way over the frontier was a hazardous experiment; and the decision of Junot's generals was unanimous that negotiation should be resorted to. Kellerman was accordingly dispatched to the British camp; and, as the result proved, an abler diplomatist could not have been selected. Had Wellesley been allowed to follow up his successes, not a reasonable doubt exists but Lisbon must have fallen; but Sir Harry Burrard's unhappy interference robbed his victory of its value; Junot had ample time to repair his disaster; there were many excellent positions between Vimieiro and the capital; and Elvas and Almeida were open to receive him, should he cross the Tagus. The equinox was at hand, and an army dependent on a fleet for its supplies had everything to dread, while landings were to be made on such a rock-bound coast as that of Portugal. The tide of fortune had been suffered to ebb; the fatal error of Sir Harry Burrard was not to be recovered; and Sir Hew Dalrymple consented to a compromise which the incapacity of his predecessor had now rendered advisable.

On assuming the command, and ascertaining the state of the British army, Sir Hew Dalrymple saw too late the error of Sir Harry Burrard; and having determined to advance, orders to that effect were issued. What results might have arisen from even this tardy step in the right direction, it is impossible to say; for Kellerman conducted his mission so skilfully, that he obtained the sanction of Sir Hew to an armistice preparatory to a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French. The terms were arranged between Kellerman and Sir Hew. Among the articles there was one which prejudged the terms of the final convention, by stipulating that the French army should not "in any case," be considered as prisoners of war, and that all the individuals composing it should be carried to France with arms and baggage, and "their private property, of every description,

from which nothing should be detained!" This, of course, would include the church plate and other public and private property which the French had taken, either at Lisbon or in the various towns which they had sacked, in consequence of the insurrection, and which they had divided among themselves. General Wellesley did not "entirely approve of the manner in which the instrument was worded;" but the articles being laid before the commander-in-chief, were signed by him that same evening. On the 25th, Sir Hew Dalrymple signified to Junot that the armistice would be at an end on the 28th, at noon, unless a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French should be agreed upon before that day. In the mean time, the army had made a forward movement from Vimieiro to Ramalhal, near Torres Vedras, within the boundaries stipulated by the armistice. Sir John Moore had also arrived in Maceira Bay, and his troops were about being landed. Junot, now perceiving the necessity of coming to terms, commissioned General Kellerman to confer with Colonel George Murray, quartermaster-general, about the final convention. The favourable moment for pursuing the French was now quite past; and if they could not be brought to evacuate the country by sea, they might either defend themselves within Lisbon, or cross the Tagus to Elvas, which, being a place regularly fortified, would have required a long siege, during which the British army could not have been made available in Spain. General Wellesley handed to Sir Hew Dalrymple a memorandum for Colonel Murray, suggesting, among other things, a separate agreement with the Russian admiral, and the propriety of devising some mode to make the French give up the church plate which they had seized, as well as restore the vast amount of plunder they had taken from the inhabitants. Instead of this suggestion having been adopted, the fifth article secured to these robbers all the plunder on which they had seized. But the worst feature of this precious document is that which recognizes the French as the conquerors of Portugal, and as consequently entitled to exercise the rights of conquerors. Well might Sir Arthur Wellesley declare, that he would rather have cut off his right hand than have signed such a document, had he not been con-

strained so to do by the orders of his superior officer. The compact was one so vilely unjust to the parties most interested in the matter, that it seems difficult to conceive how a man of the experience of Sir Hew Dalrymple could have allowed himself to be hoodwinked as he was by this nefarious juggle.

On the 3rd of September, 1808, it was announced to Sir Arthur in the following Memorandum, that the general officers serving in the British army originally landed at Figueira in Portugal, had directed a piece of plate to be presented to him.

"My dear Sir, *Camp at St. Antonio de Tbjal.*

"Anxious to manifest the high esteem and respect we bear towards you, and the satisfaction we must ever feel in having had the good fortune to serve under your command, we have this day directed a piece of plate, value 1000 guineas, to be prepared and presented to you.

"The enclosed inscription, which we have ordered to be engraved on it, expresses our feelings on this occasion.

"We have the honour to be, &c.

"C. Spencer, *Major-Gen.*

"R. Hill, *Major-Gen.*

"R. Ferguson, *Major-Gen.*

"M. Nightingale, *Brig.-Gen.*

"B. F. Bowes, *Brig.-Gen.*

"H. Fane, *Brig.-Gen.*

"J. Catlin Craufurd, *Brig.-Gen.*

"Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K.B."

#### *Inscription.*

"From the General Officers serving in the British Army, originally landed in Figueira, in Portugal, in the year 1808, to Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B. &c. &c., their Commander.

"Major-General Spencer, second in command, Major-Generals Hill and Ferguson; Brig.-Generals Nightingale, Bowes, Fane, and Craufurd, offer this gift to their leader, in testimony of the high respect and esteem they feel for him as a man, and the unbounded confidence they place in him as an officer."

This flattering testimonial called forth a cordial and most grateful reply from Sir Arthur, who accepted the compliment in the spirit in which it was offered. That Sir Arthur Wellesley had the deepest cause to be dissatisfied with the treatment he had experienced from the Government cannot be doubted, and that he felt the slight that had been put upon him most acutely, will be inferred from the following passages in a letter (bearing date Sept. 5, 1808), addressed to Lord Castlereagh:—

“It is quite impossible for me to continue any longer with this army; and I wish, therefore, that you would allow me to return home and resume the duties of my office, if I should still be in office, and it is convenient to the Government that I should retain it; or, if not, that I should remain on the staff in England; or, if that should not be practicable, that I should remain without employment.” After complaining, with too much justice, of his treatment by the Commander-in-Chief, he goes on to say: “Since I wrote to you on the 30th, the Convention has been returned ratified by Junot, but materially altered. We have not a sufficiency of the Tagus to give us a secure harbour; we have not got the navigation of the river; and as we did not insist upon having Belem Castle, which was asked for, by the alteration of the 29th, the transports cannot be watered without going into that part of the river occupied by the Russian and the French troops, to which I understand the Admiral will not consent.” By the same post, Sir Arthur addressed Lord Castlereagh a letter, in reply to an application from his Lordship, which contains a lucid view of the real military capacity of Spain and Portugal, and which is published among his Despatches. In this memorandum, he suggests that a British corps of 5,000 men should be stationed at and in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, as well as a small garrison at Elvas. In previous letters he had repeatedly disclaimed all approval of the Convention, and declared that he had signed it *by the direction of the Commander-in-Chief*.

The French embarked soon after the ratification of the Convention, and the British troops took possession of the forts of Lisbon in the name of the Prince Regent of Portugal. The whole country was now free from the enemy, and a council of regency was appointed, consisting of such

members as had not disqualified themselves by adhesion to the French, and the Bishop of Oporto; who, not satisfied with the power conferred upon him by the episcopal crosier and the Junta of Oporto, would fain have exercised the supreme authority. The unpopularity of the Convention was such, that the Government instituted a court of inquiry, and recalled Sir Harry Burrard, Sir Hew Dalrymple, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, in order that they might be examined by the board. The Court sat in the month of November; and, after a tedious inquiry, reported that the Convention of Cintra had been of great advantage to Portugal, to the army and navy, and the general service; and that no further military proceeding was necessary on the subject—clinching their opinion by a compliment to its authors!

No direction having been given to him to return to the Peninsula, Sir Arthur resumed his post of Chief Secretary for Ireland; and Parliament having re-assembled in January, 1809, he once more took his seat in the House of Commons; a few days after which (on the 27th) he received the thanks of Parliament for his distinguished services at Vimieiro. A similar resolution passed in the House of Lords about the same time.

Two British commissioners (Major-General Beresford and Lord Proby) were appointed to carry into effect the provisions of the Convention; but immense difficulty was occasioned by the unblushing pertinacity with which the French endeavoured to remove from the country the plunder they had acquired. Every public institution, civil or military, had been despoiled;—the treasury, museum, library, convents, arsenals, and churches, all shared the same fate, and had been denuded of everything that was valuable and portable. The Deposito Publico—a place where litigated monies were banked, pending the decision of the causes—was stripped of 22,000*l.*; and the horses of the Prince Regent, the carriages of the Duke of Sussex, and the pictures of the Marquis Angeja, were actually being removed by an aide-de-camp, as the property of General Junot, when the commissioners interfered, and insisted on their restitution. Some idea may be formed of the extent of French spoliation, when it is stated, notwithstanding all

the property which was abandoned, their military chest was taken off with three months' pay; and one regiment alone was computed to have brought away one hundred thousand crowns. Plunder must have been extensive, if the means required for its transport be a test. Junot "demanded five ships to remove his own personal effects;"—a man, be it remembered, who entered Portugal with scarcely a change of linen!\*

Such was the feeling of the people of Lisbon towards the French, that, whilst Junot and Loison were preparing to leave the city, they were only saved from assassination by remaining surrounded by their own soldiers; and Kellerman would assuredly have fallen a victim to the fury of the mob, had not the English interposed in his behalf.

The capitulation of Baylen to Castanos and the Convention of Cintra, cleared nine-tenths of the Peninsula of its invaders; but the want of settled government, and of a permanency of the command of the British army, occasioned the happy moment for profiting by this state of affairs to be lost. Unfortunately for the Spaniards, however, they were left to manage their own affairs, and were, consequently, continually embroiled by internal dissensions. On the capitulation of Baylen, Joseph Buonaparte abandoned Madrid, but not without remembering to take with him, as King of Spain and the Indies, all the portable valuables of the palace,

\* "They had entered Portugal with so little baggage, that even the Generals borrowed, or rather demanded, linen from those upon whom they were quartered. Soon, however, without having received any supplies from home, they were not only splendidly furnished with ornamental apparel, but sent to France large remittances in bills, money, and effects, especially in cotton, which the chief officers bought up so greedily that the price was trebled by their competition. The emigration had been determined on so late, that many rich prizes fell into their hands. Fourteen cart-loads of plate from the patriarchal church reached the quay at Belem too late to be received on board. This treasure was conveyed back to the church, but the packing-cases bore witness of its intent to emigrate; and when the French seized it they added to their booty a splendid service for the Altar of the Sacrament, which had been wrought by the most celebrated artist in France. Junot fitted himself out with the spoils of Quelez, and Loison had shirts made of the cambric sheets belonging to the royal family which were found at Mafra."—*Southey*.

including the crown jewels. The French, meanwhile, held their ground behind the Ebro; still retaining possession of the greater part of Biscay and Navarre, and portions of Arragon and Catalonia. Their force, at this period, amounted to 60,000 men, and was daily receiving reinforcements. The Spanish armies, at the commencement of October, amounted nominally to 130,000 men, and occupied different segments of an extensive semicircle drawn round the French. The Galician army, under Blake, was on the extreme left, extending from Bilbao to Burgos, where the Conde de Belveder took post with the army of Estremadura: a wide interval occurred between this army and that of the centre (Andalusia), under Castanos, the head-quarters of which were at Soria; and on the right, in advance of Zaragoza, were the united bands of Valencia and Aragon. A fifth army was blockading Barcelona, and a body of 10,000 men was kept in reserve at Madrid. An English force was momentarily expected to enter the field on the side of Old Castile, to co-operate with the armies of Galicia and Estremadura; but the recent successes at Zaragoza, and the failure of Dupont, in Andalusia, had so inflated the national vanity, that the Spanish leaders did not fancy that they needed any farther assistance, and commenced operations accordingly.

After two months had been wasted in deciding upon the description of government best suited to the emergencies of the times, a Central Junta, composed of delegates from the different provincial assemblies, was installed at Aranjuez, of which Count Florida Banca was elected President. These gentlemen, though generally upright, honourable men, had little experience in legislation; and whilst their armies remained half clothed, badly armed, half fed, and unpaid, were busily occupied in enacting laws to benefit the ex-jesuits, and establishing tribunals for the trial of persons accused of treason!

Napoleon, on learning the reverses his troops had encountered in the Peninsula, now determined to pour across the Pyrenees all the forces he could spare from France, Italy, and Germany, take command of them himself, and accomplish its entire subjugation. Three corps of the grand army were accordingly placed under the orders of Marshal Levevre, to enter Spain on the side of Navarre;

whilst another corps, under General St. Cyr, penetrated by the Eastern Pyrenees into Catalonia. Orders were also sent to the different ports, directing Junot's corps to take the shortest route to Bayonne, the moment it arrived from the English vessels which, by the convention, had been employed to transport it to France. By these arrangements, before October, the French army on the Ebro amounted to 150,000 men. On the 5th November, Napoleon arrived at Vittoria himself, for the purpose of assuming the command-in-chief.

During the absence of Sir Arthur Wellesley in England, Sir Harry Burrard, who had succeeded Sir Hew Dalrymple, resigned his command after holding it only a few days, on the plea of ill health. His successor, Sir John Moore, was the general, of all others after Wellesley, whom his countrymen delighted to honour. It was on the 6th of October that Sir John received the order of the English ministers to enter Spain. An army of 35,000 men was promised him, of which 25,000 were to be taken from the troops already in Portugal, and 10,000 were to be sent to the coast of Galicia direct. Within twenty days of the receipt of his instructions the columns were on the march, and the head quarters had quitted Lisbon. With the main body of his army he marched to Salamanca by Almeida. His first mistake was sending, on some vague rumour that the Almeida route was not practicable for artillery, his guns, cavalry, and a small column of infantry under Sir John Hope, by the valley of the Tagus, when they might have marched much more conveniently by the ordinary road. Sir John entered Salamanca on the 13th November. Sir David Baird, with 10,000 men, was on his way from Corunna to join him, and Sir John Hope was pursuing his circuitous route with the same object: the successive divisions of his corps were not concentrated until the 23rd. It was a splendid army, in a high state of health and efficiency; of a discipline not to be surpassed, and burning with heroic ardour to engage the foe. Sir John Moore had been left very much to his own resources for information, and to his own discretion for a plan of operations, and found himself disappointed and discouraged on all hands. The armies (of Blake and Belvedere) he had come to support had been already annihilated; and

the people, instead of being enthusiastic in their own cause, and full of energy, were to the last degree spiritless, depressed, and impoverished. He found, indeed, many discouragements which had been repeatedly encountered and overcome by Sir Arthur Wellesley, without possessing his power of controlling them. Thanks to the government at home, he was without magazines, or money in the military chest to form them. He found his army unpopular in Salamanca: the people who had fled from every fight in which the slightest reverse had overtaken them, wondering why he did not advance and fight the French as the Spaniards had (not!) done. From the moment that he became acquainted with the actual character and condition of the Spanish people in these provinces, and their means of defence, he determined in the first instance to retreat by Ciudad Rodrigo upon Portugal, but unluckily did not (as he ought to have done at once) do so. Having heard of the enthusiastic manner in which the people of Madrid resisted the French, he ordered Baird to suspend his retreat to Corunna, and signified his intention of resting on his oars at Salamanca until he received further intelligence. On the following day he seemed more confident; Baird was directed to return to Astorga, and a communication was soon afterwards opened with Romana, with the view of securing his co-operation in a forward movement. Sir John was urged on all sides either to march on Madrid and join the armies of Castaños and San Juan, or follow the rear of the French army, and create a diversion in favour of the capital. Unhappily he did nothing at a moment when promptitude of decision was most important. Although he had in the interim been joined by Hope's corps, and been assured that Madrid continued to hold out, he nevertheless remained inactive at Salamanca until the 13th December. The reason which has been assigned for this unhappy delay is, that Baird, when he received the order to retrace his steps was half way to Corunna, and had therefore to countermarch every regiment, and every string of mules bearing provisions for his army, between Astorga and Corunna; which necessarily occupied so much time, that he was not able to re-assemble his entire corps at Astorga on the 13th of December; and as Sir John Moore did not consider it safe to move forward with his own corps until Baird was ready to

advance and form a junction, nine days had been irreparably lost by his hasty determination to retreat after the battle of Tudela. Sir David Baird received the order to return to Astorga at Villa Franca; on the 7th December; and urged on Sir John Moore that in the event of being compelled to retreat; they should retire upon and defend Galliea; whilst Romana, occupying the Asturias on the left, could re-form the disorganized army of Blake, and another Spanish army might easily be raised in their rear. This suggestion, feasible enough, was unhappily not adopted; perhaps the time had gone by when it could have been carried out successfully. Anything would, however, have been preferable to the miserable alternative.

The force under Moore's command was sufficiently strong to have ensured a successful issue to the operation originally intended. It was also in hand; and to plan and to execute were, consequently, within the power of the English general. His infantry were concentrated at Mayorga, the cavalry at Melgar Abaxo—the entire amounting (including 2,278 cavalry) to 23,600 men, with 60 pieces of cannon. The whole was organized in three divisions—a reserve, and two light brigades of infantry—and one division of cavalry. The guns were divided into seven brigades, of which four batteries were attached to the infantry, two to the cavalry, and one was held in reserve. Soult's corps, of 16,000 infantry and 1,200 horse, lay upon the Carrion. Of these 12,000 could be assembled to oppose the British. He marched forward, alas, too late for any practicable purpose. Having halted on the 22nd and 23rd, for supplies; he determined to proceed during the night and attack the French force at Saldana in the morning. Already were his troops on their way to the Carrion when intelligence was brought him which converted his advance into a retreat. Napoleon had heard of Moore's movement, and had 50,000 men under his orders at the foot of Guadarama pass. The French troops at Talavera were also in full march to act upon the English army. An expeditious retreat therefore had now become inevitable; and it was only by twelve hours that Sir John Moore saved the passage of the Esla, where Napoleon in person had expected to intercept him. Never were hours of deeper importance to an army. Napoleon, night and day,



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was urging his troops forward. On the 24th he reached Villacastia, and on the 26th he arrived at Tordesillas. Bent on the destruction of the English, "his resolution, and its execution, was like lightning; the flash was no sooner visible than the thunder rolled; the influence of his mighty genius was instantaneously felt; no delay was permitted to take place; the troops marched incessantly; and their great leader rushed on to retrieve the errors of his lieutenants."

The disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore was continued. Lord Paget, just as he marched through Mayorga with the rear-guard, discovered the advanced horsemen of Marshal Ney's corps, close behind him, a body of which soon attempted to act on his line, but were driven off with the loss of 100 prisoners. Sir John Moore halted his army for two days at Benevente, to clear out his stores, after which he continued his retreat upon Astorga. For the greater part of his stores he could procure no transport, and they were destroyed. Baird's division had passed on the 26th by the fords and ferry of Valencia; and Hope, with the light brigades and reserve, crossed by the bridge of Castro Gonzalo, the defence of the bridge at Mansilla having been entrusted to the Spaniards, under Romana.

The cavalry, however, were not suffered to retire so easily as the columns. As the rear-guard were clearing Mayorga, Ney's videts were discovered by Lord Paget, and a strong body of French horsemen immediately displayed themselves, drawn up on a high ground that flanked the line of the English retreat. Colonel Leigh, with two squadrons of the 10th Hussars, was immediately directed to dislodge them. The order was gallantly obeyed. The soil was heavy, the ground saturated with rain; and when, under a smart fire, the English cavalry had gained in two lines the summit of the height, the exertion was so violent that it was found necessary to rein-up, and allow the horses to get fresh wind. The halt was but momentary; and the word to charge was given. The attack was vigorously made; the enemy overthrown and driven from the heights, leaving on the ground a number of men dead or dismounted; while upwards of one hundred prisoners were carried off by the English dragoons. Lord Paget continued his regressive march to Benevente.

Romana, leaving 3000 men and two guns to defend the bridge at Mansilla, fell back with the remainder of his corps to Leon; while Soult took the Mansilla road, directing his march upon Astorga, with which place, by the promptness of his movements, Sir John Moore had restored the communications which the rapidity of Napoleon's march had endangered.

Benevente was too open and exposed to warrant the British general remaining a longer time in that town than was required for the removal of the stores which had been there collected. Accordingly, Romana was requested to defend Leon as long as possible, leaving the road to Astorga open to the British, it being considerably shorter than the route by Benevente. To General Craufurd the duty of destroying the bridge at Castro Gonzalo was entrusted. Notwithstanding constant annoyance from the enemy's advanced guard, who had been in front of the position since the 26th, at midnight of the 28th the bridge was mined, and two arches having been destroyed, the connecting buttress was blown up by the explosion; the troops who had protected the workmen abandoned the heights previously occupied upon the left bank, and crossing the ruined arches on single planks, gained the opposite side in safety: "an instance," remarks Napier, "of singular good fortune; for the night was dark and tempestuous; the river, rising rapidly with a roaring noise, was threatening to burst over the planks; and the enemy was close at hand."

From the commencement of the retreat, there was a serious relaxation of discipline, and all was disorder and discontent. At Benevente, the most wanton spoliations were perpetrated by the soldiery. The fine castle which bears its name, a stately monument of the age of chivalry, was rudely dismantled by its ungrateful guests. "With Gothic grandeur," says Southey, "it has the richness of Moorish decoration; open galleries, where Saracenic arches are supported by pillars of porphyry and granite; cloisters, with fountains playing in their courts; jasper columns and tessellated floors; niches, alcoves, and seats in the walls, over-arched in various forms, and enriched with every grotesque adornment of gold and silver, and colours which are hardly less gorgeous. It belonged to the Duke of Ossuna;

and the splendour of old times was still continued there. The extent of this magnificent structure may be estimated from this circumstance, that two regiments, besides artillery, were quartered within its walls. They proved the most destructive enemies that had ever entered them: their indignant feelings broke out again in acts of wanton mischief; and the officers who felt and admired the beauties of this venerable pile, attempted in vain to save it from devastation. Everything combustible was seized, fires were lighted against the fine walls; and pictures of unknown value, the works, perhaps, of the greatest Spanish masters, and of those other great painters who left so many of their finest productions in Spain, were heaped together as fuel." As the soldiers treated this palace, so did they serve many a goodly mansion and many a peaceful cottage on their route. They were murmuring and disobedient; and their dissatisfaction appears to have found vent in frequent deeds of outrage and spoliation. They marched along the weary roads, dejected and sullen; and their looks and words were alike insubordinate. On entering Astorga, Romana's troops, which were in full retreat from Mansilla and Leon, crossed them on their road, and created almost inextricable confusion. His army had in no respect the advantage of Sir John's. The soldiers under arms little exceeded in number the sick borne in cars and on mules; and as they passed along, emaciated and enfeebled by disease, the procession had much more of the appearance of an ambulatory hospital in need of an escort, than of an army to defend the country.

From Astorga to Lugo the English line of march was a scene of great suffering and disorder. Its discipline before the commencement of this disastrous retreat had been perfect; the men were steady, clean, and obedient; robust, hardy, and brave. Discipline had now vanished; their attachment to their general was gone; they disobeyed him, and treated their officers with insolence. The length of the marches, the severity of the weather, and the wretched state of the roads—here mud, there snow—the want of supplies, and the desponding sense of shame associated with a retreat,—all combined to disorganize them. They became reckless and irregular; they quitted their ranks in search of food or liquor; they wantonly destroyed property; they

broke open wine-stores; they drank, loitered, and dropped in drunken somnolency on the road. A zealous and powerful apologist of Sir John Moore admits the capability of his force, and its dissatisfaction at the manner in which it was hurried from the presence of an enemy, to whom in numerous skirmishes, and eventually in a fair-fought field, it had proved itself so decidedly superior.

It is painful, even at this remote period, to look back upon that ruinous retreat, and observe the calamitous consequences a mere "diversion," without any action beyond some cavalry collisions, had so immediately produced. On the 25th, the rear-guard retired from Sahagun unmolested, and in the highest discipline; and in one week, an eye-witness, after describing the condition of the army as "most melancholy," thus continues his fearful narrative:—"The rain came down upon us in torrents; men and horses were foundering at every step; the former fairly worn out through fatigue and want of nutriment, the latter sinking under their loads, and dying upon the spot. Nor was it only among the baggage animals that an absolute inability to proceed further began to show itself; the shoes of the cavalry horses dropped off, and the horses themselves soon became useless. It was a sad spectacle to behold these fine creatures urged and goaded on till their strength utterly failed them, and then shot to death by their riders, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Then, again, the few ammunition waggons which had hitherto kept up, fell one by one to the rear; the ammunition was immediately destroyed, and the waggons abandoned. Thus were misfortunes accumulating upon us as we proceeded; and it appeared extremely improbable, should our present system of forced marches be persisted in, that one-half of the army would ever reach the coast.

At Bembibre, the demoralized state of the British army was painfully and fatally exhibited. Some hundreds who sallied out from the plundered wine-stores, when the French cavalry appeared before them, were taken or sabred on the road, as they vainly tried to stagger after the rear-guard. At Villa Franca, the soldiers were again busy in the work of plunder; and the general caused one of the marauders to be shot as an example. At Calcabellos, an affair took

place between the British reserve and the enemy's advanced guard, consisting of six or eight squadrons. In this combat 200 or 300 on both sides were killed and wounded; among them the French General Colbert, who, in an endeavour to dislodge the 96th from a village in which they had taken up a position, was shot. The country from Villa Franca to Lugo is rugged and irregular; interrupted in many places by ravines, and thickly studded with vineyards and plantations of mulberry-trees, which occasion the surface to be so much broken that horsemen cannot act, and hence become rather an encumbrance than an advantage to an army. Sir John Moore, consequently, ordered the cavalry to march on without delay, and followed with the columns and artillery. The march was slowly and painfully effected: the distance being forty miles, nearly two days and a night were consumed in its accomplishment. It was more than a worn-down army could support; and a sadder scene never met the eye, than that which the road to Lugo presented. Still one lingering hope sustained the sinking soldier. It was the last dispiriting trial—the pursuers were to be boldly confronted—and at Lugo the long-desired conflict would take place. Cheered by the expectation that death or victory would terminate sufferings no longer to be endured, many a feeble wretch staggered forward with his hardier comrades; and on the evening of the 5th, the exhausted battalions terminated a march which, for severity and suffering, stands almost without a parallel in the annals of warfare.

The retreat from Villa Franca to Lugo was marked by every casualty and annoyance to which an army in imminent danger could be exposed. It was one continued skirmish between the French advanced and British rear-guards; while the troops became hourly more unfit for service, and their resources diminished every mile. On the road an immense supply of arms and clothing, intended for the use of Romana's army, was met. The soldiers were permitted to take any necessaries they pleased, and the rest were wasted or abandoned. Waggon's filled with sick and wounded men blocked the way, and, from a sad necessity, some were committed to the mercy of the enemy; several guns, whose horses had foundered, were spiked and left behind; until, at last, it was determined that the money intended for the immediate de-

mands of the army should not be carried further, and Sir John Moore directed that two bullock-carts, loaded with 100,000 Spanish dollars, should be destroyed by rolling the casks which contained the specie into a deep ravine. The order was unnecessarily but strictly carried into execution: "the rear-guard halted: and Lieutenant Bennet, of the light company of the 28th regiment, was placed over the money, with strict orders from Sir John Moore to shoot the first person who attempted to touch it. It was then rolled down the precipice; the casks were soon broken by the rugged rocks, and the dollars falling out, rolled over the height a sparkling cascade of silver. The French advanced guard coming up shortly afterwards to the spot, were detained for a time picking up a few dollars that had been scattered on the road.\*

"This was a most unwise as well as useless measure; had it been distributed among the soldiers, there is little doubt that they would have contrived to carry it along; whereas, the knowledge that it lay among the cliffs tempted many men to lag behind, who all fell into the hands of the enemy, or perished from cold. But everything was now done as if our case was absolutely desperate,† and as if the utmost that could be expected, or even desired, was to escape with our persons, at the expense of the whole of our material."‡

It appears a very strange circumstance, and one difficult to justify, that the English general had not decided upon the place from which he should embark his army, until his rear-guard had reached Herrierias, on the morning of the 5th; and then Corunna was selected, it being nearer than Vigo by two marches, and affording a tolerable position, on which a hard pressed army might abide an action. What-

\* Cadell.

† "An officer had charge of the cars that drew this treasure; in passing a village, a lieutenant of the 4th regiment observing that the bullocks were exhausted, took the pains to point out where fresh and strong animals were to be found, and advised that the tired ones should be exchanged for others more vigorous, which were close at hand; but the escorting officer, either ignorant of, or indifferent to his duty, took no notice of this recommendation, and continued his march with the exhausted cattle."—*Napier*.

‡ Lord Londonderry's Narrative.

ever the causes might have been that prevented Sir John from coming to an earlier determination, his indecision was attended with a serious misfortune to one of his divisions, which was the more to be regretted, because no circumstances required it. Having ordered the shipping to proceed from Vigo to Corunna without delay, an officer was sent forward to halt the leading division at Lugo, and overtake the light brigades, if possible, although they were already far advanced, by Orense, upon their rout to Vigo. "These orders were carried to Sir David Baird by one of the aides-de-camp of the Commander-in-chief, but Sir David forwarded them by a private dragoon, who got drunk and lost the despatch. This blameable irregularity was ruinous to General Fraser's troops: in lieu of resting two days at Lugo, that general unwittingly pursued his toilsome journey towards St. Jago de Compostella, and then returned without food or rest, losing by this pilgrimage above four hundred stragglers."\*

To an army reduced in strength and spirits like that of Sir John Moore, the slightest exertion beyond what was absolutely necessary for its deliverance, was to be avoided; and therefore the harassing march inflicted on Fraser's division was, indeed, a calamitous mistake.† Deep as the sufferings had been of the British army hitherto, it had not yet reached that climax of misery at which it was destined to arrive. The mountain-road was strewn with worn-out soldiers, all anxious to struggle forward, but utterly unequal, from exhaustion and fatigue, to make any farther exertion to follow the receding columns still within their view, but on whom these deserted wretches were conscious that they "looked their last." The line of march for miles might be traced by the saddest indications of human suffering. An officer, in describing this melancholy scene, says, that on turning round, during the ascent of the mountain, he observed "the rear of the army winding along the narrow road, their way marked by the wretched people, who lay on all sides, expiring

\* Napier.

† "Many of the horses attached to this division dropped down dead in the streets; many more were destroyed as useless; and even of the men, more than one were known to have perished of absolute exhaustion."—*Lord Londonderry's Narrative.*

from fatigue and the severity of the weather, and their bodies reddening in spots the white surface of the ground." No relief could be afforded, no succour, even from the pity of an enemy, could be hoped for. Where they fell, there these unfortunates expired, some in the sullenness of despair, or in that insensibility which death from cold produces, while others vented their rage in imprecations upon all connected with this calamitous expedition, and "died with curses on their lips."\*

If anything could have convinced Sir John Moore of the folly of this miserable retreat, it would have been the almost magical transformation of his soldiers when they heard, at length, that they were to be allowed to give battle to the enemy. As if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, the organisation of the disorderly battalions was again complete. The news sobered them at once. Not even the example of summary executions had hitherto availed to check their ruinous insubordination; but when it became known that the colours of their respective regiments were planted in bivouac on a line of battle, to the joy and pride of their officers the men hurried to the ranks; and as they examined their firelocks, fixed their flints, and loosened from their scabbards the bayonets which the pouring rain had rusted in

\* "The soldiers who threw themselves down to perish by the way-side, gave utterance to far different feelings with their dying breath; shame and strong anger were their last sentiments; and their groans were mingled with imprecations upon the Spaniards, by whom they fancied themselves betrayed; and upon the generals, who chose rather to let them die like beasts, than take their chance in the field of battle. That no horror might be wanting, women and children accompanied this wretched army—some were frozen to death in the baggage-waggons, which were broken down, or left upon the road for want of cattle; some died of fatigue and cold, while their infants were pulling at the exhausted breast. One woman was taken in labour upon the mountain; she lay down at the turning of an angle, rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along; there she was found dead, and two babes which she had brought forth, struggling in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her, to cover her from sight, the only burial which could be afforded; and the infants were given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the bullock-carts, to take their chance for surviving through such a journey."—*Southey*.

their sheaths, they again looked to their officers with the regard of a ready obedience and a brave devotion.

"Arrangements were instantly made to receive the attack, which seemed now to be threatened. The 28th and rifle corps formed so as to defend the bridge; whilst the 20th, 52nd, and 91st, under Sir John Moore in person, assumed a position on the summit of a hill in the rear. Here, likewise the horse artillery took post; and now all was expectation and anxiety. The enemy came on with great apparent boldness. His cavalry and tirailleurs attempted to pass the bridge; they were met, not only by the fire of the riflemen, but by a heavy and well-directed cannonade from the high grounds, and they fell back. In a few moments they renewed their efforts on the same point, and with similar want of success; and again, after a short pause, for the third time. But they were beaten back in every attempt; till at last darkness put an end to the skirmish, and they withdrew. At eleven o'clock at night, however, our people abandoned their post. The troops were dreadfully harassed by their exertions, but not a man sank under them; and before morning they reached Lugo, where they found the whole army concentrated."\*

Here the three battalions which Sir David Baird had left behind him when he advanced to Astorga, effected their junction with Sir John Moore, and by this timely reinforcement, compensated in a great degree for the losses sustained in the progress of the retreat. Here also the English commander had determined to offer battle; and as the enemy was superior in numbers, none doubted that the challenge would be accepted. Immediate preparations were consequently made, and the hour of trial so long and so anxiously desired by the British army, had, it was confidently believed, arrived at last.

The position on which Sir John Moore intended to receive the French attack, was in advance of the town, and from its flanks being well protected by rocks and ravines, it was tolerably strong. The reserve accordingly bivouacked upon this ground, while the remainder of the troops sheltered themselves as they best could in Lugo, and

\* Lord Londonderry's Narrative.

some scattered cottages in the immediate vicinity of the town.

Early on the 7th, the French cavalry appeared in force, moving to the right of the position they had taken, and the English divisions formed in order of battle. It was, however, no part of Marshal Soult's policy to give his enemy any advantage which he had it in his power to withhold. So soon as he arrived before the British position, he made a strong *reconnaissance*, first on the British centre with four guns and a few squadrons, and afterwards on the left, with a heavy column of artillery and infantry. From the centre he was driven off by a cannonade of 15 pieces, and otherwise severely handled. By this affair he lost 400 men. Throughout the 8th the two armies lay in each other's sight, but Soult declined the attack. The British general, satisfied with this demonstration, and with having brought his pursuers to a stand, decamped in the night. Here again they were subjected to fresh trials, two divisions having completely lost their way; and in a few hours the soldiers who had stood in position so willingly the day before, became once more a gang of fugitives and marauders. Between Sahagun and Lugo the casualties, including those who fell in action, amounted to 1500. Discipline having been restored by the prospect of being allowed to fight at Corunna, the columns marched to that city in tolerable order.

The halt had the desired effect. The stragglers were enabled to join their battalions; and, as the enemy only appeared at evening, and showed a cavalry force unsupported by infantry, the wandering soldiers, united when hard pressed, rallied under some non-commissioned officers, and repulsing the French dragoons, rejoined their corps in safety. The retreat was now continued with little interruption from the enemy. "Battalions that, on the morning of the 10th, entered Betanzos reduced to skeletons, marched from thence on the 11th, strong and effective;" and the column, comprising the whole of the infantry, as it descended towards Corunna, favoured by a fine day, and a short and orderly march, would never have been recognised as the disorderly and wretched-looking multitude which had cumbered the line of march from Lugo to Betanzos.

Corunna was gained—but no vessels appeared in the harbour—and no means to remove the army were in hand. The indecision of Sir John Moore respecting the point from which he should embark his troops, had embarrassed the English admiral; and contrary winds prevented the transports from coming round. Then, indeed, lost opportunities were regretted; all lamented “that a battle had not been fought long before,—for it was quite manifest, that to embark without fighting was entirely out of the question”—and positions had been abandoned, in every respect preferable to any that the English General could now command.

Early on the 12th, the battle ground was selected. Around the village of Elvina, a mile and a half distant from the town, a semicircle of swelling heights arises. Farther advanced, the ground is much bolder, and consequently more defensible; but though a stronger position could have been obtained upon these heights, a much greater force than Moore could have employed, would have been required for its occupation.

The land front of the fortress of Corunna was strengthened, and the sea face dismantled. On the 13th, a magazine, containing 4000 barrels of gunpowder, situated upon a hill about three miles from the city, was fired. The explosion was terrific; the earth trembled, the waters were agitated; and everybody stood for a short awful pause, breathless and grave.\* The horses were brought out and shot, the ground about Corunna not being practicable for cavalry.

On the evening of the 14th the anxiously-expected transports hove in sight, and the embarkation of the sick and wounded, with the women and children, began and was continued throughout the night. The next day the artillery, with the exception of eight British and four Spanish guns, was safely shipped. About two, P.M., the French troops beat to arms, and prepared to attack the British position. Our army, 11,500 strong, was drawn up on the only position it was possible for it to occupy. A lofty range of rocky heights encircled and commanded it, within range of cannon-shot, and here

\* Major Moyle Sherer.

the French general had formed his position. Marshal Soult had 20,000 men under arms. Under a heavy fire from the guns in battery on the left of his line, and the whole of his field artillery, he came forward with his artillery formed in three solid columns, and covered by the whole of his light troops in light skirmishing order. The British pickets were immediately driven in, and the village of Elvina carried. Pursuing this success, the first column of the French, with one wing, assailed the right division under Baird—while with the other, it outflanked him by the valley. The second column attacked the English centre; and the third, marched by Palavia against the left. No time had been consumed in manœuvring—and the manner in which Soult came boldly forward, showed a firm determination on his part to bring matters to a decisive issue. The British general met these movements promptly, and detached the reserve, under Paget, to turn the French left, and threaten the battery on the ridge. Fraser was directed to support this movement; and the 4th regiment, forming the right of Baird's division, was thrown back, and opened a flanking fire upon the column moving by the valley, while the 50th and 42nd were ordered to retake the village of Elvina. A severe and protracted struggle here took place; but the French were forced from the enclosures, and eventually from the village itself. The 42nd having fallen back, the enemy, reinforced, again rushed forward; and Elvina became a second time the scene of a severe encounter.

The reserve had now come into action, and supporting the light troops who held the valley, checked the advance of the enemy there. The left and centre were also warmly engaged; and along the whole line, from right to left, the attacks of the enemy were furiously made, and as steadily repelled. Almost the whole of the British divisions were now under fire; men on both sides fell fast, and the right wing had lost its general, for Sir David Baird had been severely wounded and carried off the field. At this period of the battle, while the attention of Sir John Moore was engrossed in watching the arduous struggle between his troops and the enemy for the possession of Elvina, a round shot struck his left breast, and threw him heavily

upon the ground; but though the wound was mortal, he raised himself to a sitting posture,\* and for a few moments followed with his eyes the movements of the troops, who were gaining ground rapidly. The sight appeared to give him pleasure; his countenance brightened, and he allowed himself to be removed from the field. In the mean time all went gallantly on. The reserve having cleared the valley of the enemy's dismounted dragoons, turned Soult's left, and threatened the high ground on which the French battery was raised. Elvina had been carried at the point of the bayonet, and Palavia was in possession of the English. Night was falling fast. The British were far in advance of the ground which they originally occupied, and the enemy falling back in evident confusion. Soult's defeat was complete, and had light but lasted for an hour or two, his discomfiture would have been signally disastrous. His ammunition was nearly expended. The Mero, in his rear, was now filled by the tide, and the half-ruined bridge of El Burgo was the only means by which the beaten army could retire. But circumstances did not justify Sir John Hope, who had assumed the command, to continue a battle in the dark with an enemy of superior force, and in a strong position. He accordingly contented himself with carrying out the original intentions of the dying general, and proceeded to embark the troops without difficulty or confusion. The operation was ably executed; the pickets, having lighted their fires, covered the retirement of the columns; and when morning broke, they, in turn, fell back upon the beach, "under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was posted near the ramparts of the town."

The losses sustained by the rival armies were very disproportionate—the British casualties being only estimated at 800 men, while that of the French was computed at nearly 3,000. The disparity in casualties, circumstances will readily account for. The superiority of the French artil-

\* "Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt; the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot."—*Napier*.

lery was rendered unavailing from the broken surface not permitting the guns to be advanced; while those of the British, though few, were already in position, and consequently were worked with murderous effect. An ample supply also of muskets and fresh ammunition had been found in store at Corunna; and the arms, which accident and bad weather had rendered in a great degree unserviceable, were fortunately replaced by others fresh from England. From these causes, the British fire had been very superior to that maintained by the French.

Never was victory so heavily alloyed by an individual calamity as that of Corunna, by the fall of Sir John Moore. His last hours were cheered by the consciousness that for his country he had done his best—and his death was in perfect keeping with the chivalrous character an honourable career had earned for him. To the last his intellects continued clear; notwithstanding that the severity of his wound must have occasioned intense suffering, no mental aberrations were apparent to those around him—and although his sword was painfully inconvenient, he refused the kind offices of those who would have removed it, remarking—"It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

He was removed in a blanket by six soldiers, who evinced their sympathy by tears; and when a spring-waggon came up, and it was proposed that Sir John should be transferred to it, the poor fellows respectfully objected, "as they would keep step, and carry him more easily." Their wishes were attended to, and the dying general was conveyed slowly to his quarters in the town, occasionally stopping the bearers to look back upon the field, whenever an increased firing arrested his attention. All hope was over: he lingered for a little, talking freely, but collectedly, to those around, and dividing his last thoughts, apparently, between his country and his kindred. The kindness of his disposition was in death remarkable. Turning to an aide-de-camp, he desired to be remembered to his sister—and feebly pressing Colonel Anderson's hand, his head dropped back, and he died without a struggle. As a wish had been expressed by the departed, that he should be laid in the field on which he fell, the ram-

part of the citadel was happily chosen for his final resting-place.\* A working party of the 9th turned up the earth—and at midnight, wrapped in a cloak and blanket, his unconfined remains were interred by the officers of his staff,—the burial-service was read by torch-light,—earth fell on kindred clay,—the grave was filled,—and in the poet's words, "They left him alone in his glory."

When darkness had put an end to the work of destruction, not only had the French been repulsed at all points, but the British line was advanced considerably beyond its original position.

Sir John Moore's instability of character formed a striking contrast to Sir Arthur Wellesley's self-reliance and decisiveness. The time wasted in uncertainty at Salamanca was the cause of all the disasters that attended his retreat. He was too much afraid of the opinions of others, to do his own good sense and unimpeachable gallantry full justice. A nobler heart never beat in a human bosom; and his very weakness, if weakness it must be called, leaned to virtue's side. "Sir John Moore had earned the highest reputation as a general of division; he was aware of this, and perhaps felt no inclination to risk it; at all events he was clearly incapable of despising partial obstacles in the pursuit of some great ultimate advantage."†

\* A small column, erected to the memory of the British General, bears the following inscription:

"A la Gloria  
del  
Ex<sup>mo</sup> Sr D. Juan Moore, Gen<sup>l</sup>. del Ex<sup>to</sup> Ingleso,  
Y a la de sus valientes compatriotas,  
la  
España agradecida."

† Lord Londonderry.

## CHAPTER V.

Condition of Spain in 1809—Second Siege of Zaragoza—Appointment of General Wellesley to be Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese troops—His arrival in Portugal—Appointment of General Beresford as second in command—Portugal made the basis of the operations of the Allied Troops in the Peninsula—Attacks on him in Parliament—Passage of the Douro—Appointed Marshal-General of the armies of Portugal.

THE condition of Spain at the beginning of the year 1809 was gloomy enough. Her undisciplined armies had been scattered in all directions, and a fine English force, to which Spaniards had naturally looked for support and co-operation, had sought the shelter of its ships without making a single effort in their behalf. The presence of 200,000 Frenchmen in the country, associated with all the prestige that attached to the name of Buonaparte, seemed to forbid hope, and to confirm the most gloomy anticipations for the future. From the day on which the last transport left Corunna, the subjugation of the Peninsula was looked upon as inevitable. The unexpected departure of Napoleon to lead fresh armies into Austria, improved but little the gloomy aspect of affairs. He had left his lieutenants, men of his own calibre, behind him. His brother Joseph seemed once again firmly seated on the throne of Spain. The siege of Barcelona had been raised, and Catalonia subjugated by the dispersion of the army of that province on the Llobregat; the city of Zaragoza, which had been again invested, could hardly be expected to maintain a protracted resistance; the mountain barrier of Andalusia stood in little stead against invaders, when its defence was entrusted to the troops that fled from a regiment of lancers at the pass of Somosierra; and Portugal, now left almost wholly to her own resources, could offer but little effectual resistance to the common enemy. In fine, Napoleon, when he had given orders to his marshals to march on Corunna, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Valencia, returned to France, with the firm conviction that the war in Spain was concluded. If such were his

impression, he reckoned without his host. True it is that the Spaniards were more disunited than ever. The public authorities had, with a few exceptions, tendered their unconditional adhesion to the new state of things; and in Madrid, 30,000 persons had subscribed their names to a request to the Emperor, that they might have the honour of Joseph Buonaparte for their king! Whilst the northern provinces were in the undisputed possession of Napoleon, all the fortresses of mark were occupied by his soldiers, and were all connected or secured by intermediate posts. Including garrisons, depôts, and men in hospital, the entire French force in Spain exceeded 330,000, of whom 40,000 were cavalry. Who then could be blamed for taking a somewhat desponding view of the fortunes of Spain? The only consolation which seemed to be left was, that as she could not be worse, any change in her affairs must be for the better. The Spanish generals had, as usual, been beaten at every point; and the only feat of any real importance to set against all their failures, was the second siege of Zaragoza. The city had been converted into one vast fortress; the doors and windows of the houses had been built up, and their fronts loopholed; internal communications were broken through the party walls; the streets were trenched, and crossed by earthen ramparts, mounted with cannon; and every strong building had been turned into a separate fortification. Provisioned for six months with abundance of serviceable arms, and a powder manufactory within the walls,—wine, medicines, fresh meat, and money in abundance,—it might fairly be expected to stand a siege of considerable length. It is foreign to our present purpose to repeat the details of its defences. They are familiar to all admirers of the pages of Napier. Suffice it to remark, that for fifty-three days did the same Arragonese bands which had fled so shamefully from the field of Tudela, though contending against the combined scourges of famine, pestilence, and the sword, maintain this stronghold against 30,000 besiegers, surrendering to Marshal Lannes at the last nothing but a pile of smoking ruins. From an enumeration made at the commencement and at the termination of this extraordinary and terrible siege, it has been ascertained that in

fifty-two days 54,000 individuals perished; being two-thirds of the military, and one half of the inhabitants.

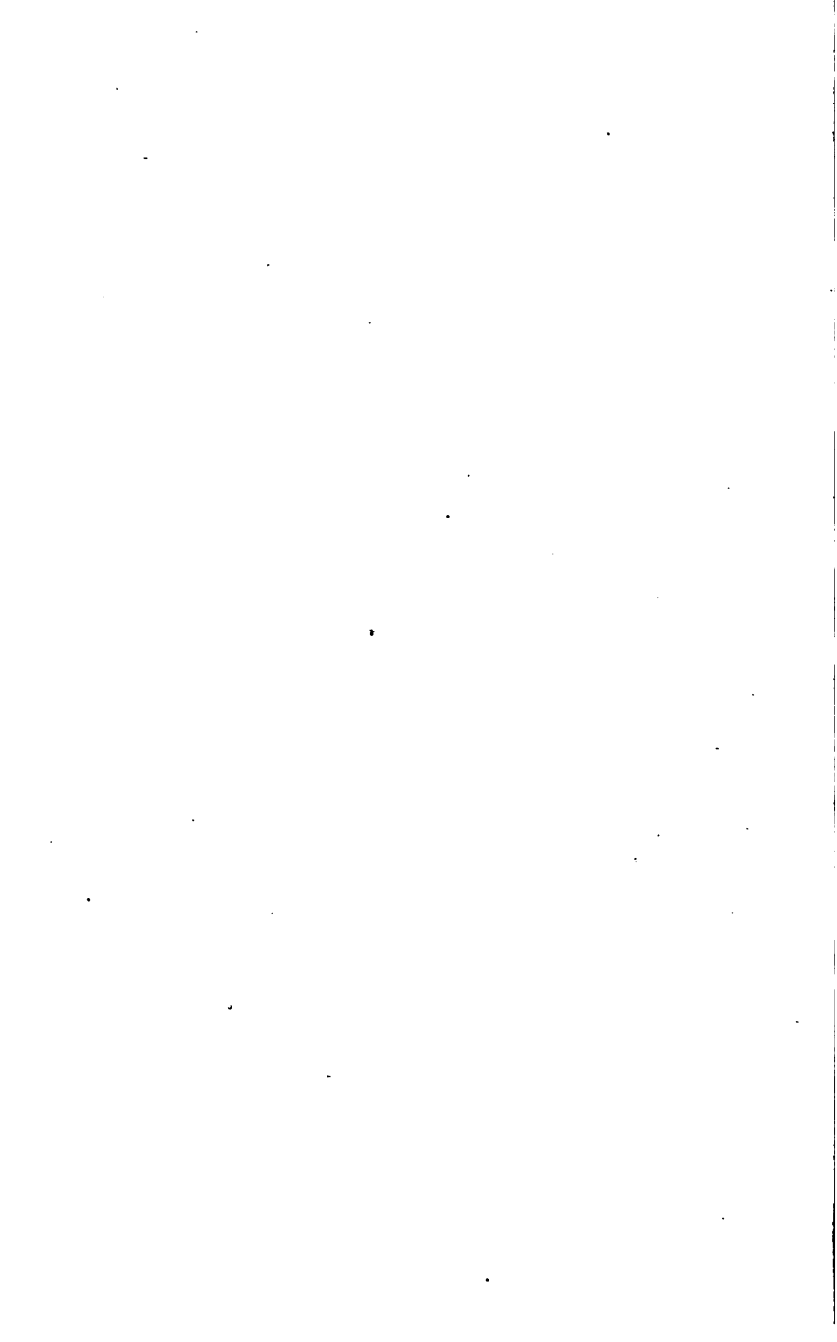
At the opposite extremity of Spain, Marshal Soult having, after the embarkation of the British troops, taken possession of Corunna, Ferrol, and Vigo, and driven Romana into the mountains, was preparing to invade Portugal. It was accordingly arranged that whilst he entered that kingdom on the side of Galicia, Lapisse and Victor should assist his operations by menacing it simultaneously in the direction of Almeida and Elvas; and that when Soult should have obtained possession of Lisbon, the two other corps should unite and move upon Andalusia. In furtherance of this plan, Soult marched with a corps of 30,000 men from Santiago to Tuy, leaving Ney with 20,000 to keep Galicia in subjection.

Whilst matters were in this unpromising attitude, the British Cabinet, happily not subdued by the recent disasters in the Peninsula, resolved to reinforce their armies; and encouraged by an application to that effect from the Portuguese Government, resolved to send out a general officer, capable of organizing and disciplining all the Portuguese regiments anew; and by thus subsidising and arming the native forces, to make them for a season its own. The choice of the Portuguese Government fell upon Sir Arthur Wellesley as the commander of its forces, and the British Ministry made him a tender of the post accordingly, which he, at once, declined. Many officers of rank sought the appointment; and it was ultimately bestowed upon Major-General Beresford, an officer of considerable influence, and one in many respects eminently fitted for undertaking the duties of reform and reorganization which were demanded at his hands. General (now Marshal Beresford) landed at Lisbon in March; and having received his commission, commenced that salutary reform in the Portuguese army which has earned him so much honour. Several British officers were in the first instance attached to Portuguese regiments; and the number was afterwards largely increased, until the staff and most of the superior situations were held by Englishmen.

It was to the sagacity of Sir Arthur Wellesley that the



Burford



government was indebted for the suggestion that Portugal should be the basis of all our operations in the Peninsula; and the grounds assigned by him for that preference were too obvious to be questioned for a moment. It cannot be supposed that whilst these stirring events were in progress in a country in which he had already earned so high a reputation that Sir Arthur Wellesley had not given many anxious thoughts to the scenes of his former exploits; but it was ever his most marked characteristic to do everything with his whole heart, whether acting in a civil or military capacity.

The proceedings suggested by the Convention of Cintra having terminated in December, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to Ireland, and occupied himself assiduously with the duties of his office of Chief Secretary for that country. He also resumed his seat in the House of Commons as the representative for Newport, Isle of Wight. To the Whig party in England, Sir Arthur Wellesley had never been acceptable; their attempts to depreciate his military reputation having commenced with his Indian campaign. His chief assailants were Mr. Whitbread, Earl Grey, and Lord Folkestone, and every demonstration of respect on the part of the House of Commons was almost invariably followed by some puny attack from the faction the great god of whose idolatry was Napoleon Buonaparte. On the reassembling of parliament on the 19th of January, 1808, Sir Arthur received the thanks of both houses "for the brilliant victory he had won at Vimieiro (proposed by the Earl of Liverpool in the House of Lords, and by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons). This was considered a fitting opportunity for assailing the Government for having permitted him to hold the situation of Chief Secretary for Ireland, the duties of which had been performed by General Stewart (the present Marquis of Londonderry) during his absence in Portugal. The statement of Lord Castlereagh that his gallant brother had not accepted of any remuneration for his services, and that during the two months that he was absent Sir Arthur Wellesley had only received a part of the emoluments of his office, did not satisfy his invidious assailants. They returned, time after time, to the charge, and endeavoured to show that the post ought to have been resigned during

this temporary absence. In his explanation, Sir Arthur showed that his duties had been most efficiently performed during his absence; and that as to the salary, "the whole of it was expended in maintaining the dignity of the situation." It is worthy of remark that these and all subsequent attempts to disparage Sir Arthur in the House of Commons, were systematically re-echoed by the leading organs of the opposition, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Morning Chronicle*. These assaults upon him in Parliament were invariably negatived without a division; but this did not prevent their repetition whenever the services of the gallant general came under discussion. During the few months of this year that he acted as Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Arthur brought forward several useful measures in the House of Commons; and when the notorious Colonel Wardle volunteered his memorable charges against the Duke of York, he had the manliness to brave the storm of obloquy directed against the royal Commander-in-Chief, so far as to testify that "there never was an army in a better state, so far as the Commander-in-Chief was concerned; and that whatever enthusiasm they had expressed for his services was the result of the example and discipline afforded by the illustrious person at the head of the army." The last measure brought forward by Sir Arthur Wellesley in the lower House of Parliament was a Bill for the further extension of inland navigation in Ireland, which was carried by a large majority.

A few days afterwards Sir Arthur Wellesley was by the unanimous voice of the Cabinet appointed to the Command-in-Chief in the Peninsula, *sicce* Sir John Cradock, who though an "older," was clearly not a "better" soldier than his successor. As a compensation for his supercession, Sir John was appointed Governor of Gibraltar. As this seemed likely to prove a permanent employment, Sir Arthur resigned at once the secretaryship for Ireland. The Whigs, through the Earl of Buckinghamshire, complained of the selection, and would fain have had it believed that Sir John Cradock, who had shewn himself every way incompetent for such a command, had been most unworthily used. Had their councils prevailed, the glorious successes of our arms in the Peninsula would never have been obtained; and England would probably ere this have become a province of France.

Sir Arthur set sail from Portsmouth on the 16th of April, 1809, in His Majesty's ship, *Surveillante*, Captain Collier, and narrowly escaped shipwreck the same night. In striving to pass a bank which runs out from St. Catherine's Point, the ship missed stays several times, each failure bringing her nearer to the shore, until she approached so near that the breakers were close upon her bow. The wind, which had been blowing on the shore, however, suddenly changed, and further danger was averted. On the 22nd of the same month, the *Surveillante* anchored in the Tagus, and Sir Arthur was received at Lisbon with every demonstration of joy. The regency immediately testified its confidence in him, by appointing him Marshal-General of the armies of Portugal, and invested him with authority to employ the Portuguese troops upon any operations in which he might think proper to engage. He was much gratified to find these troops, 15,000 in number, in a far better state of discipline (thanks to the vigilance of General Beresford) than he had anticipated. At this juncture the two French armies which menaced Portugal, were: that of Marshal Soult, 24,000 strong, at Oporto; and that of Marshal Victor, amounting since its junction with the force under Lapiasse, to about 30,000 men, in possession of the Guadiana; their headquarters being at Merida. Of the Spanish armies the only one at hand to co-operate with the British force, was that of Cuesta, the remnant of the army of Estremadura, consisting of about 30,000 men. Before leaving home Sir Arthur had prepared a plan of operations which involved the employment of not less than 30,000 men, of whom from 4,000 to 5,000 were to be cavalry, with a proportionate force of artillery. He suggested also the indispensable necessity of placing the whole of the allied troops under the command of British officers, and that the staff and commissariat more especially should be British. He required, moreover, that this army should be reinforced, as soon as possible, with 3,000 cavalry; some companies of British riflemen; with a complement of ordnance, consisting of 30 pieces of cannon, (two brigades being of 9-pounders, completely horsed) with 20 brass 12-pounders, upon travelling carriages; and that a corps of engineers should be added for an army of 60,000 men, and a corps of artillery for 60 pieces of ordnance.

Having relieved Sir John Cradock of his command on the 27th of April, and decided on taking the offensive, and making a forward movement at once, he lost no time in moving the army from Leiria and Alcobaça. Accordingly, 17,000 British, and 6000 Portuguese troops, were directed on Coimbra; whilst a brigade of British infantry, and two regiments of cavalry, amounting to 2700 men, were detached, under Major-General Mackenzie, to occupy, in conjunction with a corps of 7000 Portuguese, the towns of Ábrantes and Santarém; lest Victor, hearing of his advance on Oporto, should seize the opportunity to bear down upon Lisbon, by way of Alemtejo. Thus posted, the allied troops would command the forts of the Tagus. When Sir Arthur took the command, Sir John Cradock was at Leiria, and General Beresford at Thomar. Soult was still in possession of Oporto; and Lapisse, with the Duke of Belluno, at Merida.

The head-quarters of the British army now quitted Lisbon, halted at Pombal on the 1st of May, and reached Coimbra on the 2nd, where the allied forces were concentrated on the 5th. Marshal Beresford retained, under his personal command, 6000 Portuguese. The force of Trant was on the Venga; that of Silveira on the Lamego; and Sir Robert Wilson, with some Portuguese troops, at Vizeu. On the 7th the advanced-guard of the allied army was in motion on the Oporto road, followed by the whole force, which consisted of 14,500 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and 24 guns. The troops were arranged in four divisions,—one of cavalry and three of infantry. Soult's position was somewhat critical at Oporto, for beside a menaced attack of the British army, which threatened him from the south, a Portuguese corps, under Silveira, was on the Tamega, to his left. The British general's object was to throw a strong corps upon Soult's left, at Amarante, previous to the advance of the main-body from Coimbra on Oporto. He thus hoped to envelope the Marshal, and capture his whole corps. Soult, although ignorant that the British were moving on Coimbra, saw the necessity of restoring the communication by Amarante, and detached General Loison, with 6000 men, to attack Silveira, whom he defeated on the 2nd of May, and drove across the Douro, to Lamego, establishing himself on the left bank of that river. The intelligence of this success did not induce

Sir Arthur to alter his plan of operations. On the 9th the main body of the British army marched from Coimbra, and the next day the advanced-guard of the French, consisting of 4000 infantry and some cavalry, was discovered strongly posted above Grijon. An attack on their left turned that flank; and they were closely pursued, many being killed or taken. Hearing that his advanced guard had been repulsed, Soult moved the whole of his troops across the river, destroying the floating bridge. He also caused all the boats to be collected and secured on the northern side of the river. It became now of great importance to the British troops to cross the Douro, and act in concert with Marshal Beresford; but there were no boats, and Soult was posted on the opposite bank ready to prevent their passage, and believing that they would be unable to cross the river, was preparing to retire leisurely by the road leading into Galicia.

The Douro, a rapid river, 300 yards wide, would, even without the presence of an hostile army on the other side, have proved a formidable obstacle. Unprovided as the British troops were with boats, or any visible means of getting across, it did seem to present for a time a serious difficulty; but it did not prove an insurmountable one to the British general. Having observed a large unfinished building, called the Seminary, encompassed by a high stone wall, on the opposite side of the river, a little to the right of the town, it struck him as affording a good defensible post, could he contrive to transport a small body of infantry across to occupy it.

By what trifling agencies have not the boldest projects been successfully carried out; but, in the annals of modern warfare, never was a splendid enterprise achieved, whose opening means were so superlatively contemptible. Colonel Waters, a Portuguese partisan, had communicated to Sir Arthur the information that the bridge had been destroyed, and he had been despatched on what appeared the hopeless errand of finding some mode of transport. Fortune unexpectedly befriended him: a barber of Oporto had eluded the vigilance of Soult's patrols, and paddled his skiff to his dwelling across the river, where he was found by the colonel in company with the Prior of Amarante; and the latter

having volunteered his services, the barber consented to assist. With these unmilitary associates, Waters crossed the stream, and in half an hour returned, unperceived, with several large barges.

Seizing the boon which fortune offered, Sir Arthur instantly got twenty pieces of cannon placed in battery in the convent gardens, and dispatched General Murray, with the Germans, part of the 14th Light Dragoons, and two guns, to cross the river at Avintas, and descend by the opposite bank. There was no movement in the city which indicated that the enemy apprehended an attack—not a patrol had showed itself—and an ominous tranquillity bespoke a fatal confidence. A barge was reported ready to attempt a passage. "Let the men cross!" was the laconic order; and that order was promptly obeyed. An officer and twenty-five of the 3rd Regiment (Bufis) jumped on board; and in twelve minutes they had landed, unseen and unopposed.

A second boat effected its passage with similar celerity and security; but the third, in which General Paget had embarked, was discovered by the enemy—and a scene which may be fancied, but not described, ensued. The rattle of the French drums, as they beat to arms, was nearly drowned in the outcries of the citizens, who witnessed the daring effort, which they encouraged by their cheers, but which, unhappily, they wanted means to second. Disregarding order, in their anxiety to reach the threatened point, the French troops poured out of the city, their skirmishers hurrying on in double quick to arrest, if possible, the farther transit of the boats, and crush those already landed, before they could be supported from the other shore. The British artillery thundered from the convent garden; and the divisions of Paget, Hill, and Sherbrooke, crowded the banks, gazing on a contest in which, for the present, they could take no share.

The seminary was furiously assailed—General Paget was severely wounded—and the command devolved on General Hill. On each side the numbers of the combatants increased; but on the French side, in fourfold proportion. To one side of the building, however, the French attack was restricted; for the guns from the Serra swept the other approaches, and maintained a fire, under which, from its

precision and rapidity, the French refused to come forward. Presently the lower portion of the city was abandoned, and the inhabitants pushed boats over the river, and, in large parties, brought the Guards across. Three battalions were already established in the seminary. The detached corps, under Murray, was descried moving rapidly down the right bank of the Douro; and the assailants abandoned the attack, and commenced a disorderly retreat.

"Horse, foot, and cannon, now rushed tumultuously towards the rear; the city was hastily evacuated, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the people: Hill's central column, now strongly reinforced by the passage of the 48th and 66th Regiments, debouched fiercely from the seminary, and, by repeated volleys on the flank of the flying columns, threw them into utter confusion; and nothing but the inactivity of Murray,\* on the right, who did not make the use he might of his advantageous position on the flank of the retreating host, preserved them from total ruin. As it was, they lost 500 killed and wounded, five guns, and a large quantity of ammunition, in the action: 700 sick were taken in the hospital, and 50 French guns in the arsenal; and so complete and unexpected was the surprise, that Wellington, at four o'clock, quietly sat down to the dinner and table service which had been prepared for Marshal Soult."†

Thus terminated this brilliant exploit, which was accomplished with a loss of only 23 killed and 98 wounded, whilst that of the enemy exceeded 500. Five guns were taken in the field; fifty more, with a quantity of ammunition and stores, were found in the arsenal; and several hundred sick remained in the French hospitals. Universal rejoicing reigned that evening in Oporto.

\* "If General Murray had then fallen boldly in upon the disordered crowds, their discomfiture would have been complete; but he suffered column after column to pass him, without even a cannon-shot, and seemed fearful lest they should turn and push him into the river. General Charles Stewart and Major Hervey, however, impatient of this inactivity, charged with the two squadrons of dragoons, and rode over the enemy's rear-guard, as it was pushing through a narrow road to gain an open space beyond. Laborde was unhorsed, Foy badly wounded; and, on the English side, Major Hervey lost an arm; and his gallant horsemen, receiving no support from Murray, were obliged to fight their way back with loss."—*Napier*.

† Alison's History of Europe.

## CHAPTER VI.

Moral effect of the Passage of the Douro—Sir Arthur Wellesley's humanity—Abandonment by Soult of his baggage, stores, and artillery—Sir Arthur's advance to the Tagus—Disposition of the Allied Forces—Incapacity, moral and physical, of Cuesta—Condition of his army—Withdrawal of Marshal Victor—Battle of Talavera.

THE passage of the Douro has been justly considered one of Sir Arthur's most brilliant achievements, whilst the consequences to which it led were of the greatest importance. The sick soldiers left by Soult in Oporto would have been butchered by the inhabitants but for the interposition of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who issued a proclamation enjoining them, in the most peremptory manner, not to molest them. "I call upon you," said he, "to be merciful. By the laws of war, these Frenchmen are entitled to my protection, which I am determined to afford them." He also wrote immediately to Marshal Soult, requesting him to send some medical officers, as he could not spare his own army surgeons, to take care of his sick and wounded; promising that they should be restored to him so soon as they had cured the wounded.

The genius of Soult was strikingly displayed on this occasion: to save his army from annihilation, baggage, booty, stores, and artillery, were unhesitatingly abandoned; and by this necessary sacrifice he was enabled to reach Orense with 19,000 of his troops, the remnant of the 26,000 with which he had passed the frontier. Thus disencumbered, he got clear of pursuit, and a threatened movement on Estremadura confirmed the British general in his determination to return to the Tagus. In accordance with this decision, the British brigades behind Salamonde were ordered to retrograde towards Oporto, and were immediately followed by the corps under Marshal Beresford. The military government of the city had been entrusted to Colonel Trant; and, during his brief halt on the 13th, a proclamation was issued by the Commander-in-Chief, as Marshal-General of the

armies of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Portugal, in which he expressly forbids any one from damaging or wounding the prisoners, a necessary injunction to men who had such frightful injuries to avenge. Soult was allowed but little time to rest his wearied soldiers; for, after one day's halt at Orense, he marched to the relief of Fournies, then closely shut up in Lugo by General Mahi. On the appearance of the French vanguard above the heights, the Spanish general fell back to Mondenedo. Sir Arthur Wellesley having made full arrangements for the defence of these northern provinces, now turned his horse's head towards the Tagus, directing his whole attention to his approaching struggle with Victor; and, on his arrival at Oporto, he prepared to act vigorously with Cuesta. A reinforcement of 5,000 men having recently arrived from England, and authority having been granted to extend the operations of the army into Spain, Sir Arthur trusted, by combining with Cuesta, whose army consisted of 38,000 troops, to inflict a severe blow on Marshal Victor. His plan was to march from Abrantes to Plasencia, seize the bridge of Almaraz, and thus cut off Victor's retreat in the direction of the capital; but the dogged obstinacy of Cuesta defeated this well-digested plan. Being too weak to attack Victor alone, and finding, besides, great difficulty, owing to the negligence and indifference of the Spanish authorities in subsisting his troops, Sir Arthur determined to march on Badajos the moment his money and stores should arrive. Of the allied armies, at the end of June, Cuesta, with 38,000 men, was on the Tagus at Almaraz; Venegas, with 18,000 men, was approaching Aranjuez; and the British army, 22,000 strong, having broken up from Abrantes, was moving on Plasencia, to co-operate with the Spanish armies. Thus, to meet the attack of 22,000 British troops, and 56,000 Spaniards, chiefly raw and undisciplined, the French were able to concentrate 53,000 men on the Tagus. It is true that 8,000 more British bayonets were expected from Lisbon, but they did not reach the main body until the day after the battle of Talavera.

The British army marched by both sides of the Tagus upon Plasencia, where it arrived on the 10th July, when Sir

Arthur lost no time in seeking a conference with Cuesta, in order to concert future operations. He found him a worn-out superannuated old man, physically unfit, whatever his mental powers might have been, for the command of an army. As for his troops, they were composed chiefly of raw recruits, deficient in all the means and appliances of war. Sir Arthur had doubtless sad misgivings when he placed this rugged, undisciplined force, a few days afterwards, on the British right at Salamanca. Cuesta was usually lifted on his horse by two dragoons, and kept in the saddle by two pages; and when the British general repaired to his quarters at Oropesa, to request him to co-operate with him against Victor, at Alberche, he found that he had gone to bed, and was not to be disturbed. At three in the morning, the British troops were under arms, but Cuesta was not to be awakened until seven, when he refused to join in the attack; offering, among other reasons, his objection to fight on a Sunday. He was, however, prevailed upon to agree to take part in the attack on the 24th; and arrived at the appointed place, to the surprise of the whole British staff, in a coach and six. The allies were in motion before the dawn; but when they arrived at Alberche, not a French soldier was to be seen. Victor had decamped in the night, and retired to Torrijos. Deficient in all necessary stores and equipments for his troops, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined not only not to pursue him, but not to move beyond Alberche until his demands upon the Spanish authorities had been complied with. Cuesta had the folly to pursue Victor; and, had he not retreated in good time, would have found that he had caught a Tartar.

The first occasion on which Sir Arthur Wellesley assumed the command of the allied forces was on the 27th of July, 1809, in the neighbourhood of Talavera da Reyna. Seeing the confusion beyond Alberche, he knew that a battle was at hand; and being satisfied that only in a strong position could the Spaniards be brought to stand a shock, he prevailed upon Cuesta, with much difficulty, to withdraw to Talavera, where there was ground suited for defence. Leaving Mackenzie's division and a brigade of cavalry to cover a retrograde movement, he took up a position six

miles in the rear between Alberche and Talavera; the ground was covered with olive and cork trees; and nearly parallel with the Tagus, at a distance of two miles, a chain of round steep hills bounded this woody plain.\* The position taken up by the troops on this occasion occupied about two miles; Sir Arthur, taking Talavera as his fixed point, selected it for the right of the Spaniards. The ground on the left, where the British army was stationed, was open, and commanded by a height forming the first range of the Sierra de Mont-alban, on which was posted *en echelon* a division of infantry, under the orders of Major-General Hill. The right of the British infantry touched the Spanish left, and stretched along the open country to the hill on the extreme left; behind them was the mountain of which we have just spoken, and in front of it was a difficult ravine. The division of General Campbell was on the British right; next him was posted Sherbrooke; then Mackenzie's ground, held for a time by part of Sherbrooke's division: part of the British cavalry was with General Mackenzie in advance. The division of that general was in the wood near Casa des Salinas. About three o'clock some French light infantry made a dash through the wood, and partially surprised the British posts: two columns falling with great impetuosity upon the British, separated the two brigades, composed chiefly of young battalions, and threw them into confusion. Sir Arthur, who had ascended the tower immediately in their rear, fortunately observed them falter, and was just in time to avoid being captured, as with difficulty he threw himself on his horse in the midst of the *melée*. In the meantime the 45th regiment, some companies of the 5th, and a battalion of the 60th, checked the enemy, who, however, continued their attack, which had now extended along the whole line, growing more animated as the evening began to close in. The British position on the left appeared to be the grand object of the French marshal; for though Joseph Buonaparte commanded nominally, Marshals Sebastiani, Jourdan, Victor, and Mortier, were in the field. They directed a strong force against it, forming their infantry into columns of battalions, which advanced in double quick time, supported by a furious cannonade. Mackenzie's division having re-

\* Napier.

tired for a space, and at the moment forming a second line, the brunt of the assault fell upon the smaller brigade under General Donkin, then in possession of the height. Although they received a check in front, Donkin's flank was turned on the left, and they got possession of the post. But their triumph did not last long; Hill instantly led up the 48th, 29th, and 1st battalion of detachments. The French were forced from the position with heavy loss, and the ridge was again carried by a wing of the 29th at the point of the bayonet.

At this period the battle was seriously endangered. Cuesta, from the strength of his position, might have been considered safe enough; but, as it appeared, no local advantages could secure his wretched troops, or render them trustworthy for an hour. While Victor, animated by the success of his first operation, followed Donkin with Villatte's division and the whole of his light cavalry and guns, the fourth corps and French reserve, which were directed against the right, sent their cavalry forward to induce the Spaniards to unmask their line of battle. The French horsemen rode boldly up to the front, and commenced skirmishing with their pistols, and the Spaniards answered them with a general discharge of small arms; but at that moment, 10,000 infantry, and all the artillery, breaking their ranks, fled to the rear: the artillerymen carried off their horses; the infantry threw away their arms, and the Adjutant-General O'Donogue was amongst the foremost of the fugitives. Nay, Cuesta himself was in movement towards the rear. The panic spread, and the French would fain have charged; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was at hand, immediately flanked the main road with some English squadrons: the ditches on the other side rendered the country impracticable; and the fire of musketry being renewed by those Spaniards who remained, the enemy lost some men, and finally retreated in disorder.

Notwithstanding darkness had now set in, the French rushed once more forward to wrest the height from its defenders, and were driven down the hill at the point of the bayonet. So desperately was this night's fighting carried on, and the regiments so closely engaged, that in the *melées* some of the men fought with clubbed muskets. A feint had

been made by Lapisse upon the Germans in the centre, whilst with the élite of their infantry, Ruffin and Villatte once more assembled on the heights, but were repulsed with great slaughter. The loss of the British, in the affair of Salinas, amounted to about 400, and the combat upon the hill at dusk must have cost as many more.

The British lay on their arms all night, the dragoons by their saddled steeds, and the infantry close to the pile of arms, or with their firelocks in their hands. About dawn, the enemy made dispositions to assault the hill. Under cover of a furious fire of artillery from a corresponding height, two strong columns were led against the British left, but were beaten off with heavy loss.

The work of slaughter, which had never intermitted from five in the morning, ceased between nine and ten o'clock, as if by common consent, for some three hours. The French applied themselves to cooking their dinners, and the English and their allies produced their scantier rations.

During this cessation of hostilities, a remarkable incident occurred. A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through the field of battle, and separated the combatants. During the pause, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted with each other, shook hands, and even exchanged their brandy-flasks and wine-skins. Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms; many of the rival soldiery shook hands and parted, with expressions of mutual regard; and in ten minutes afterwards, they were resolutely pointing their bayonets against each other. A fire from eighty pieces of artillery announced the forward movement of the columns, which soon presented themselves covered by a cloud of light infantry; but not a shot was returned by the British. Their orders to reserve their fire were rigidly obeyed; and the files steadily and quickly closed up, for the men were falling by dozens. When their assailants had approached within twenty yards, a tremendous volley was delivered from the English line, and the bayonets did the rest. Campbell's division on the right totally defeated the attack upon it; and charging boldly in return, drove the enemy back, and captured a battery of ten guns. On the left, the attack failed

altogether,—the British troops putting the French skirmishers aside, met the advancing columns with loud shouts, and, breaking in on their front, and lapping their flanks with fire, gave them no respite, but pushed them back with a terrible carnage. Ten guns were taken; but, as General Campbell prudently forbore pursuit, the French rallied on their supports, and made a show of attacking again. Vain attempt! The British artillery and musketry played furiously upon their masses, and a Spanish regiment of cavalry charging on their flank at the same time, the whole retired in disorder, and the victory was secured in that quarter.

The most daring and the most disastrous effort of the day remains to be narrated. The French, still intent upon seizing the left of the position, moved up the valley in force; and Anson's light brigade of cavalry was ordered to charge the columns as they came forward. The ground was treacherous—flat, apparently, to the eye, while a dangerous and narrow ravine secured the French infantry completely. The word was given; the brigade advanced at a steady canter; a plain was, as they believed, before them; and in full blood, what should check their career? Colonel Elley, who was some lengths in advance of the 23rd, was the first who discovered the obstacle in their road, and vainly endeavoured to check the charge, and apprise his companions of the dangerous ground they had to pass; but, advancing with such velocity, the line was on the verge of the stream before his signs could be either understood or attended to. Under any circumstances, this must have been a serious occurrence in a cavalry charge; but when it is considered that 400 or 500 dragoons were assailing two divisions of infantry, unbroken, and fully prepared for the onset, to have persevered at all was highly honourable to the regiment.

At this moment, the enemy formed in squares, and opened his tremendous fire. A charge immediately took place. Horses rolled on the earth; others were seen flying back, dragging their unhorsed riders with them. The German hussars pulled up; but although the line of the 23rd was broken, still that regiment galloped forward. The confusion was increased; but no hesitation took place in the individuals of this gallant corps. The survivors rushed on with,

if possible, accelerated pace, passing between the flank of the square, now one general blaze of fire, and the building on its left.

It was strange that, under such circumstances, men should think of anything but securing a retreat. The Germans, on arriving at the brink of the ravine, had reined sharply up; and though they suffered heavily from the French musketry, galloped out of fire, and re-formed behind Bassecourt's Spanish division, which was in observation in the rear. Struggling through the watercourse, the survivors of the 23rd, as they gained the bank in twos and threes, formed, and passing the French infantry at speed, "fell with inexpressible fury on a brigade of chasseurs in the rear." A momentary success attended this reckless display of valour; but a body of Polish lancers and Westphalian light-horse came up, and to resist such odds was hopeless.

"The situation of the 23rd was now very critical. To return directly from whence the regiment had advanced, was impracticable. By doing so, the surviving soldiers must have again sustained a close and deadly fire from the French squares; and although the chasseurs had given way, another line of cavalry was in their front. To their right was the whole French army; to their left, and in rear of the enemy's infantry, was the only possible line of escape. This was adopted. In small parties, or singly, they again regained the valley, re-forming in rear of General Fane's brigade, the advance of which had been countermanded after the unsuccessful result of the first charge was ascertained." \*

A furious attack made upon Sherbrooke's division was among the most gallant efforts of the day. Under a storm of artillery, the French columns fairly came forward, as if they intended to leave the issue to "cold iron;" but they never crossed a bayonet, were charged in turn, and repelled with serious loss.

"Who has ever seen an unbroken line preserved in following up a successful bayonet-charge?" The Guards, carried forward by victorious excitement, advanced too far, and found themselves assailed by the French reserve,† and

\* Sherar.

† "The enemy instantly rallied, followed them, and were so confident

mowed down by an overwhelming fire. "They fell back; but as whole sections were swept away, their ranks became disordered, and nothing but their stubborn gallantry prevented a total *déroute*. Their situation was most critical: had the French cavalry charged home, nothing could have saved them. Lord Wellington saw the danger, and speedily dispatched support. A brigade of horse was ordered up, and the 48th moved from the heights we occupied to assist our hard-pressed comrades. We came on at double-quick, and formed in the rear by companies, and through the intervals in our line the broken ranks of the Guards retreated. A close and well-directed volley from us arrested the progress of the victorious French, while, with amazing celerity and coolness, the Guards rallied and re-formed, and in a few minutes advanced in turn to support us. As they came on, the men gave a loud huzza. An Irish regiment to the right answered it with a thrilling cheer. It was taken up from regiment to regiment, and passed along the English line; and that wild shout told the advancing enemy that British valour was indomitable. The leading files of the French halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort."\*

It may be readily imagined that the loss entailed upon both armies, by a sanguinary and protracted struggle like that of Talavera, must be enormous. On the British side, Generals Mackenzie and Langworth fell; and the entire casualties amounted to 5423. The French loss was infinitely greater. According to the returns of Jourdan and Semele, they had 2 general officers, 944 killed, 6294 wounded, and 156 made prisoners—being in all 7389. But English and Spanish writers assert that their casualties were much greater, and return the total loss at fully 10,000 men.

"The battle ended at about 6 o'clock, and after that hour scarcely a shot was heard. Both armies occupied the positions of the morning, and the British bivouacked on the field, with little food, and no shelter; while the dead lay silently around, and the moans of the wounded broke sadly on the ear, as they were conveyed all through the night to the hospitals in Salamanca."†

of victory, that their officer was heard to exclaim, '*Allons, mes enfans, ils sont tout mes prisonniers.*'"

\* The Bivouac.

† Victories of the British Armies.

The total failure of Lapisse's attack, who was mortally wounded in leading his division on, after it had been shattered and disordered by the closely-delivered volleys of the English regiments, was the signal for a general retreat. The French, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery, retired to their own position, leaving seventeen guns in the possession of the victors. The marvel is that any trophy could be won. The English, worn out by fatigue, and literally starving—with now scarcely 14,000 men embattled—were incapable of farther exertion; while their useless allies, through fresh and undamaged, could not be employed, as they were not even to be trusted when behind banks and breastworks, and were utterly unequal to attempt the simplest evolutions.

A damp, cold night succeeded a burning day. Without food, covering, or even water, the British bivouacs were cheerless enough; but, except from wounded men, not a murmur was heard—not a complaint escaped. When morning broke, the English brigades—"feeble and few, but fearless still"—rose at the first tap of the drum, and once more stood gallantly to their arms.

On the day after the battle, a welcome reinforcement joined the conqueror's army. By an unparalleled exertion, the light brigade, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 96th regiments, arrived on the 29th on the battle ground, and immediately took outpost duty. The regiment had marched twenty miles, and were bivouacked for the night, when intelligence reached their commanding officer that Sir Arthur Wellesley was on the eve of a battle. As they advanced, the fugitives of Cuesta were hurrying from the field in crowds, and assured them that the struggle had ended; that the British army had been totally defeated, and Sir Arthur Wellesley killed. Indignant at the conduct of these despicable poltroons, they pressed forward with redoubled haste, and in twenty-six hours accomplished a march of sixty-two English miles. This achievement was executed in heavy marching order, over a country in which water was scarce, and beneath a burning sun.\*

\* The wretched Cuesta made a show of punishing his runaway regiments by decimating them, and but for the intercession of Sir Arthur, would have slaughtered hundreds. As it was, he caused six officers and forty men to be shot.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Operations of Sir Arthur Wellesley from the Battle of Talavera to the Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo—Arrival of Soult at Plasencia—Perilous position of the Allies—The obstinacy of Cuesta—His abandonment of the wounded at Talavera—Treatment of Marshal Beresford by the Spanish Authorities—Soult's return to Talavera—Supercession of Cuesta in his command—Appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to be Captain-General of the Spanish Armies—Deprecation of Sir Arthur's Services in Parliament by the Opposition—Infatuation of the Spanish Junta—Privations of the British Troops—Projection by Sir Arthur of the Lines of Torres Vedras—Elevation of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the Peerage—Reinforcement of the French Armies—Appointment of Massena to the Command of the French Troops—Investment of Ciudad Rodrigo.

HAVING retreated before 14,000 British, the French marshals were little likely to return and renew the combat with 17,900. Notwithstanding this splendid victory, however, the gallant Wellesley was still environed by difficulties of no ordinary kind. On the 30th July, he learned that Soult was moving towards the pass of Banos, and had ordered 12,000 rations to be in readiness for his troops. Although he was not without hope that the Spanish force in the Puerto de Banos might be able to make some defence if the enemy really ventured to advance, Sir Arthur urged Cuesta to send a division of proper strength to that point without loss of time; but this, as usual, he refused to do, and it was not until the morning of the 2nd of August that Sir Arthur could prevail upon him to detach General Bassecourt for that purpose. On that day, however, news arrived that the enemy had entered Plasencia, and that the Marquis de la Reyna, whose two battalions consisted only of 600 men, had abandoned the pass of Banos without firing a shot; and had hastened on to Almaraz for the purpose of destroying its bridge. Cuesta now proposed that half the army should march to the rear, and that the other half should maintain the post of Talavera. To this proposal Sir Arthur would, he well knew, decline to consent. On the 3rd, therefore, Sir

Arthur marched from Talavera to Oropesa, with the view of uniting with Bassecourt's division, and giving battle to the enemy (whose force he estimated at 15,000 men) at Plasencia. He had provided for all the wounded that were in a condition to be removed, leaving the rest at Talavera under the protection of Cuesta. On the evening of the same day, however, he learned that the French had advanced from Plasencia to Naval Moral, and were, at that moment, between the Allies and the bridge of Almaraz. Further information reached him a few hours afterwards from Cuesta that Soult's force was much larger than he imagined; that the French were again advancing in his front, and that he should break up from Talavera that evening, and march to join the main body. This monstrous abandonment of the sick and wounded in the hospitals greatly annoyed Sir Arthur; but remonstrance proved useless, as he was already on his way. At mid-day on the 3rd, he crossed the Tagus, and took up a strong position among the rugged hills on the other side.

The situation of the Allies was now perilous in the extreme. On the one side there were 80,000 French troops hurrying up the valley of the Tagus; on the other, so soon as Cuesta's retreat should be known, Victor would, no doubt, press onwards; and after allowing for his late losses, and for a corps of 12,000 men, detached to observe Venegas, he would still have 25,000 combatants at his disposal. A battle fought with the two armies in detail might, indeed, bring deliverance, but both must be won, for there would be no retreat. Marshal Beresford was hardly less annoyed by the jealousies between his troops and the Spanish. The Spanish authorities refused a single ration to the Portuguese auxiliaries, and even seized the magazines deposited at Ciudad Rodrigo, which had been already purchased and paid for, under the pretext of an unliquidated debt of Sir John Moore. Had he been dealing with Soult or Picton, the Cabildo would have been hanged at his own door. To such misery was the army at this time reduced, that for want of forage, 1,000 of its cavalry were totally dismounted; the horses of 700 more unfit for duty; the guns were nearly unhorsed, and a large proportion of the reserve ammunition had been given to Cuesta, merely for

the purpose of obtaining, for the conveyance of the sick, the country carts upon which it had been loaded. A stronger proof remains: on the evening of the battle of Talavera, when Sir Arthur Wellesley applied to the old Spaniard, who had more horses than he required, for ninety, to replace those of his artillery which had been killed, that worthless ally, "on the very field of battle, and with the steam of English blood still reeking in his nostrils, refused the request!"

On the 11th, the British head-quarters were moved to Jairaicejo; those of Cuesta were at Deleytosa. Thus the Allies had a good defensive line on the Tagus, and holding as they did, the impregnable passes of Meza d'Ibor and Mirabete, the mere power of crossing the river gave the enemy no advantage whatever. At the same time, Beresford was in position near Zarza Mayor, and Craufurd, with four British regiments, was in communication with the Marshal from Castillo Branco. Soult was again in the possession of Talavera, and had treated the British wounded with great humanity, affording them the same comforts of quarters and medical aid that were allowed the French.

On the 12th of August, Cuesta was superseded in the command of the Spanish armies by Eguia, an arrangement which could not fail to be acceptable to Sir Arthur, for a more impracticable, imbecile old man, or one more entirely disqualified by age and infirmity of every kind for the command of an army, it would have been difficult to find. He thwarted his chief on every occasion that offered. He refused him transport for his wounded, and horses for his disabled artillery; and was not only in no respect to be relied upon in any grave emergency, but was a positive encumbrance whenever his co-operation was most in demand. Yet the foolish old man was not wanting in gallantry, had his pride and obstinacy admitted any control over his movements. Had his army been tolerably efficient, and himself a cordial coadjutor, and had Venegas fulfilled his part in the concerted operations against Madrid, Sir Arthur would already have been in possession of that city. Nor was Cuesta the only stumbling-block in his path. The shameful neglect of his demands by the Government at home had left his troops almost starving, and his military chest empty;

and all his remonstrances on the subject appear to have been treated with indifference. Deficient in money, food, and stores of every kind, as well as in horses for his troops, or transport for his sick and wounded, he had to meet armies of double and sometimes treble the strength of his own, possessing all the means and appliances which are necessary for successful warfare. The domineering insolence of the British minister in Spain, Mr. Frere, a man as rash in his decisions as ignorant of the data on which they ought to have been founded, was also a great impediment to the success of the British arms.

At home, the Whig faction were busily engaged in decrying the merits of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and predicting the total annihilation of his army; and had employed every means in their power to realise their own prophecy. Even the glorious victory of Talavera they pronounced to have been no victory at all: and these attacks upon the fair fame of the Great Captain of the age were not confined to pseudo-tailors and cobblers, like Mr. Paull, but were participated in by such men as Whitbread, Calcraft, Ponsonby, Wyndham, and other noticeable characters of their time. One military man, indeed, General Tarleton, entirely disapproved of the operations at Roliça and Vimieiro, and would have preferred to see one of the old incapables in command of the Peninsular army, rather than a man so likely to disappoint his predictions of the final success of Napoleon as Sir Arthur Wellesley. Never, surely, has any general fought under less encouraging auspices. Reviled at home by his enemies, refused the ordinary supplies for his troops from England, or the means of procuring them on the spot, and associated with allies whose co-operation, when it could be obtained, did him more mischief than good; and almost benetted round by an enemy whose numerical strength was double that of his own army, Sir Arthur felt that one false step would be alike destructive to himself and to the cause in which he was embarked. He was, consequently, no longer a free agent, and dared not speculate upon successes which did not seem to him to be morally certain.

On the 31st of July, a congratulatory letter was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley by Don Martin de Garay, expressive of the high approbation of the Central Junta of the

gallantry of the British army, and the commanding genius of its leader; and to mark in the strongest manner their sense of the value of his services, the despatch was accompanied by a commission appointing him Captain-General of the Spanish army. At the same time they sent him, in the name of Ferdinand VII., six beautiful Andalusian horses. In his reply, Sir Arthur acknowledged warmly the honour which had been conferred upon him, and accepted the appointment, but declined to receive any of the emoluments which were attached to it.

The news of the victory of Wagram did not tend to improve the prospects of the Allies; and the condition to which his own army had been reduced by the conduct of the authorities at home, appears to have greatly disconcerted Sir Arthur. "A starving army," he remarked in a letter to the Marquis Wellesley, "is actually worse than none. The soldiers lose their discipline and spirit: they plunder even in the presence of their officers. The officers are discontented, and are almost as bad as the men; and, with the army which a fortnight ago beat double their numbers, I should now hesitate to meet a French corps of half their strength." The defensive position assumed by Sir Arthur on the Tagus, threw the protection of Portugal entirely on Marshal Beresford, whose troops were posted at Zarza Mayor, supported by four British battalions under Craufurd, at Castel Branco. He seemed, however, confident of being able to maintain himself against any attack the enemy could bring against him.

The French, finding that nothing could be effected against the strong position so judiciously assumed by the Allies, began to draw off their troops; and, by the middle of August, Ney was at Salamanca, Soult at Plasencia, Mortier at Oropesa and Arzobispo, Victor at Talavera and Toledo, Sebastiani in La Mancha, and Kellerman at Valladolid—a distribution which satisfied Sir Arthur Wellesley that no offensive operations were at that moment in contemplation by the enemy. At the same date, the British army was at Jairaicejo; General Eguia, the successor of Cuesta as Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish forces, at Deleytosa, and General Venegas at La Carolina, in the Sierra Morena. Soult was anxious to invade Portugal from Plasencia, with

Ney to co-operate with him from Salamanca. Marshal Jourdan, however, induced Joseph to reject his plan altogether.

The disgraceful conduct of the Spanish authorities in neglecting to furnish the supplies which were indispensably necessary for the subsistence of the British troops, led the British General to announce his determination to withdraw his army from the country. Mules, 500 in a body, were continually passing through the famished troops of Sir Arthur, laden with provisions, whilst nothing whatever was to be obtained for themselves. Fresh promises were made and broken. On the 20th of August the British army moved from Jairaicejo towards Truxillo, and subsequently continued its march to the frontier of Portugal, by the routes of Merida and Caceres. Head-quarters were fixed at Badajoz, and cantonments were selected within the Spanish frontier, where the troops at length obtained the needful supply of food. The threat of the General to evacuate the country appears to have alarmed the Junta, and created universal consternation; and, at their instance, Lord Wellesley suggested to his brother to take, in conjunction with the Spanish forces, a defensive position behind the Guadiana, with a view to cover Andalusia. But Sir Arthur possessed ample experience of the troops and civil authorities of Spain, and resolved to engage in no future operations the success of which in any respect depended upon them. He explained, in considerable detail, his reasons for declining to adopt his brother's suggestions. He recommended that the Spanish general should continue to hold the post near Almaraz and Deleytosa, sending the pontoon-bridge at the frontier to Badajoz.

The infatuation of the Central Junta would seem to have been boundless. They had appointed Areizaga to command a force of 50,000 men, placing Albuquerque under the orders of this inexperienced young man; overlooking all the while the claims of Castaños, Romana, and Albuquerque, the three best generals in their service. There needed but a general action to have convinced this incompetent body of its folly. This Areizaga soon managed to bring on. On the 3rd of November, at the head of 43,000 troops, 6,600 cavalry, and sixty pieces of artillery, he advanced from the Sierra Morena into the plains of La Mancha, and having selected the most

open and least advantageous position in the neighbourhood, offered battle at Ocana. The disposition of his troops was of a piece with the selection of the ground. He was attacked by two French corps, commanded by Mortier and Sebastiani, and routed with an immense loss of prisoners, and four thousand slain. Only sixteen of his guns were saved. A regiment of Guards, and one of Seville, left the greater number of their officers and men upon the field. This defeat was followed by that of the army of La Mancha, under the Duke del Parque.

The privations which had been endured by the British troops had led to the usual consequences, great sickness among them; and the want of proper medicine and medical officers, had occasioned a frightful mortality in their ranks. The handful of troops which Sir Arthur Wellesley now commanded was composed of second battalions, of mere youths, both officers and men. Indeed, the Guards, the Buffs, the 48th, and 61st, with the Light Division, which had lately joined, under General Craufurd, were the only portions of the army which could be regarded as fit for service. The cavalry was also in a very crippled state, fifteen hundred horses having perished for want of food. "Dysentery, that scourge of armies (says Napier), raged; and, in a short time, above five thousand men died in hospitals."

The position of the army near Badajos was admirably selected for all military purposes; as by a junction with a Spanish corps on its right, or with a Portuguese and Spanish force on its left, it afforded facilities for protecting either Portugal or the South of Spain; and thus, although the French had not less than 80,000 troops at their disposal, they were unable to attempt any operation of importance with the slightest chance of success. Still the prospects of the British army, rendered still more dreary by the inertness of their allies, were exceedingly discouraging. Whilst, however, his soldiers lay prostrated by sickness, the mind of their great Commander was laying the foundation of the grand scheme for the preservation of Portugal, which enabled him eventually to deliver the entire Peninsula. It was a mighty project, and was carried out in a spirit altogether worthy of its conception.

Fully convinced that to defend successfully the extensive

frontier of Portugal with the inadequate force at his disposal was perfectly impossible, Lord Wellington decided on confining his attention to the protection of Lisbon—an object which could only be attained by abandoning the rest of the country to the invader, and barring out his approach to that city by means of a very strong position in front. To explain the difficulties which attended the execution of this project, it becomes necessary to mention, that north of the Tagus several roads from Spain converge upon Lisbon, whilst the mountainous character of the country renders lateral communication between the main roads all but impracticable. Another obstacle presented itself to the realisation of such a plan, in the fact that the Tagus is fordable in many places during the summer months, even as low down as Salvaterra. Hence, the most advantageous mode of carrying troops to the capital, is by two lines of operation, one north, and the other south of the river. Having weighed carefully these considerations, Lord Wellington made choice of a position extending from Alhambra, on the Tagus, across to Torres Vedras and the ocean.

The whole of the ground was naturally strong; but minute examination satisfied him that it might be rendered impregnable. He drew up, accordingly, for Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, his commanding engineer, a memorandum, bearing date 20th October, 1809; in which, after assigning his reasons for defending Lisbon, he enters minutely into the subject of fortifying the lines of Torres Vedras; points out the best situations for forts and redoubts, and for the formation of entrenchments and inundations, and the creation of such other obstructions to the attack of an enemy as the nature of the ground would admit of;—his object being to ascertain the amount of labour and length of time required for the execution of the stupendous works contemplated, including the necessary roads of communication. This magnificent conception has been regarded by military men as the grandest production of Lord Wellington's genius, and would alone suffice to stamp him as the first of commanders, either ancient or modern.

On the 16th of September, a notification was received at head-quarters that His Majesty had been pleased to elevate Sir Arthur Wellesley to the Peerage, by the titles of Baron

Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset. The patent bore date August 26, 1809. The thanks of Parliament were also voted to him unanimously for his services at Talavera.

Impatient of the resistance which had been offered to his invasion of Spain, Napoleon determined to overwhelm it by numbers. By the latter end of 1809, 120,000 of the Army of the Rhine had crossed the Pyrenees; 20,000 of the Imperial Guard were marching on the Bidassoa; a corps of Poles and Italians had entered Catalonia; and a powerful siege-train and nearly 800 carriages, with stores and ammunition, were moving by the Burgos road. The grand total of the French army within the Pyrenees is said to have amounted to 365,000 men. From the *élite* of this enormous force two grand armies were formed, each comprising three distinct corps. The first, under the command of the Duke of Dalmatia, was composed of the corps of Victor, Mortier, and Sebastiani, with a reserve under General Dessoles. The second comprised the corps of Ney, Junot, and part of Victor's, and was intended to be employed by the Prince of Essling. The first *corps d'armée*, collected at the foot of the Sierra Morena, mustered 65,000 men, and was intended to overrun Andalusia. The second, concentrated in the valley of the Tagus, amounted to 80,000 effective soldiers, and was destined to reduce Ciudad Rodrigo in the first instance, and finally to expel the English from Portugal. Such was the position of affairs in the Peninsula at the opening of the campaign of 1810.

Notwithstanding this threatening aspect of affairs, Lord Wellington appeared to be in no respect disheartened, but to rely confidently on his power to secure Lisbon and the other strongholds of Portugal; and he knew full well, that so long as the British kept Portugal, the French tenure in Spain could never be otherwise than insecure. By his masterly arrangements, the extremes of the defensive line were entrusted to the Portuguese militia and Ordenanza, while the whole of the regular troops occupied the central positions: thus enabling the British general, in two marches, to concentrate 40,000 splendid soldiers either at Guarda, or between that place and the Douro.

The allied brigades remained undisturbed in their respec-

tive cantonments until the early part of March, with the exception of the 2nd and Light Divisions. General Hill had been left upon the southern side of the Tagus, to preserve Lord Wellington's communications with Romana, who had thrown part of his corps into Badajoz. Mortier, with Regnier's corps, was in the neighbourhood of Merida, with 20,000 men, and occasionally assumed a threatening attitude, as if he intended an attack upon the fortress. "The French Marshal, whenever the humour took him, would advance, as if with the design of investing Badajoz—certain that, by so doing, he would draw Hill from his quarters; whilst Hill no sooner showed himself, than Mortier would again retire, and take up his former position."

But the Light Division was far more dangerously posted. Following the example of Mortier, Ney menaced Ciudad Rodrigo, and obliged Lord Wellington to strengthen that part of the line extending between Pinhel and Guarda, and push Craufurd with his division across the Coa, to observe the movements of the enemy. The 3rd division was brought forward to Pinhel, and Craufurd was reinforced with the 1st German Hussars, a troop of horse, and two battalions of Caçadores. The whole outpost duty along the Agueda was confided to the Light Division, and Cole and Picton were desired to support it. The appointment of Marshal Massena to the command of the army in Portugal, was now officially announced; and since Hoche, Pichegru, and Moreau had disappeared, no one enjoyed so high a reputation, either with military men or with his imperial master. He entered upon his command with increased powers, and, as Soult had done before him, expected, in the event of his being able to conquer Portugal, to have her crown for his pains.

Massena's appointment seemed to be the signal for hostilities to commence. On the 25th of April, a French corps encamped on the Pedro Toro, a height three miles eastward of Rodrigo. On the 30th, a second division bivouacked, a league to the north, on the Val de Carras, and a third division took ground between them. In the middle of May, a fourth division encamped on Monte de Ibaurey, to the westward; and on the 4th of June, Rodrigo was regularly invested.

Ciudad Rodrigo is built on a rising ground, on the right

bank of the Agueda, and has a double enceinte all round it. The interior wall is of an old construction, of the height of thirty-two feet, and is generally of bad masonry, without flanks, and with weak parapets and narrow ramparts. The exterior inclosure is a modern *fausse-braie*, of a low profile, constructed so far down the slope of the hill as to afford but little cover to the interior wall; and from the same defect of the rapid descent of the hill, the *fausse-braie* itself is very imperfectly covered by its glacis. On the eastern and southern sides, there are ravelins to the *fausse-braie*, but in no part is there any covered way, nor are there any countermines. Without the town, at the distance of three hundred yards, the suburbs were enclosed by a bad earthen entrenchment, hastily thrown up. The ground without the place is generally flat, and the soil rocky, except on the north side, where there are two hills called the upper and the lower Teson; the one, at 180 yards from the works, rises nearly to the level of the ramparts, and the other, at 600 yards distance, to the height of thirteen feet above them. The soil on these hills is very stony, and during open weather in winter, water rises at the depth of six inches below the surface.”\*

All doubt that Rodrigo was to be regularly besieged ended, when, on the 1st of June, Ney threw a trestle bridge over the Agueda, at Caridad—and, on the 5th, another across the river at Carboneras. With a garrison of 5000 men, and a population of about the same extent, Andres Herrasti prepared to hold out; and the defence which the old man made proved him “every inch” a soldier. No fortress was better defended, and none more furiously assailed; Ney “beginning his approaches, where a general more sparing of his army would have terminated them.” But this reckless expenditure of human life proved unavailing; and when Massena, on the 24th of June, assumed the command of “the Grand Army of Portugal,” he found by dear-bought experience, that the mode of attack hitherto adopted must be changed, and recourse had to the slower, but more certain operations, which Ney in his ardour had overlooked. Nor was the city closely approached without the assailants being exposed to considerable annoyance. The

\* Jones's Journal of the Sieges.

English general was within a march—a stern old soldier held the fortress—and one of those dangerous bodies of guerillas, which had risen on the ruins of the Spanish armies, had thrown itself into the place, and during the progress of the investment, kept the besiegers in constant alarm, and occasioned them a heavy loss.

The guerillas, who had by this time become very formidable, were originally small bodies of Spaniards who, from various causes, had been compelled to fly from their homes, and to take up arms against the French. These men, inspired with an implacable hostility to their oppressors, were wont to issue from their places of refuge in the mountains, whenever small detachments of the invader were known to be on the move; and falling upon the unwary foe, seldom gave him any quarter. Their numbers increased by degrees, until at length a general incursive system was organized. Possessing a perfect knowledge of the country, and undistinguished by any uniform, they were able to disperse and reassemble at pleasure. They harassed the French, by cutting off their communications, intercepting their supplies, and destroying small foraging parties; whilst they were at all times secure in their mountain fastnesses. "To lead these guerilla bands," says Major Sherer, "the priest girded up his black robe, and stuck pistols in his belt; the student threw aside his books, and grasped a sword; the shepherd forsook his flock, the husbandman his home." Of all the guerilla leaders, the two Minas were the most remarkable for their daring, their talents, and their successes. The younger, Xavier, had a short career; but nothing could be more chivalrous and romantic than many of the incidents that marked it. His band amounted to a thousand—and with this force he kept Navarre, Biscay, and Aragon in confusion: intercepted convoys, levied contributions, plundered the custom-houses, and harassed the enemy incessantly. The villages were obliged to furnish rations for his troops, and the French convoys supplied him with money and ammunition. His escapes were often marvellous. He swam flooded rivers deemed impassable, and climbed precipices hitherto untraversed by a human foot. Near Estella, he was forced by numbers to take refuge on a lofty rock; the only accessible side he defended

till night-fall, when, lowering himself and followers by a rope, he brought his party off without the loss of a man.

Of the ferocity of the guerillas, a few instances will be sufficient. At the execution of an alcade and his son, at Mondragon, the old man boasted that two hundred French had perished by their hands; and the Chaleco, Francis Moreno, in a record of his services, boasts of his having waited for a cavalry patrol in a ravine, and by the discharge of a huge blunderbuss loaded nearly to the muzzle, dislocated his own shoulder, and killed or wounded nine of the French. The same chief presented to Villafranca a rich booty of plate and quicksilver, and enhanced the value of the gift with a quantity of ears cut from the prisoners whom on that occasion he had slaughtered.\*

Of those daring adventurers, one, distinguished for enterprise and talent above the rest, had hastened to assist in the defence of Ciudad Rodrigo; and in Julian Sanchez, Herrasti found an able auxiliary, and one whose spirit was congenial to his own. Sanchez was a man of humble birth, and previous to the invasion of the French, cultivated a farm on the banks of the Guebra. One of the atrocities, too common at the time, however, changed the husbandman into the soldier. His parents and sister had been murdered by some French foragers, and Julian swore eternal vengeance, and headed a guerilla band.

On the 25th, the French batteries, armed with forty-six pieces of siege artillery, opened and maintained an unabated fire until the evening of the 28th, when the breach being twenty-five yards long, and deemed practicable, Ney sent in a summons, desiring Herrasti to choose "between an honourable capitulation, and the terrible vengeance of a victorious army;" but the old governor returned a firm refusal.

During these occurrences, no general was ever more painfully circumstanced than Lord Wellington. The salvos from Massena's guns sounded in the British camp, and the musketry was heard distinctly at the outposts. The city held nobly out. The spirit of the Catalans pervaded the inhabitants of Rodrigo; and sexual weakness and bodily infirmity were forgotten, when duty made a call. To succour the besieged was, with Lord Wellington, the object

next his heart. One march would bring him to the city—and all expected that the attempt would be made. “The troops desired the enterprise—the Spaniards demanded it as a proof of good faith—the Portuguese to keep the war away from their own country.” Romana came specially from Badajoz to urge its necessity, and offer his co-operation. Massena, in his proclamations, taxed his opponent with timidity, and accused him of breach of honour and good faith, in allowing his ally’s fortress to fall, “without risking a shot to save them.” Nothing, however, could shake the determination of the English general. Stern in his purpose, Wellington remained inflexible; and to his resolution not to stand the issue of a battle, the downfall of Napoleon’s dynasty may be traced. Lord Wellington’s reasons for declining to take part in this defence were communicated to Lord Liverpool in a despatch, dated July 1, 1810, and appear to have been considered perfectly satisfactory.

The fate of Rodrigo was sealed; but the city held out until the 11th, when the counterscarp having been blown in, and a breach formed, over which carriages might have passed, and the French columns formed, and only awaiting the signal to assault, Herrasti hoisted the white flag and surrendered.

During the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo the country between the Azava and the Coa was covered and protected by the British army, under General Craufurd, who in utter disregard of his orders, brought on an action on the Coa, which neither was nor could be productive of advantage. This action was fought on the 24th of July, and is said to have terminated in a loss to the enemy of 1,000 men killed, and to the allies of 320. With this affair the invasion of Portugal may be said to have been opened. It did not, however, retard the investment of Almeida for a single day; Massena had boasted that in three months he would drive the English into the sea, but he was nearly a month inactive on the banks of the Coa before he commenced his operations against Almeida. On the 15th of August he began to invest that place; what his next step would be appeared to be uncertain. In Ciudad Rodrigo he was already provided with a place of arms, and was known to have collected there large stores of provisions. His army

was vastly superior in numbers to that of the Allies, and in cavalry he had greatly the advantage over it; the latter had therefore only to wait for and to watch the movements of their adversaries. On the 4th of August the British general issued his memorable proclamation, calling upon the inhabitants of that portion of the country which it was not in his power to protect, to evacuate their homes, to remove their goods, drive away their cattle, and destroy all stores and provisions they were unable to carry with them. It was further intimated that those who disregarded this order would be punished as traitors. This peremptory proclamation had been rendered necessary by the credulity of those who, having trusted to the promises of Massena, had to lament their credulity amid scenes of plunder, violation, and blood.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Siege and Fall of Almeida—Battle of Busaco—Retreat of Massena—The Lines of Torres Vedras—Arrival of Reinforcements and Supplies from England—Operations of Lord Wellington from the Battle of Busaco to the Occupation by the British General of the Lines of Torres Vedras—Massena makes an attack on one of the Redoubts, and is repulsed.

ALMEIDA was a regularly constructed fortress, with a garrison of 4,000 Portuguese. Colonel Cox, an Englishman, was its governor. It was well provided, and was expected to hold out for a considerable time. It was not until the 25th that the French opened their fire, from sixty-five pieces of cannon. The same evening, a shell falling on some ammunition at the door, set fire to the great powder magazine, which exploded, throwing down everything around it, and killing and wounding hundreds of the inhabitants. The besiegers were not in a condition to profit on the instant by this accident, but demanded the next day the immediate surrender of the place. Colonel Cox, deprived of his ammunition, and betrayed by the Lieutenant-Governor, who had acquainted the French with the exact condition of the for-

tress, and who afterwards deserted to Massena, was compelled to capitulate; stipulating only that the regular troops should be prisoners of war, the militia being allowed to return home, and serve no more. These terms were fulfilled with Massena's accustomed good faith. He forcibly detained the militia-men, and employed them as pioneers; and the regulars he compelled to enrol themselves in his ranks, placing them under the command of the Marques de Alorna, a Portuguese renegade. Eventually they nearly all returned to the allied army, and were received without reproach.

The fall of Almeida was a heavy blow and great discouragement to the British General-in-Chief, following as it did so rapidly the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, whilst it gave a corresponding prestige to the already over-rated power of the enemy. At Lisbon and Oporto it had the effect of creating a complete panic. By the Whig party, and their newspaper organs at home, it was, of course, regarded as but "the beginning of the end," which they had so confidently prophesied.

"All this" (says Lord Wellington) "would not much signify, if our staff and other officers would mind their business, instead of writing news and keeping coffee-houses. But, as soon as an accident happens, every man who can write, and who has a friend who can read, sits down to write his account of what he does not know, and his comments on what he does not understand; and these are diligently circulated and exaggerated by the idle and malicious, of whom there are plenty in all armies. The consequence is, that officers and whole regiments lose their reputation; a spirit of party, which is the bane of all armies, is engendered and fomented; a want of confidence ensues; and there is no character, however meritorious, and no action, however glorious, which can have justice done to it. I have hitherto been so fortunate as to keep down this spirit in this army, and I am determined to persevere. \* \* \*

"I beg to draw your attention to the orders which I have given this day respecting the private correspondence of the officers of the army. I was astonished some time ago to see in the English newspapers, an accurate account of the batteries and works erecting at Cadiz and on the Isla, with the number of guns, and of what calibre each was to contain,

and their distance from each other, and from the enemy's works. This information must have been extracted from the letter of an officer. If officers wish to give their friends this description of information, they should request them not to publish their letters in the newspapers."

Meantime the crisis of the campaign was approaching. Massena moved on Visau, and Wellington retired by the left bank of the Mondego, and, fixing his cavalry at Celerico, established his head-quarters at Gouvea. On the 22nd, the French concentrated their forces at the former place. The designs of Massena were soon ascertained. His movements were evidently directed on Coimbra by the north of the Mondego, towards the heights of Busaco or Murcella.

The Sierra de Busaco is a high ridge, which extends from the Mondego, in a northerly direction, about eight miles. At the highest point of the ridge, about two miles from its termination, is the convent and garden of Busaco. The Sierra de Busaco is connected by a mountainous tract of country with the Sierra de Caramula, which extends in a north-easterly direction beyond Visau, and separates the valley of the Mondego from the valley of the Douro. On the left of the Mondego, nearly in a line with the Sierra de Busaco, is another ridge of the same description, called the Sierra de Murcella, covered by the river Alva, and connected by other mountainous parts with the Sierra d'Estrella. All the roads to Coimbra, from the eastward, lead over the one or other of these sierras. They are very difficult for the passage of an army, the approaches to the top of the ridge on both sides being mountainous.\*

Massena's advance being now certain, and Reynier's corps, which had been opposite to that of Hill, in the valley of the Tagus, having moved rapidly towards the Mondego, obliged Hill to cross the river at Villa Velha, and unite himself with Wellington by the defile of Espinosa. On the 23rd the French passed the Criz in force, having repaired the bridges which Pack had destroyed on the preceding day; and the British leisurely retired. On the 24th, some smart skirmishing took place between the British pickets and the French light troops, which, being repeated on the 25th, had

\* Extracts from despatch to Lord Liverpool, Coimbra, 30th September, 1810.

nearly brought on a very serious affair. Disregarding the rapid advance of the enemy in overpowering numbers, Craufurd obstinately maintained the position he had taken up in the morning with the Light Division. The French cavalry were swarming round on every side, and their heavy columns of infantry marching at their best pace, with the evident design of cutting him off; but still the British general refused to give ground. "The cavalry skirmishers were already exchanging pistol-shots, when Lord Wellington suddenly arriving, ordered the division to retire, and, taking the personal direction, covered the retreat with the 52nd and 95th, the cavalry, and Ross's troop of horse artillery."\* Although the French came up rapidly, the Light Division was steadily withdrawn; and it crowned the ridge of Busaco, as the immense masses of the enemy displayed their imposing numbers upon the opposite heights.

The French numbered nearly 70,000 combatants, commanded by three marshals of France, one of them of great and deserved renown. The British force, consisting of 25,000 men, lay upon the backward slope of the sierra, by the rocky ridge of which their disposition and numbers were concealed. At two o'clock on the morning of the 27th, the sentinels, on their picquet posts, could hear the stir of preparation in the French camp, and the British line stood silently to arms in the order of battle. Hill occupied the right, Leith the left, and the Lusitanian Legion was in reserve; next in order stood the third division, under Picton. The first was formed near the convent, with the brigade of Pack posted considerably in advance on the descent. The light division was formed on the left of Pack. At some distance from their post was placed a brigade of German cavalry, exposed to the full view of the enemy, and apparently the only body opposed to them. The fourth division, under Cole, held the left of the ridge. The British cavalry were drawn up in reserve. Whilst the French were waiting for Massena, who was ten miles in the rear, the British army had, with full deliberation, taken its ground, and this delay sealed, in all probability, the fortunes of the day.

The French attack was made in five columns, and on two distinct points, about a league apart from each other. Rey-

\* Napier.

niér, with two columns; mounted the hill at Antonio de Cantara; and Ney, with three, in front of the convent of Busaco. Reynier had fewer difficulties to overcome, as the face of the sierra by which he advanced was more practicable; and, favoured by the mist, his skirmishers were mingled with the light troops of the third division, almost as soon as the pickets had discovered that the enemy were in motion. The Allies resisted vigorously, and the British artillery swept the face of the sierra with a destructive storm of grape; but the French pressed forward, forced the right of the division back, threw a Portuguese regiment into disorder, and gained the crest of the ridge between Picton's and Leith's divisions. The enemy instantly endeavoured to secure the height they had won with their advanced battalions, and, with the remainder of the corps, pressed rapidly along the ridge of the hill. But in front, volleys of musketry checked them—their flank was torn by the fire of the British guns—while the 45th and 88th came forward with the bayonet, and, charging furiously all before them, forced the shattered column down the hill; "the dead and dying strewing the way even to the bottom of the valley."

Reynier's leading regiments still held the summit of the height; and, shrouded in the haze and partially unseen, they re-formed their ranks, while the third division was driving the rest of the column from the mountain. They had not, however, escaped the observation of General Leith, and he instantly advanced with his first brigade to the assistance of Picton. The 38th regiment was ordered to turn the right of the French; but, as that flank of the enemy rested upon a precipice on the reverse of the sierra, it was impossible to effect it. Colonel Cameron saw the emergency, and deploying the 9th regiment into line under a furious fire, he charged in among rocks, forced the French with the bayonet from the crest, and secured it with his regiment from any second effort which the enemy might make to win it back. All now went well;—"Hill's corps edged in towards the scene of action; the second brigade of Leith joined the first, and a great mass of fresh troops were thus concentrated, while Reynier had neither reserves nor guns to restore the fight." The greater difficulty of the ground rendered Ney's

\* Napier.



Painted by John S. Sill

*Skirmish on the retreat to Pecos*

Engraved by J. H. Johnson



attacks still less successful, even for a time, than Reynier's had proved. Craufurd's disposition of the Light Division was masterly. Under a dipping of the ground between the convent and plateau, the 43rd and 52nd were formed in line; while higher up the hill, and closer to the convent, the Germans were drawn up. The rocks in front formed a natural battery for the guns; and the whole face of the sierra was crowded with riflemen and Caçadores. As morning dawned, a sharp and scattered musketry was heard among the broken hollows of the valley that separated the rival armies, and immediately the French presented themselves in three divisions; Loison's mounting the face of the sierra, Marchand's inclining leftwards, as if intending to turn the right flank of the left division, and the third remaining in reserve. The brigade of General Simon led the attack; and, reckless of the constant fusilade of the British light troops, and the incessant fire of the artillery, which literally ploughed through the advancing column from its leading to its last section, the enemy came steadily and quickly on. The horse-artillery worked their guns with amazing rapidity—delivering round after round with such beautiful precision, that the wonder was, how any body of men could advance under such a withering and incessant cannonade. But nothing could surpass the gallantry of the assailants. On they came—and, in a few moments, their skirmishers, "breathless, and begrimed with powder," gained the ridge of the sierra. The British guns were instantly retired—the French cheers arose—and, in another second, their column topped the height. General Craufurd, who had coolly watched the progress of the advance, called on the 43rd and 52nd to "Charge!" A cheer that pealed for miles over the sierra answered the order, and "eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill." The head of the French column was overwhelmed in an instant; "both its flanks were lapped over by the English wings," while volley after volley, at a few yards distance, completed its destruction, and marked with hundreds of its dead and dying, all down the face of the sierra, the course of its murderous discomfiture. Some of the light troops continued slaughtering the broken columns nearly to the bottom of the hill, until

Ney's guns opened from the opposite side, and covered the escape of the relics of Simon's division.\*

When Simon's attack was finally repulsed, Marchand's brigade had gained a wood halfway up the sierra, and threatened the centre of the position. But they never advanced beyond the cover of the pine-trees—Pack's Portuguese regiment held them firmly in check, the Guards showed themselves in force on the crest of the height, while Craufurd, now disengaged, turned a searching fire from his guns upon their flank. Ney, in person, sustained this hopeless contest for an hour, and then retired in despair, leaving the British position as unassailable as it had been previous to the general attack.

The English Commander permitted the French to remove their wounded. But the cessation from fighting was soon interrupted. Some French troops persisted in holding a village within pistol-shot of the Light Division, and were not satisfied until Craufurd had killed one-half of them and expelled the rest.

The loss of life at Busaco, as might have been expected from the obstinacy with which the enemy continued its gallant and unavailing efforts, was most severe; but the casualties of the French and Allied armies, relatively, bore no proportion. The strength of his position, and his being enabled to employ artillery with terrible effect, gave to the British General an advantage, of which he amply availed himself. Hence, of the enemy, 6000 put *hors de combat* cannot be over the amount. Of this number, about 300, including General Simon, three colonels, and thirty-three inferior officers, were made prisoners; and nearly 2000—for as the English buried the slain, they could form on this point a correct estimate—were left dead upon the battleground. Among the killed was the French general Graindorge; and three generals of division, Merle, Loison, and Macune, were wounded. The entire of the casualties sustained by the Allies amounted to 1269, of whom 74 were officers of all ranks. The conduct of the Portuguese in this battle was admirable, and was worthy of their ancient fame. By their behaviour they inspired not only their

\* Victories of the British Armies.

commanders with confidence, but confidence in themselves. To Lord Beresford, who had had so large a share in bringing them to the state of discipline which they displayed on that occasion, the praise bestowed upon them was in the highest degree encouraging. It also taught the invaders that, next to British soldiers, troops taught and disciplined by British soldiers were most to be dreaded; and that what Napoleon termed the *canaille* were not so destitute of military prowess and capacity as he seems to have imagined.

Of course, Massena made no attempt to renew his attack on the formidable position of Busaco. Towards evening, he put several columns in motion to his right; and it was ascertained before midnight that the whole army was on march to turn the British left. This flank march offered a tempting opportunity to the British general; but he wisely declined to become the assailant, being perfectly satisfied with his day's work. He felt secure that his lines at Torres Vedras would effect all that they were designed to effect, and that the further the French were drawn into the country, the more disastrous would be their retreat.

The position of Busaco was evacuated on the 29th, when Hill's corps retired towards Espinal and Thomar; whilst the main body of the Allied army took the road to Coimbra, where it crossed the Mondego on the 1st of October, a strong advanced guard of the enemy having appeared before that city on the previous day. The retreat was then continued by the routes of Lousa and Pombal to Leiria.

We gather from a letter addressed, at this date, by Lord Wellington to the Marquis of Wellesley, that he foresaw even then the issue of the struggle: "My opinion," says he, "is, that the French are in a scrape. They are not sufficient for their purpose; and they will find their retreat from this country a most difficult, and dangerous operation."

It was gratifying to the British Commander to find that his proclamation calling upon the Portuguese to leave their homes, and carry away or destroy all their property and provisions, had been duly carried into effect. Property was wasted or concealed, and the shrine and cottage alike abandoned by their occupants—the peasant deserting the hearth where he had been nursed, the monk the altar where he had worshipped from boyhood. These fugitives accompanied the

army on its march; and when it halted in the lines, one portion of the wanderers proceeded to Lisbon, while the greater number crossed the Tagus, to seek on its southern shores a temporary retreat from those who had obliged them to sacrifice their possessions and fly from the dwellings of their fathers. The regressive movement of the army, accompanied as it was by an enormous number of fugitives of all ranks, with their furniture, grain, cattle, and other property, each halting-place increasing the *melée*, is said to have presented a spectacle never before exhibited. The mass of fugitives, when the army reached its position, took two different directions—a part passing before it, through the lines, to seek shelter in Lisbon; and another crossing the south bank of the Tagus, to those districts which had not been menaced by the enemy. The Allies entered the lines of Torres Vedras by divisions on the 8th of October; and each general was met, on the last day of the retreat, by the officer appointed to conduct his troops to those points of the position with the defence of which he was charged. The march from Busaco, some 200 miles, was performed, with a single exception (in the narrow streets of Condeixa), without loss or irregularity, and with scarcely the sacrifice of a single straggler. By the 16th, the respective posts were fully occupied.

Massena, finding Coimbra abandoned to him without a struggle, made a halt there for three days, and allowed his soldiers their accustomed impunity. He then pursued his march, leaving 5000 sick and wounded behind him, with a company of marines of the Imperial Guard to protect them. But ere his back was well turned, Colonel Trant appeared before Coimbra with a body of Portuguese militia, and captured the whole of the French hospitals, together with the soldiers left to protect them. Other bodies of the same force harassed the enemy's rear. By these troops every town which the French evacuated was taken possession of.

Massena pressed forward, in the hope of intercepting the passage of the British troops to the sea. An easy success and rich reward appeared to be within his grasp. His surprise and disappointment, therefore, may be conceived when, on the 10th of October, after his advanced guard had driven the Allies from Sobral, his eye rested on the mighty and impregnable fortress which barred his further advance; and

he ascertained the stupendous fact, that a strong defensive position, thirty miles in extent, flanked by the Tagus on its right, and the Atlantic on its left, and armed with perfect military science, with lavish expense and incredible labour, spread its menacing front before him. Having reconnoitred the lines, he disposed his three corps in bivouac, and sat down before them. A demonstration was then made upon one of the redoubts, and repelled with heavy loss to the assailants. The following is Colonel Leith Hay's description of these celebrated lines :

"The peninsula on which Lisbon stands is traversed by two lofty heights, that stretch from the Tagus to the ocean, varying in altitude and abruptness, and running in a parallel direction, at a distance of from six to nine miles. Through the passes in these mountains, the four great roads that communicate between Lisbon and the interior run. The line or sierra next the capital is the stronger of the two. It commences at Ribamar, on the Rio Lorenzo, runs by Mafra, Cabeça de Montachique, and the pass of Bucellas, and descends precipitously on the plain, about an English league from the Tagus. This is the only weak point; and all that skill and labour could effect, was exhausted to fortify every spot that nature had left open, and thus render Torres Vedras, its extent considered, the strongest position in Europe.

"In front of Via Longa, upon an eminence rising from the plain, at a short distance from the river, six redoubts were constructed, so situated, in consequence of the nearly circular formation of the plateau, as to command the approaches in every direction within the range of their artillery. Three of these immediately domineered the great route from Alhandra to Lisbon, to the right of which, upon a knoll in front of the town of Póvoa, another work was formed, sweeping the communication in the direction of Quintella. On the bank of the Tagus, a redoubt, armed with four twelve-pounders, terminated the line at its eastern extremity. Fifty-nine redoubts, containing 232 pieces of cannon, estimated to require 17,500 men to garrison them, protected the weaker points, enfiladed the roads, or swept the ascent to the escarped mountains in the range of this extended position, occupying a front of twenty-two miles.

"It rested also on the Atlantic, at the mouth of the Zizandre; its weakest point being in the rear of the valley of Runa, where it stretched to Monte Agraça, and ample care was taken to correct this natural defect.

"On the Sierra, in the rear of Sobral, was constructed a redoubt of great magnitude, armed with twenty-five pieces of artillery, and prepared for a garrison of 1,000 men. This formidable work, from its commanding and central situation, was the constant daily resort of Lord Wellington. There he came every morning, and continued until it was ascertained that no hostile movement had taken place, and until light permitted a *reconnaissance* of the enemy's troops encamped opposite. From the redoubt on Monte Agraça, the line continued, crossing the valleys of Aruda and Calhandrix, until it rested on the Tagus at Alhandra.\*

"Across the ravine on the left, a loose stone wall, sixteen feet thick and forty feet high, was raised; and across the great valley of Aruda, a double line of abatis was drawn—not composed, as is usual, of the limbs of trees, but of full-grown oaks and chestnuts, dug up with all their roots and branches, and dragged by main force for several hundred yards, and then reset and crossed, so that no human strength could break through. Breastworks, at convenient distances, to defend this line of trees, were then cast up; and along the summits of the mountain, for a space of nearly three miles, including the salient points, other stone walls, six feet high and four in thickness, with banquettes,† were built; so that a good defence could have been made against the attacks of 20,000 men.‡

"Nature and art had rendered the ground from Calhandrix to the river particularly strong; but to make the defences still more formidable, and to form an intermediate obstruction, redoubts were thrown up, extending to the rear, nearly at right angles with the front line. These swept the whole portion of the valley, by which a column of infantry must penetrate, even had it succeeded in forcing an entrance into the ravine. Sixty-nine works of different descriptions forti-

\* Leith Hay.

† Banks or platforms, raised sufficiently high behind a work to enable its defenders to fire over the parapet.

‡ Napier.

fied this line ; in these were mounted 319 pieces of artillery, requiring upwards of 18,000 men to garrison them ; and the extent, in a direct line from flank to flank, was twenty-five miles. Portuguese infantry, with the militia and ordonanza, were destined to compose the garrisons ; while the whole Allied Army, numerous, brilliant in equipment, high in spirit, confident in its great Commander, was prepared to move in every direction, to cover the summits of mountains, to descend into valleys, or to pour in torrents on any luckless column that, with diminished numbers, might have forced past the almost impenetrable obstacles of this grand position.

“ In addition to the works thrown up in either line, or in the intervening points of communication, rivers were obstructed in their course, flooding the valleys, and rendering the country swampy and impassable ; trenches were cut, from whence infantry, perfectly protected, might fire on the advancing columns of an enemy ; these being also flanked by artillery, sweeping the approaches to them in every direction. Mountains were scarped, as above stated ; abatis, of the most formidable description, either closed the entrance to ravines, impeded an approach to the works, or blocked up roads, in which deep cuts were also marked out for excavation ; routes, conducting out from the front, were rendered impracticable ; others within the lines either repaired, or formed, to facilitate communication, to admit the passage of artillery, or reduce the distance by which the troops had to move for the purposes of concentration or resistance ; bridges were mined, and prepared for explosion ; and telegraphs, erected at Alhandra, Monte Agraca, Socorra, Torres Vedras, and in the rear of Ponte de Rol, rapidly communicated information from one extremity of the line to the other. These signal-stations were in charge of seamen from the fleet in the Tagus.”

To complete the barriers, palisades, platforms, and planked bridges, leading into the works, 50,000 trees were placed at the disposal of the engineer department, during the three months ending on the 7th of October, 1810. “ The cannon in the works were supplied by the Portuguese government. Cars, drawn by oxen, transported twelve-pounders where wheels had never previously rolled. Above 3,000 officers and artillerymen of the country assisted in arming the

redoubts, and were variously employed in the lines. At one period, exclusive of these, of the British engineers, artificers, or infantry soldiers, 7,000 peasantry worked as labourers in the completion of an undertaking only to have been accomplished under the most favourable circumstances, both with regard to cordiality of assistance, neighbouring arsenals, a British fleet in the Tagus, constant uninterrupted communication with a great capital, a regular remuneration to the labourers, an anxious and deep interest in the result to be accomplished by the assistance of the works in progress, and, above all, an intelligence and firmness in command, that could at the same time extract the greatest benefits from these combinations, and urge exertion where it appeared to relax."

The presence of a powerful British fleet was of great importance; for the Royal Marines manned Fort St. Julian, whilst the defences on the right of the first line were flanked by gun-boats worked by British sailors.

Before the end of October, Romana's Spanish troops had joined from Estremadura; and reinforcements having arrived from England and Cadiz, the motley force collected behind the lines amounted to little short of 100,000 men, of whom 55,000 were regular troops, British and Portuguese. These were posted for locomotion, whilst the irregular troops garrisoned the chief part of the forts and redoubts. The lines were armed with 600 pieces of cannon, most judiciously disposed. Thus arrested in his threatened operation of driving the English into the sea (although he could not have been wholly ignorant of the vast preparations for his reception, which had been making for some months past), the Marshal chafed and fumed in front of these impregnable lines,

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike."

After a time, he began to despair of being allowed to plant the eagles of his master on the towers of Lisbon, and wish for more ordinary acquisitions for the subsistence of his starving troops. Provisions were every day becoming more scarce, and Trant and Wilson were both harassing his rear with unceasing activity. The country, which he had covered with his bivouacs, and ravaged by his foragers, was exhausted; sickness had broken out in his ranks, and discon-

tent and disunion among his officers. Whilst Wellington's troops were enjoying health and abundance within the lines, the army of Massena was reduced to great extremity, and was at length compelled to commence a retreat. When he had attempted to form magazines at Santarem, the militia and ordonanza of the north hung upon his rear, and impeded or wholly prevented his attempts; until his position at the head of so large an army became no longer tenable. Meanwhile the Portuguese government was doing everything in its power to embarrass Lord Wellington's plans, and to contribute to their failure. From the Portuguese line the desertions, in nine months, amounted to several thousands; whilst the ordonanza disbanded themselves by whole companies.

At home, the most discouraging predictions of the fate of his army were indulged in by the Whigs and their newspaper organs, until Lord Liverpool, harassed on every side by evil auguries and malicious representations, was compelled to appeal to the British general for advice and information as to his future course. Lord Wellington's reply is one of the ablest of the many able documents included in his "Despatches," and appears to have completely satisfied the mind of his noble correspondent. He contrasted the condition of the French army with his own :

"All the troops are months (says he) in arrears of pay; they are in general very badly clothed; their armies want horses, carriages, and equipments of every description; their troops subsist solely upon plunder, whether acquired individually, or more regularly by the way of requisition and contribution; they receive no money, or scarcely any, from France, and they realize but little from their pecuniary contributions in Spain. Indeed, I have lately discovered that the expense of the pay and the hospitals alone of the French army in the Peninsula, amounts to more than the sum stated in the financial *exposé* as the whole expense of the entire French army. This state of things has very much weakened, and in some instances destroyed, the discipline of the army; and all the intercepted letters advert to acts of malversation and corruption, and misapplication of stores, &c., by all the persons attached to the army. I have no doubt, therefore, that the desire to relieve this state of distress, and to remove

the consequent evils occasioned by it, by the plunder of Lisbon and Oporto, was the first motive for the expedition into Portugal."

It was the determination of Lord Wellington not to attack Massena until he could do so with a tolerable certainty of success. The French marshal soon relieved the British commander from all doubt as to the course to be adopted, by retiring his army altogether: thus everything had fallen out as Lord Wellington had predicted; and the dismal prophecies of the discontented abroad and the malicious at home were entirely falsified. Towards the end of November, an attempt was made by General Guidanne to join Massena with a convoy of ammunition; and he had penetrated within twelve miles of the French posts, when, alarmed by a rumour that he had returned, he precipitately retreated, not however until he had been forced to abandon his convoy, surrender all his baggage, and lose some hundreds of his men. General Drouet reached Leiria soon afterwards with 10,000 men, and taking post on the right flank of the French army, cut off the communication of the allies with the northern provinces. About this time, reinforcements and supplies, which ought to have been furnished by the Portuguese themselves, arrived at Lisbon from England. They left the Whig croakers at home predicting all sorts of disasters to Wellington and his army. The loss of the gallant *Romana* at this juncture added seriously to the perplexities of Lord Wellington; he was one of the very few Spanish commanders in whom he felt he could repose faith. The Spanish army was then in a very disorganized state; wanting discipline, energy, pay, and provisions—in short, almost everything that can be said to conduce to the efficiency of an army.

## CHAPTER X.

First Siege and Capture of Badajoz—Surprise and Surrender of the Garrison—Lord Wellington pursues Massena—Relief of Campo-Mayor by Marshal Beresford, and Preparations to recover Badajoz—Massena attempts to relieve Almeida—Battle of Fuentes d'Onor—Blockade and Fall of Almeida—Siege of Badajoz raised.

SOULT now prepared to besiege Badajoz, which though well garrisoned, was ill provided with provisions. Mendizabal, with 10,000 Spanish troops, was at hand to interrupt the enemy's operations, maintain a communication with the place, and generally assist the besieged. The post assigned to him was the heights of San Cristoval behind the Gevora, which though not naturally strong, were capable of being rendered impregnable; and being held, would have prevented Soult from obtaining possession of Badajoz; Mendizabal, however, neglected to intrench his position; and allowing himself to be surprised by Soult and Mortier, was completely routed, and the garrison, thanks to the treachery or cowardice of the governor, surrendered to the enemy. This disaster added to the new difficulties of Lord Wellington, who only awaited the arrival of a reinforcement from England to detach such a force to Badajoz as would, with Mendizabal's corps, have defeated Soult, and relieved that fortress. To detach the requisite force was now out of the question; and seeing that a bold stroke would alone save the fortress, Wellington resolved to fall upon Massena the moment his expected reinforcement should arrive. Lord Wellington was now in full pursuit of Massena, and on the 18th of March, 1811, came up with the French army at Ponte Ciberta, and had well nigh captured Massena himself. By the disobedience of one of his officers, who led on a pursuit against his directions, an engagement was precipitated which completely defeated his plans. After a sharp skirmish Ney drew off, and Wellington had by his vigorous and skilful movements confined the army of Massena to one narrow line of retreat between the mountains and the river

Mondego. Ney, who covered the movements of the main body with a strong rear-guard, had halted upon the left bank of the Ceira in a defensible position near the village of Fons d'Aronce. Here Lord Wellington came up with him, and making a feint upon his right, vigorously charged his left with the 3rd division, whilst a battery of horse-artillery being advanced rapidly to a favourable point, drove his dismayed battalions into the river in such confusion, that many were drowned, and many trampled to death on the bridge. In this affair the French lost 500 men, whilst the casualties on our side were quite trifling. Ney blew up the bridge and retired, and on the 16th the entire body of the enemy had passed the Alva, and occupied the line of mountain beyond that river. So soon as he heard of the infamous surrender of Badajoz, Lord Wellington resolved to reinforce the corps of Beresford, which he had already halted at Thomar, as he desired that he should take instant measures for the recovery of that fortress. On the night of the 16th, a temporary bridge having been thrown over the Ceira, he marched onwards in pursuit. Massena attempted to concentrate his troops on the Sierra de Morta, but was soon forced from it by the manœuvres of his antagonist. Two divisions of the Allies passed the Alva by a flying bridge, and threatened Massena by Argani; and upon the north bank of the Mondego a body of militia, under Trant and Wilson, harassed his flank. Thus pressed, he again destroyed all the stores and baggage that impeded his march, and hastened on to Celerico and Guarda. He arrived at the former post on the 21st. Regnier, with the second corps, had occupied Guarda. Massena hoped to keep his ground long enough to enable him to avoid the mortification of a forced retreat into Spain. The pursuing army had outmarched its supplies, and were subjected to great privations, the means of transport being inadequate to the rapidity of its march, and a short pause became inevitable, which led Massena to infer that the pursuit was at an end, and to make sure dispositions under that impression. Meanwhile Massena and Ney had quarrelled, and the Commander-in-chief superseded Ney, and sent him to Paris.

Massena's hope of being able to maintain himself in Portugal until he could resume the offensive, was defeated

by the sudden appearance, on the 20th of March, of five columns of attack ascending the Guarda mountain by five different routes. Abandoning their position, strong as it was, the French hurried down the only open road, and crossed the Coa. Upon this river they halted until the 3rd of April; at daylight on that day Lord Wellington manœuvred to turn Massena's left wing, and by an active and well-combined movement, to envelope and cut it off. An error in the calculation led Colonel Beckworth to the attack before the other troops were in motion, and thus occasioned a severe and unnecessary loss; for when the fog cleared away, that gallant officer found himself in the middle of Reynier's force, exposed to a fire of grape only a hundred yards off, and assailed in front and upon both flanks by numerous forces, some of them cavalry. He succeeded, nevertheless, in repulsing the enemy with a loss of 300 men, his own loss, however, being 200 men *hors de combat*. There was, perhaps, no part of the career of Wellington in which his military genius was more advantageously displayed than in his masterly combinations for the defence of Portugal, and the expulsion of her invaders. Portugal was the fulcrum on which the fate of England lay balanced; for had the British troops been driven to evacuate that country, we should soon have to repel invasion by our own hearth-stones.

After the reduction of Badajoz, Soult returned to Andalusia, leaving Mortier to attack Campo-Mayor, a weak fortress, defended by only 200 men, but which nevertheless held out several days. In the meantime, Marshal Beresford, whom Wellington had detached when the French began their retreat, was fast approaching, at the head of 22,000 men, to relieve Campo-Mayor, and invest Badajoz. Although the former place had surrendered, he hoped, by a rapid movement, to surprise the besiegers. He arrived before Campo-Mayor with 2,000 cavalry of his advanced guard, just as the enemy, who had resolved to abandon the place, were moving out. A sharp but desultory cavalry action followed, with a loss of 300 men to the enemy, and 100 to the Portuguese. Having taken possession of Campo-Mayor, and quartered his troops around Elvas, Beresford proceeded, in accordance with the instructions of Lord Wellington, to lay

down a bridge, to form a *tête-de-pont* over the Guadiana, in front of Jurumenha, and invest Badajoz in the first instance on the left side of the river, employing cavalry, Spanish troops, and militia to do the same on the opposite side. Here, as usual, the *matériel* necessary for such operations, which Beresford had been assured by the Portuguese Government was ready at Elvas, was altogether wanting. The French, whilst these preparations were in progress, were not idle. They occupied themselves in provisioning and repairing the fortress, taking no steps to prevent us from passing the Guadiana on our temporary bridge, until it was too late. Having summoned Olivença to surrender without avail, Beresford sent to Elvas for battering-guns for the siege, and leaving General Cole, with the 4th division, to reduce the place (which was trenched in a single day), marched with the view of driving the French out of Estremadura, preparatory to besieging Badajoz. General Cole arriving from Olivença, joined the Marshal on the 16th at Zafra.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the French commanders was the ease and expedition with which they seemed to repair the disasters they had incurred. In less than a month the scattered army of Massena was re-organized, and he was once more in the field, at the head of 40,000 infantry, and 4,000 horse. To this force the Allies could only oppose 1,500 horse and 32,000 infantry. Wellington no sooner heard of the re-appearance of so formidable an army, than he returned from the south, and reached Villa Formosa on the 28th April. With new means and appliances at his command, it was to be expected that Massena's first attention would be devoted to the relief of Almeida, his only acquisition of any importance during his long and disastrous campaign. Lord Wellington could not consent to see this fortress relieved; and although both the ground and circumstances were unfavourable, he considered that the time had arrived when he should accept the invader's challenge, and give him battle. Almeida stands on the right bank of the Coa, in a locality where the banks of the river are steep and difficult, and the points of access few. There is a bridge opposite the fortress, another at Sabugal, seven miles above, and a third some thirty miles higher up. The

bridge at Sabugal forms the great military communication between Ciudad Rodrigo and Granada. In front of the Coa is a small river, running in a northerly and nearly parallel direction; and on the left bank of this stream (the Duas Casas) is situated the pretty village of Fuentes d'Onor. The ground behind the river is high and open. This table-land was selected as the battle-field. The divisions of Spencer, Picton, and Houston were assembled in position behind the village of Fuentes d'Onor, and a strong military position was occupied by a body of light infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams. Craufurd and Campbell were posted behind the hamlet Alameda (where there was a bridge over the Duas Casas). The brigade of Pack was usefully occupied in blockading Almeida; and the great road to it, which crosses the Duas Casas, was guarded by the division of Sir William Erskine. The guerilla horse of Don Julian Sanchez were posted at the village of Nava de Aver (two miles beyond the British right) in observation. On the 3rd of May, the enemy appeared on the opposite bank of the Duas Casas, menacing Almeida with their right, and Fuentes d'Onor with their left. Towards evening, under cover of a hot cannonade from the ridge of their position, they made a vigorous assault upon the village. The lower ground was defended manfully, but the fire became so fierce that the British were compelled to withdraw to the upper; and, but for a timely reinforcement, would have been unable to hold the post. The French supplied the assailants with reinforcements, but the 71st, 79th, and 24th regiments struggled so nobly, that they recovered every inch of ground that had been lost, and drove the enemy not only out of the village, but across the river. The light companies were withdrawn after sunset, and the village was held through the night by the regiments already enumerated, under the command of Colonel Cameron, of the 79th.

On the following day, Massena, foiled at all points, contented himself with making a *reconnaissance*, and both armies remained in *statu quo*. Anticipating Massena's object, and anxious to secure the communication with Sabugal, Lord Wellington moved Houston's division, on the evening of the 4th, from the rear of Fuentes, and posted it behind the hamlet of Pozo Velho, in an open wood, midway between

Fuentes and Nava de Aver. As early as three on the morning of the 5th, the enemy's columns were in motion to their left, and the entire corps of Junot, with the whole of the French cavalry, were assembled in front of the wood of Pozo Velho. The Light Division, under Craufurd, and a troop of horse-artillery, were sent to support Houston, and the divisions of Picton and Spencer were moved a little to the right. The action began with an attack on the 7th division in the village of Pozo Velho, which was partially successful. The French cavalry, under Montbrun, then passed that place, and Julian Sanchez, taking alarm, hastily withdrew his guerillas from Nava de Aver, and retired across the Turones, and the 7th division having been thus left uncovered, was speedily turned by Montbrun's horse. A body of British cavalry attempted to check his further advance, but was compelled to retire, and the troop of horse-artillery, commanded by Captain Ramsay, became surrounded; but that officer, trusting to his fine cattle and stalwart gunners, broke away through their astonished squadrons, and gaining the Allied line, unlimbered, and poured a fire into the enemy that completely astounded them. Meanwhile, the 7th and light divisions had been compelled to fall back. This temporary success on the part of Massena compelled Lord Wellington to change his position, and relinquish the communication with Sabugal; and the 7th division was moved across the Turones to Frenada, whence his new line extended to Fuentes d'Onor. His left still rested on the Duas Casas, and Fuentes was still held. To execute these movements, the 7th and light divisions had to retire for nearly two miles, in the face of a large body of cavalry, which, by its uncommon activity and gallantry, scarcely left the division of General Houston time for the formation of their squares. Misapprehending the object of this movement, the enemy regarded it, in the first instance, as a retreat, and pressed on with all the confidence of victors. They, however, soon discovered their mistake.

During this struggle on the right, the village of Fuentes d'Onor had become the scene of a fierce and bloody struggle; so desperate, indeed, as to leave it for some time doubtful which force would be in the ascendant. At one time the French had actually penetrated beyond the village, and had

attempted to assail the plateau, but were immediately attacked and driven back into the streets by the 74th, 83rd, and 88th regiments. Both sides were strongly reinforced, and the contest was continued with unflinching constancy until the evening, when the French withdrew. Colonel Cameron was mortally wounded early in the day, when the command of the village devolved on Colonel Cadogan.

A renewal of the conflict the next morning was confidently looked for, and the intermediate time was employed by the British in throwing up some works in the upper village, and upon the position behind it; but Massena had had enough. He remained quiet throughout the 6th and 7th, and on the 8th withdrew altogether from the ground. On the 10th, the army of Portugal was again on the Spanish side of the Agueda. The loss of the British on this occasion was 1,234 *hors de combat*; 11 officers were killed, and 81 were wounded. The French are said to have had 5,000 men put *hors de combat*. In the village the opposing combatants often fought hand to hand. With that unblushing audacity which was wont to characterise the despatches of Napoleon and his marshals, this overwhelming defeat was designated in the "Moniteur" as a victory; although the object for which Massena fought, that of succouring the beleaguered city, was defeated, and his troops compelled to retire.

In calmly reviewing the varied fortunes of this long and sanguinary conflict, it is impossible, in weighing the merits of those commanding, not to award an immeasurable superiority to the talents of the British general. Obligated to abide a battle, and that too upon a field in no way favourable for an inferior force to sustain the assault of a superior enemy, Wellington's dispositions were masterly, and every arm he had was ably and usefully employed. Massena, on the other hand, displayed none of that military genius which had placed him foremost among Napoleon's lieutenants. He wasted his strength upon the village of Fuentes d'Onor; and with the key of the position in his possession, he allowed this advantage to remain profitless, when through Pozo Velho he could have poured his whole force upon the plateau, and overwhelmed the British right wing by mere numbers. The ground was favourable for cavalry to act efficiently, but the French marshal's magnificent dragoons were neither skil-

fully nor vigorously employed; and while they should have been deciding the fortune of the fight, they were trifling with the *partidas* of Julian Sanchez. Having indicated all the errors of the English general's position, the Prince of Essling stopped short at the very moment when he should have sprung forward. To whatever cause it may be ascribed, the movements of the French marshal throughout the 5th were marked by irregularity and delay; and his attacks upon opposite flanks, which, to have ensured success, should have been simultaneous, were made with a considerable interval between them. It seemed difficult to understand how the victor of Aspern could have failed so entirely before Fuentes d'Onor; but so it was.

The retreat of Massena was of course followed up by a closer blockade of Almeida, and as it was well known that the scanty supply of food within the walls was nearly exhausted, its capitulation was considered inevitable. The governor, Brennier, a man of tried gallantry and considerable military experience, had mined the works, and made every preparation to ruin, if necessary, the defences of the place. No succours arrived; but during the night of the 10th, a French soldier, who had managed to pass through the sentries and pickets of the Allied forces, presented himself before Brennier, with news of Massena's repulse, and an order from him to evacuate the fortress. Every precaution had been taken by Lord Wellington to ensure the capture of the garrison, but by the neglect or mismanagement of General Alexander Campbell, the French garrison, having fired all the trains, and destroyed all the bastions, were permitted to retire unmolested, the left face of the fortress and the bridge at Barba de Puerco having been allowed to remain unguarded. It was by such officers as this that the plans of the Commander-in-Chief were continually thwarted. Lord Wellington was greatly incensed at an occurrence so discreditable to all concerned; but the mischief was done, and expostulation useless. Brennier was attacked at the ridge, and lost some 300 men, but secured the escape of the main body of the garrison to the French camp. Lord Wellington now detached two divisions to Alemtejo, to reinforce Beresford; and learning, on the 16th, that Soult was in motion for Estremadura, he hastened thither. After Mas-

sena's manifold failures, he had nothing for it but to resign the command of the army in Portugal. Marshal Marmont was accordingly appointed his successor; and having recovered the garrison of Almeida, retired to Salamanca and placed his troops in cantonments.

So soon as the Spanish generals had given their assent to the plan of Lord Wellington, the bridges and communications on the Guadiana were restored, and Beresford invested Badajoz. On the 4th May, at early dawn, the columns of the second division, under General Stewart, occupied all the smaller eminences near Badajoz, on the left side of the river, and formed a regular investment of the place on that side. Upon the 8th, General Lumley approached Fort Christoval, on the right bank of the Guadiana, and formally shut in the garrison with a brigade of General Cole's division, a Portuguese battalion, and a body of Portuguese cavalry. On the night of the 8th of May, ground was broken against the detached works of Picurina and Pardaleras, and before Fort St. Christoval. The rocky character of the ground offered great impediments to the works, and the garrison kept up a heavy fire of shot, shells, and musketry, before the first gabion was placed; so that cover to work by daylight could only be secured for ten men, nor would the trench of support cover more than thirty. Marshal Beresford's resources for carrying on the siege, for want of the *matériel*, which had, as usual, failed him from the Portuguese government, were very inadequate, and the weakness of the numbers he could afford for the working and protecting parties, rendered the progress of the preliminary operations extremely slow. On the 10th, the garrison made a vigorous sally on the side of Fort Christoval, but were driven back by the besiegers. Unhappily the enemy were pursued so close to the walls that the Allied troops lost no fewer than 400 men, killed and wounded, without any necessity for such a sacrifice, or any good resulting from it. A battery was opened on the 11th, to breach Christoval, but was soon silenced by the fire from the place. On the 12th, intelligence reached Lord Beresford that Soult was in full march to relieve the place, and that his vanguard was already at Llerena. He had just opened his trenches, and 1,400 men had nearly covered themselves by midnight; but on the arrival of this news, the labours were suspended,

and preparations immediately made for raising the siege. On the night of the 13th, all the artillery was withdrawn from the batteries, the platforms taken up, and the splinter-proofs removed; and on the 14th every exertion was used to get the artillery and stores to the rear, and at night the fascines, gabions, and other materials that could not be moved, were burned, and the siege completely abandoned. At the moment the rear-guard withdrew, the garrison made a sortie, when a Portuguese battalion suffered severely. The entire loss during the operations was 100 killed and 630 wounded.

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## CHAPTER XI.

Battle of Albuera—Lord Wellington's opinion of it—Tremendous carnage, and heroic gallantry of the British Troops.

ON the 14th, the main body of the Allies moved upon Valverde, where it was concerted between Beresford and the Spanish generals, that they should unite their forces at Albuera, and offer battle. By the activity and admirable arrangements of Lord Beresford, the siege-artillery and stores were safely passed over the Guadiana, and the flying bridge withdrawn.

On the same evening Lord Wellington had left Villa Formosa, accompanied by a part of his staff, and, travelling without baggage or impediments of any description, arrived at Elvas before dark on the 19th. Various conflicting rumours had reached him on the way, some of which were sufficiently discouraging, but on arriving at Elvas, he had the satisfaction of receiving an account of one of the most obstinate and sanguinary actions in which British troops had ever been engaged, the battle of Albuera.

Never did the *matériel* and discipline of an army more completely compensate for its inferiority of numbers than that of the Duke of Dalmatia on this occasion. His corps was composed of the very *élite* of Napoleon's army. Though

his infantry was weaker by 8 or 10,000 than our own, they were all picked men. His cavalry was a third stronger, and his artillery more numerous and efficient. Beresford's force was a motley of three nations: he had 30,000 men in position, but not a fourth were British, and nearly one-half were Spaniards; nor were the latter brought up in time to be properly posted. Blake promised that his corps should be on the hill of Albuera before noon on the 15th; and with but a few miles to march, and excellent roads, his vanguard did not arrive on the field until midnight, whilst his rear did not present itself until three o'clock on the morning of the 16th. Three fine Portuguese regiments never made their appearance at all!

The village of Albuera is a street of mean houses, with a church, situated on a little river, from which it is named. This village is traversed by the high road leading from Seville to Badajoz; which, about two hundred yards to the right, crosses the river by a handsome bridge of stone. Immediately to the left of Albuera, and just below the rough and rising ground on which it stands, there is another bridge, of unhewn stone, old, narrow, and incommodious. The river, in summer, is not above knee-deep. Its banks, to the left of the old bridge, and directly in front of the village, are very abrupt and difficult; but to the right of the main bridge the passage of the stream is easy for all arms.\*

The position chosen by the Allied leaders was an undulating ridge, having the Albuera river in its front and the Arroya in its rear. The extreme extent might be four miles. A rivulet called the Ferdia unites itself immediately above the village with the Albuera; and the intermediate surface, and the whole country beyond the larger stream, is thickly, but dispersedly, covered with ilex trees, a species of wood sufficient to conceal the formation, but not to interrupt the movements of an army.

After a careful *reconnaissance* on the evening of the 15th, the Duke of Dalmatia selected the right of the Allies as the object for his greatest effort. Favoured by the darkness, he lodged Girard's corps, Rutý's artillery, and the cavalry of Latour Maubourg, in the wood; and when morning broke, a powerful force was already formed in close column, and

\* Sherer.

perfectly concealed, though within ten minutes' march of the Spanish line.

The enemy, on the morning of the 16th, did not long delay his attack. At eight o'clock he was observed to be in movement, and his cavalry was seen passing the rivulet of Albuera, considerably above our right; and shortly after, he marched out of the wood opposite to us a strong force of cavalry, and two heavy columns of infantry, pointing them to our front, as if to attack the village and bridge of Albuera. During this time, under cover of his vastly superior cavalry, he was filing the principal body of his infantry over the river beyond our right; and it was not long before his intention appeared to be to turn us by that flank, and to cut us off from Valverde.

On perceiving that the right was seriously menaced, Beresford had sent Colonel Hardinge to request that Blake would change his front. But the Spanish general doggedly insisted that the village was the true object of attack, and refused to correct his alignment. The marshal rode in person to the right; and as the French columns were now observed in rapid march, yielding to this evidence, Blake proceeded to make the evolution, yet with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction himself.

But before the change could be effected, the day might have been considered by Beresford as lost. "Two-thirds of the French were in compact order of battle on a line perpendicular to his right, and his army, disordered and composed of different nations, was still in the difficult act of changing its front. It was in vain that he endeavoured to form the Spanish line sufficiently in advance to give room for the 2nd division to support it; the French guns opened, their infantry threw out a heavy musketry, and their cavalry, out-flanking the front, and charging here and there, put the Spaniards in disorder at all points; in a short time the latter gave way, and Soult, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns, while his reserves also mounted the hill, and General Ruty placed all the batteries in position." \*

Seeing the desperate state of affairs, General William

\* Napier.

Stewart bravely, but rashly, endeavoured to restore the battle; and pushing his brigade up the hill, he mounted, for greater dispatch, by columns of companies. But as the regiments were endeavouring to open into line, each as it crowned the ridge in the loose order in which it had advanced, the French light cavalry, under cover of a heavy shower of rain, passed round the right flank of the brigade, and came in a thundering onset direct upon their rear. A sad slaughter ensued; and every regiment, except the 31st, which fortunately had not begun to deploy, was literally cut to pieces. The lancers galloped right and left, spearing men without mercy who could neither escape nor, from confusion and surprise, offer an effective resistance; while the Spaniards, regardless that their fire was falling fast upon the English ranks, kept up an unabating fusilade—but when ordered to advance, and succour men who were perishing through the brave but rash celerity with which they had rushed to their assistance, no power could move them forward. Happily the weather cleared; and the distressed brigade was observed by General Lumley, who rode at speed to the rescue. The British cavalry charged nobly. In turn, the lancers were taken in the rear; and numbers of these desperadoes fell beneath the sabres of the English horsemen.

The mist which had favoured this sanguinary charge, averted also, in a great degree, the fatal consequences it must have otherwise produced. Soult, from the obscurity of the weather, could not see the battle-field with sufficient clearness to allow him to push forward his infantry, and consummate the destruction of a brigade already half exterminated. The 31st regiment steadily maintained its ground—the British artillery came up—Houghton's brigade cleared the hill, and deployed in beautiful order—two Spanish regiments were brought forward, and the battle was restored.

Though for a moment checked, the French soon renewed their efforts to break the English line; but the British regiments stood with a stubborn gallantry that refused to yield an inch. On both sides, the batteries poured torrents of grape at half range, and the roar of musketry was incessant. Upon the close formation of the French, the storm descended with terrible violence—whole sections fell; but still these noble soldiers remained unshaken by this crushing fire; and their

reserves were coming rapidly up. A column appeared already moving round the right flank of the British; ammunition failed—their fusillade gradually became feebler—the lancers charged again, and a battery was taken. That moment was the crisis. To retreat was Beresford's first thought; orders were being issued to commence it, when Colonel Hardinge saw that the battle might yet be won—and, without having obtained the marshal's permission, he ordered the 4th division and a brigade of the 2nd to advance, and thus redeemed the fortunes of a day which all besides thought desperate.

In a few minutes more the remnant of the British must have abandoned the hill, or perished. The French reserve was on its march to assist the front column of the enemy, while with the Allies all was in confusion; and, as if the slaughter required increase, a Spanish and English regiment were firing in mutual error upon each other. Six guns were in possession of the French, and their lancers, riding furiously over the field, threatened the feeble remnant of the British still in line, and speared the wounded without mercy. At this fearful moment the boundless gallantry of British officers displayed itself; Colonel Arbuthnot, under the double musketry, rushed between the mistaken regiments, and stopped the firing; Cole pushed up the hill, scattered the lancers, recovered the guns, and passed the right of the skeleton of Houghton's brigade, at the same instant that Abercrombie appeared upon its left. Leaving the broken regiments in its rear, the fusileer brigade came forward with imposing gallantry, and boldly confronted the French, now reinforced by a part of its reserve, and who were, as they believed, coming forward to annihilate the few that had still survived the murderous contest. From the daring attitude of the fresh regiments, Soult perceived too late that the battle was not yet won; and, under a tremendous fire of artillery, he endeavoured to break up his close formation and open out his front. For a moment the storm of grape poured from Ruty's well-served artillery staggered the fusileers; but it was only for a moment. Though Soult rushed into the thickest of the fire, and encouraged and animated his men,—though the cavalry gathered on their flank, and threatened it with destruction



Painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson

Lynedoch  
Lieut.-Gen. Graham 1813



—on went those noble regiments; volley after volley falling into the crowded ranks of their enemy, and cheer after cheer pealing to heaven, in answer to the clamorous outcry of the French, as the boldest urged the others forward.

“Nothing could check the fusileers; they kept gradually advancing, while the incessant rolling of their musketry slaughtered the crowded sections of the French, and each moment embarrassed more and more Soult’s efforts to open out his encumbered line. The enemy’s reserve coming forward to support their comrades, was forced to the very edge of the plateau, and increased the crowd without remedying the disorder. The English volleys rolled on faster and more deadly than ever—a horrid carnage making all attempts to hold the hill vain, and thus uselessly increasing an unavailing slaughter. Unable to bear the withering fire, the shattered columns of the French were no longer able to sustain themselves,\*—the masses were driven over the ridge—and trampling each other down, the shattered column sought refuge at the bottom of the hill.

“On that bloody height stood the conquerors. From 1,500 muskets a parting volley fell upon the routed column as it hurried down the height. Where was the remainder of the proud array of England, which on that morning had exceeded 6,000 combatants?—Stretched coldly in the sleep of death, or bleeding on the battle-ground!”†

Thus terminated one of the bloodiest conflicts upon record: for Godinot, perceiving that Latour-Maubourg was repulsed by Lefebvre’s guns and a threatened charge from Lumley’s cavalry, abandoned his efforts against the left, and drew back from the village of Albuera. At nine o’clock the conflict commenced—at two it closed; and the French, under a heavy fire of artillery, retired their beaten infantry across the river, and left the field of battle to the conquerors.

\* “Few battles have ever given the contending powers so high an opinion of each other. The French exhibited the highest possible state of discipline that day: nothing could be more perfect than they were in all their movements; no general could have wished for more excellent instruments, and no soldiers were ever directed by more consummate skill. This was more than counterbalanced by the incomparable bravery of their opponents.”—*Southey*.

† Victories of the British Armies.

This battle was pronounced by Lord Wellington to be "one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the British troops of any that had been fought during the war." This triumph, however splendid it was, was dearly purchased by the Allies—their loss in killed and wounded amounting to 3,500 men, out of 7,000. The Spaniards lost 2,000; the Portuguese, 400; the Germans, 120. The enemy had two generals of division killed and five wounded; and their loss was 9,500 men. Both armies claimed a victory; but the title rested indubitably with the Allies. Soult was master of a howitzer, some stand of colours, and 500 prisoners, of whom the greater proportion rejoined their regiments within a fortnight.\* Beresford remained upon the battle-field, from which his assailants had been deforced, and his trophies were sad but certain attendants on success—the bodies of the slain, and numbers of maimed unfortunates, too badly wounded to bear removal.

Lord Beresford has been blamed for incurring so great a risk as this battle involved; but he was directed by Lord Wellington, if he should deem his strength sufficient, to fight a general battle; and his Lordship even indicated to him Albuera as the most central and advantageous place to concentrate his troops. Sir William Beresford had therefore but little choice in the matter. The French Marshal had many temptations to provoke a battle. His army was much better disciplined and served than that of the Allies. He had also to deal with the soldiers of three nations, under an untried general, and fancied he could beat him. He did not find out his mistake until the battle was over.

In the evening, after the termination of the battle, the Allies were reinforced by the British brigade of General Kemmis, which had been employed on the right bank of the Guadiana. The enemy remained in their old position until the 18th, when, destroying the contents of their tumbrils and ammunition-waggon to furnish means of transport for their wounded, they leisurely retired towards Andalusia, leaving behind them a great number of their wounded. Badajoz was reinvested by the Allies on the southern bank of the Guadiana, at daybreak on the 19th, on which day Lord Wellington arrived, and had an interview with General

\* Victories of the British Armies.

Beresford. He did not think it expedient to press the pursuit of the enemy, and was unwilling that the troops should be removed from Badajoz, the capture of which was his main object. On the 21st he rode over the field of battle. He is said to have regretted that it had been fought, looking at the cost of the triumph, and to have deplored that the precaution of strengthening the position by field-works had not been adopted. He made no remark, however, which could be considered a censure in the slightest degree on General Beresford.

In this battle the French are understood to have captured 500 unwounded prisoners, a howitzer, and several stands of colours. One of these banners, captured from a regiment almost exterminated in its defence, confers more honour in the loss than in the acquisition. Through many a hand the English colours passed, before a single stand was obtained by the assailants. Two were picked up upon the ground—for all immediately about them were dead or dying; and several, like those of the Buffs, were recovered, after signal heroism had been displayed in their defence. Ensign Thomas, who bore one of the flags, was surrounded, and asked to give it up. 'Not but with my life!' was his answer, and his life was the instant forfeit; but the standard thus taken was regained, and the manner in which it had been defended will not be forgotten when it shall be borne again to battle. Ensign Walsh, who carried the other colours, had the staff broken in his hand by a cannon ball, and fell severely wounded; but, more anxious about his precious charge than himself, he separated the flag from the shattered staff, and secured it in his bosom, from whence it was taken when his wounds were dressed after the battle.

There has been much discussion on the subject of this battle, and great difference of opinion as to whether it should or should not have been fought at all. Considerable blame has also been cast upon General Beresford for not having strengthened his position by works which might, and it is affirmed ought to, have been erected. It is easy to "sit by the fire" and direct how things should be done in the capitol. If there were any errors in the case, the error was nobly redeemed; and the unqualified opinion of his conduct expressed by Lord Wellington, ought to be allowed to com-

pensate for the ungenerous censure of which he has been the object. Major Sherer reminds his calumniators of his vast responsibility, of his knowledge that he was weak in cavalry, and of his well-founded mistrust of the Spanish troops. From the day of his arrival on the Guadiana he had met with many crosses and vexations, and his situation had been most trying. At the suggestion of Lord Wellington, Beresford followed the enemy with caution to Almandralejos, where he found an hospital of French wounded left to his protection. Upwards of 4,000 of their wounded had been removed. On the 25th, the cavalry of the Allies, under Lumley, had a skirmish with the enemy's horse, and dispersed it, sabring or capturing 200 men.

"Admirable," says Major Sherer, "as a second in command, skilful to organize a newly-raised army, a good aid in battle, and personally intrepid, the marshal with all this was not popular; and therefore, perhaps, it is that the censures of his conduct in this battle have been so constantly, and with so little abatement, reiterated. However, despite all censure, his name will go down to posterity associated for ever, and that too in the relation of commander, with those unconquerable soldiers who upheld the fame of England upon the bloody field of Albuera."

On the arrival of the 3rd and 7th divisions, the siege of Badajoz was actively resumed. Its investment had been commenced, on the left bank of the Guadiana, by General Hamilton, on the 19th. That on the right was effected on the 25th by the division under Major-General Houston; and on the 27th Picton forded the river above the fortress, and united the 3rd division with the Portuguese corps already before the place.

About this period public opinion in England as to the military policy of Lord Wellington, the continuance of our forces in the Peninsula, and the probable results of the struggle, appears to have undergone a very considerable change. In the Upper House of Parliament, Earl Grey had, with memorable candour, recanted the discouraging opinions he had formerly expressed. "Those," he said, "who looked forward to success at all periods of the campaign, were bound to acknowledge the valour and consummate skill of the commander; but that acknowledgment

was still more amply due from those who, like himself, did conceive the difficulties in which Lord Wellington was placed to be such as to threaten him and his army with the greatest danger, and greatly to diminish the hopes of a successful issue." Of the Whig members of the House of Commons, several who had been most remarkable for their hostility to Lord Wellington, and the continuance of an army in the Peninsula, now acknowledged their error, and made him the *amende honorable*. Indeed, Mr. Whitbread, with a manliness which did him honour, did not scruple to convey to him, by letter, his regret for the part he had taken in the matter; to which communication Lord Wellington responded in an equally praiseworthy spirit.

The experience of the Spanish general Blake, or at least his application of it, was little improved by the battle of Albuera. Hazarding another battle near Valencia, he was, of course, defeated by Suchet. He then shut himself up in Valencia, with his whole army; and there, in the beginning of January, 1812, capitulated with 18,000 soldiers, 23 general officers, and from 300 to 400 guns. It was the opinion of Lord Wellington, that if he had not fought that battle, Valencia would have been saved. During the year 1811, the French had achieved great successes over the unassisted Spaniards. Under Suchet they took Tarragona by storm, and butchered the unarmed population, without regard to either sex or age. The losses of the French had, however, been very large; and whilst they had been capturing and slaughtering in Catalonia, the gallant D'Eroles had, with a flying column, passed into France, ravaged a good part of Gascony, and returned back to his own mountains with corn, cattle, and money in abundance.

## CHAPTER XII.

Second Siege of Badajoz—Inadequate means of Lord Wellington for this Operation—Operations in Portugal—Difficulties of Marshals Soult and Marmont—Affair of El Bodon—The Allies in Cantonment at Frenada—Hill's Operations—Brilliant Affair of Arreyo Molinos—Services of the Guerillas—Defeat of Prince Eugene by Sarsfield—Siege and Surrender of Tarifa.

THE siege of Badajoz was now resumed in good earnest. It is impossible for us to follow out the operations of the Allies in the northern provinces of Spain. Our chief business is with the incidents more immediately connected with the military career of Lord Wellington. It is, however, justly remarked by Napier that "many of Wellington's proceedings would seem rash, if taken by themselves; others timid, if taken separately; yet viewed as parts of a plan for delivering the whole Peninsula, they will be found discreet or daring as circumstances warranted."

It was certainly a bold design, and might, to ordinary observers, appear to be but little removed from rashness, to attempt Badajoz a second time, limited as he was in every requisite for a siege, and far from being secure from very serious molestation. Notwithstanding the recent successes of our arms, it was little likely that Soult and Marmont would allow us to occupy a fortress of so much importance without a vigorous effort for its relief. Nor could a rapid reduction of the place be looked for with the insufficient *matériel* at our command: the siege-trains were miserably defective, and the bronze guns, originally bad, had been ruined, or rendered unserviceable, in the late battle; so much so, indeed, that the engineers reported that it would occupy eleven days to remount and place them in battery, whilst a force quite sufficient to arrest all operations could easily reach the Alemtejo from Salamanca by the passes of Banos or Gata: the Tagus was fordable at Alcantara.

The plan adopted by Lord Wellington was similar to that pursued by Marshal Beresford, but the means of aggression

were increased. Both San Christoval and the Castle were to be attacked simultaneously; San Christoval by twelve 24-pounders, four 16-pounders, two 10-inch howitzers, four 8-inch ditto, and four brass 24-pounders in reserve:—the Castle by fourteen 24-pounders, four 8-inch howitzers, and two 10-inch ditto.

The 24-pounders were supplied with 600 rounds a gun; the 16-pounders with 300; the 8-inch howitzers with 350 shells each; and the 10-inch with 200. The wheels of the howitzers were taken off, and the carriages placed on the ground, so as to fire at an elevation of thirty degrees, in place of mortars. Since the last operation, a convoy of stores had arrived at Elvas from Alcacer de Sol; and there were now conveyed to depôts, close to the two attacks, 3,500 entrenching tools, 60,000 sand-bags, 600 gabions, 600 fascines, a liberal supply of splinter-proof timber, platforms and plank, and all the carpenters' and miners' tools and small stores received from Lisbon.\*

The batteries opened on the 3rd of June. On the 6th, San Christoval was assaulted, without success. On the 9th, two breaches having been declared practicable, the attempt was resumed with no better fortune. Ensign Dyas again led the service, and the storming party arrived at the foot of the breach; but they found it impossible to mount it, the enemy having again cleared the rubbish from the bottom of the escarp. The detachment suffered considerably, and Major M'Geechy, the commanding officer, was unfortunately killed, and others of the officers fell; but the troops continued to maintain their station till Major-General Houston ordered them to retire.

Every one who succeeded in reaching the parapet was instantly bayoneted down; and the garrison, after a little while, mounting on the parapet, upset the ladders. At this time the two assaulting columns were completely mixed together, and united in many strenuous endeavours to replace the ladders at various points of the front: but the enormous quantity of large shells, hand-grenades, bags of powder, and combustibles, which the garrison threw into the ditch, rendered their perseverance and gallantry unavailing; and after braving destruction till 10 P.M., and having 40 men killed

\* Jones' Sieges.

and 100 wounded, the remainder of the assaulting party was ordered to retire.

So wretched was the ordnance employed on this occasion, that eighteen brass guns were disabled by their own fire; and, although an incessant storm was kept up from the 2nd to the 10th instant, from fourteen 24-pounders, on a wall constructed of rammed earth and loose stones, it had not effected a practicable breach. The interception of a despatch from the Duke of Dalmatia to the Duke of Ragusa, which pointed out clearly the enemy's design to assemble in Estremadura their whole force, rendered it imperative that the siege should be raised. Had the siege been continued for two days longer, Elvas would have been left bare of ammunition, and with regard to provisions, its garrison had not supplies left for a fortnight. Although the siege was raised, the blockade continued. The loss of the besiegers in killed and wounded during the whole operations amounted to 500 men. This failure ought not to have created great disappointment, since the besiegers were obviously destitute of the most ordinary means and appliances for the task. Why it should have been attempted under such discouraging circumstances, it is difficult for ordinary observers to understand. Even the rapid approach of Soult and Marmont might fairly have been calculated upon. It seems to have been the opinion of military men that it was the least of two evils, and that had the besieging force been properly supplied, success would have rewarded the enterprise.

The British divisions left the north of Portugal, under the command of Sir Brent Spencer, and were led south by that officer, as directed by Lord Wellington, so soon as Marmont had put himself in motion for the Tagus, and marched to the Guadiana *viâ* Alemtejo. Soult having been reinforced by 8000 men, under Drouet, advanced to Merida on the 18th, and established communications with Marmont. Sir Rowland Hill's corps retired from Almandralejos, on the day on which the siege of Badajoz was raised; and bivouacked on the 14th and 15th in the position of Albuera. Here Wellington had taken post to cover Badajoz, and check Soult, had he ventured to advance. Passing over minor operations, we may mention that the combined force under Marmont and Soult mustered 62,000 infantry and

8000 horse, while that of Wellington did not exceed 55,000, of whom only 3,500 were cavalry. In spite of this disparity, he resolved to fight a battle upon the frontier, and with this view, and having reached Campo-Mayor, strengthened his position by field-works and batteries. Sir Rowland Hill was on the right, at Torre de Moro; Picton on the left, behind Campo-Mayor, and Spencer in reserve. The British headquarters were at Vincente. A *reconnaissance* by Soult and Marmont, on the 22nd, induced the expectation of an early attack. He managed, however, to keep his masses out of sight, and thus prevent them from disclosing his dispositions. On the morning of the *reconnaissance* the French commanders detached a strong cavalry force across the Guadiana towards Elvas. Sixty men and three officers were cut off and made prisoners, in consequence of having mistaken French for Portuguese dragoons. Similar mistakes were often made, owing to the rage of the Portuguese for imitating the costume of the French soldier. The two Marshals remained in concert for nearly a month; so long, indeed, as they could obtain subsistence for their men and horses. At length, supplies failing them, they retired from Estremadura; Soult marching northward, and Marmont falling back upon Seville. On this movement being ascertained, Lord Wellington changed his quarters, first to Portalegre, and afterwards to Fuente Guinaldo. Hill, with his corps of 14,000 men, was left at Alentejo. Between the 19th July and the end of September, 50,000 men had been sent from France to reinforce the French armies in Spain. These were for the most part veteran troops, and included 9000 cavalry. The position of the Allies at Guinaldo was strengthened, and the different divisions so posted as to admit of easy concentration. On the right bank of the Agueda, the Light Division guarded the Sierra de Gata, whilst Picton held the more advanced position of El Bodon. Marmont did not remain long at Salamanca and its neighbourhood, but, leaving there a weak garrison, marched into the valley of the Tagus. At the same time Dorsenne advanced in force upon Astorga, and compelled the Spanish army in Galicia to seek refuge in the strong defile of Villa Franca. These movements, and the feeble defences of Salamanca, were intended to seduce Wellington into an advance

upon that city. But he was too wary to swallow the bait. His sole object was the recovery of Ciudad Rodrigo. From the moment that he had raised the siege of Badajoz, he had sent his battering train and stores from the Tagus to the Douro; and he watched that fortress with careful attention. Its situation was four marches from the ordinary cantonments of the French at Salamanca, and the intermediate country did not admit of their being cantoned nearer. Neither could it subsist a large force for any length of time. Thus the French garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo could only be supplied by convoys from the army of Portugal; and whilst the Allies were in the neighbourhood these convoys would require an army for their escort. The French dared not, therefore, employ forces on distant services, for fear Ciudad Rodrigo should be suddenly besieged, and if they would not lose it by blockade, they must soon re-victual it. With this view they collected every battalion and squadron that could be mustered for the field. On the 22nd September, Mar-mont, Count Dorsenne, and Souham had united their forces, which now amounted to upwards of 60,000 men, and 6000 cavalry. To this army the Allies had only 40,000 men to oppose, and of these, including the Portuguese, not 4000 were horse. Wellington felt, consequently, constrained to withdraw all his detachments from the plain of Ciudad Rodrigo. Determining to retain his cantonments, however, the position of Guinaldo was strengthened by field-works, whilst the different divisions were posted so as to admit of easy concentration.

The position was too extended to be strong; and as the fords of the Agueda were often rendered impassable by sudden rains, its communications were liable to interruption. The heights of El Bodon and Pastores were on either side, encircled by plains partially wooded, and reaching from Rodrigo to the Coa. Hence the position was insecure.

On the 23rd the French advanced from Tamames, and reconnoitred the British position; and the next day pushed a convoy into Badajoz, protected by four divisions of infantry and 6,000 cavalry. On the 25th, the English pickets were driven in, across the Azava, whilst, crossing the Agueda in great force, Montbrun moved directly on Guinaldo, and turned the heights on which Picton's division had been posted.

So soon as Lord Wellington had authentic intelligence of the movements of the enemy, he brought up his divisions from their cantonments between Guinaldo and the Tagua, and posted them as follows:—The Light Division near Martiágo, on the enemy's side of the Agueda; the 5th at Payo, watching the Pass of Perales; the 4th, under General Cole, at Guinaldo; and the 3rd, under Picton, on the heights of El Bodon, having an advanced guard in the Pastores. The Lower Agueda was observed by Carlos d'España, with whom was Julian Sanchez. The cavalry took post on the Upper Azava. Lieutenant-General Graham, who had just joined the army from Cadiz, and who, from his seniority, became second in command, assumed the direction of the left wing. The motive assigned by Lord Wellington for this wide extension of his force, was, to enable him to ascertain precisely the amount of Marmont's army, and thus to prevent the relief of Rodrigo, save by a force superior to his own. The position of Guinaldo, however, which was intrenched, was indicated as the point of concentration for the troops if pressed by the enemy.

On the morning of the 25th of September, the French advanced upon the position of El Bodon, with thirty squadrons of horse, and a heavy column of infantry. On the left, and in advance of El Bodon, were posted the 5th and 77th regiments, mustering between them not more than 700 bayonets. The height on which they were drawn up commanded the road from Ciudad Rodrigo to Guinaldo, by which the enemy were advancing. Upon its crest, in front of the two battalions, was a brigade of Portuguese artillery, supported by a few troops of the 1st German Hussars, and the 11th Light Dragoons. A ravine ran in front of this Portuguese battery within point-blank distance; the ground on the heights, and on the face of the ascent, was rugged, but nevertheless practicable for horse. Montbrun led his cavalry in ardent haste, and came on the position long before the French infantry could reach it. Ten of his squadrons spurred across the ravine, and pressing forward under a heavy and destructive fire of grape and canister from the Portuguese artillery under Arentschild, took the battery, cutting down the Portuguese at their guns. At this moment, the weak battalion of infantry, composed of the remnants of

the 5th and 77th regiments, came steadily up to them in line, firing as they advanced. When close up to them, they charged, bayonet in hand, retook the guns, and drove the enemy off, sending a volley after them as they fled. These regiments, or rather skeletons of regiments, taking with them the guns, retired across the open plain, in the presence of all the French cavalry. Montbrun rode furiously at them, his gallant cavalry attacking three sides of their square, but was again and again repulsed. Between each repulse the march was resumed; and they retired with the greatest regularity. Having effected their junction with the 83rd British, and 9th and 21st Portuguese, the retreat was continued, under the command of General Colville, in the finest order. A large body of French dragoons still covered the plain, and during this portion of the operations, Lord Wellington had a narrow escape from being captured, in the confusion occasioned by the perplexing resemblance of the English and French cavalry uniforms. The right brigade of the 3rd division, composed of the 45th, 74th, and 88th, had a more protected line of retreat, much of its road lying among vineyards and open ground, but having cleared these covers, it came out upon a wide open flat, and had to march six miles, accompanied the whole way by the enemy's cavalry. General Picton conducted his division on this trying occasion with the imperturbable courage which was his character in the field. The left wing of the army was by this time concentrated at Nava de Aver, and Lord Wellington would have retired to a position previously selected on the Coa, had he not been compelled to await the arrival of the Light Division, under Craufurd, which had taken a circuitous route, to keep clear of the enemy. When Picton's division reached Guinaldo, it was halted, and the enemy took up ground in front. The position of the British was a lofty ridge. The Agueda flowed past the right; the left was about three miles from the right, and was bounded by the extremity of the ridge, which there terminated abruptly. Only two divisions occupied this position—those of Picton and Cole. Lord Wellington's temporary object had been gained; the whole French army had been brought forward and shown, and was in front. He now issued orders for the

troops to retire further, to a battle-position of great strength, already selected on the Coa. But his intention was frustrated by the non-arrival of General Craufurd, who did not receive his order in time .

On the morning of the 26th, Marmont assembled 35,000 infantry, including twenty-two battalions of the Imperial Guard, and his numerous and superb cavalry, in front of the position. Lord Wellington formed his own weak divisions for battle, and determined to stand fast; whilst the French marshal, in ignorance of his opponent's circumstances, delayed his attack until he had leisurely reviewed his army. Meanwhile the British soldiers piled their arms, and Lord Wellington sat down on the ground, to await the Duke of Ragusa's pleasure! During the valuable time thus lost, the Light Division, under Craufurd, had passed the Agueda, and joined the main army. At night Wellington withdrew the troops, and marched upon Alfarates. Before sunset on the 26th, the infantry of Marmont were augmented to 60,000, with 120 pieces of artillery. On the 27th, two of the French columns attacked the British rear-guard at Aldea-de-Ponte. They carried the village twice, and were twice driven out again by Cole's troops. The same night the Allies entered the position selected on the Coa, near Sabugal, and the next morning Lord Wellington offered the enemy battle. Marmont, however, declined the challenge, and retired. Count Dorsenne returned to the north; the Army of Portugal moved a part to Salamanca, and a part, by the Puerto de Banos, to the valley of the Tagus. The Allies now went into good cantonments, and head-quarters were fixed for a season at Frenada.

Whilst these dispositions were being made in the north, the force under General Hill was covering the Alemtejo. He managed, moreover, to keep an eye not only on Badajoz, but on the whole province of Estremadura. Aided by the vicinity of Hill's troops, Castaños had established himself at Cáceres, and was endeavouring to recruit and re-organize the exhausted battalions of the Estremaduran army. With a view to disturb this arrangement, Soult sent General Girard, with 5,000 men, to drive away his levies, sieze upon all supplies, and intimidate the peasantry. Girard crossed the Guadiana at Merida in pursuance of these instructions, but

no sooner had Hill reported to Lord Wellington the presence of this troublesome agitator, than he was ordered to advance, and drive him away. Hill marched with a portion of his force from Portalegre on the 22nd of October, and having followed him to Arreyo Molinos, and stolen upon him un-awares, so managed as, without alarming him, to intercept all the issues from the place towards the Guadiana, and placing him between two divisions of the Allied force, scared them into breaking their ranks and rushing helter-skelter towards the Sierra de Montanches, up whose steep acclivity they attempted to scramble in crowds. The British troops pursued them, and the 34th regiment became mingled with the fugitives, the greater part of whom threw down their arms and surrendered. Girard, with a small remnant of his troops, escaped across the mountains to Serena. The enemy left 1,500 prisoners, all their baggage, and three guns, in the hands of the victors. Among the prisoners were General Brun, Colonel the Prince d'Aremberg, and a chief of the staff. The first brigade of Girard's division, having marched earlier, escaped the fate of the others. Lord Wellington was greatly pleased with this achievement, and applied to the Prince Regent for some recompense for General Hill, on whom the knighthood of the Bath was soon afterwards conferred. The loss of the British in the affair of Arreyo Molinos did not exceed 64.

All the efforts of the French to maintain themselves in Portugal had failed miserably, although they had embarked in these efforts upwards of 100,000 of their choicest troops. When it is remembered that at no period in 1810 did the British army number 26,000 men, and that in 1811 they never exceeded 34,000—sensibly reduced after the battles of Fuentes d'Onor and Albuera—some notion may be formed of the genius, judgment, and valour of the chief who, with such materials, against so overwhelming a foe, continued to master him on every occasion. The French force in Spain, though largely drained for the army of Portugal, did not fall short of 150,000 men.

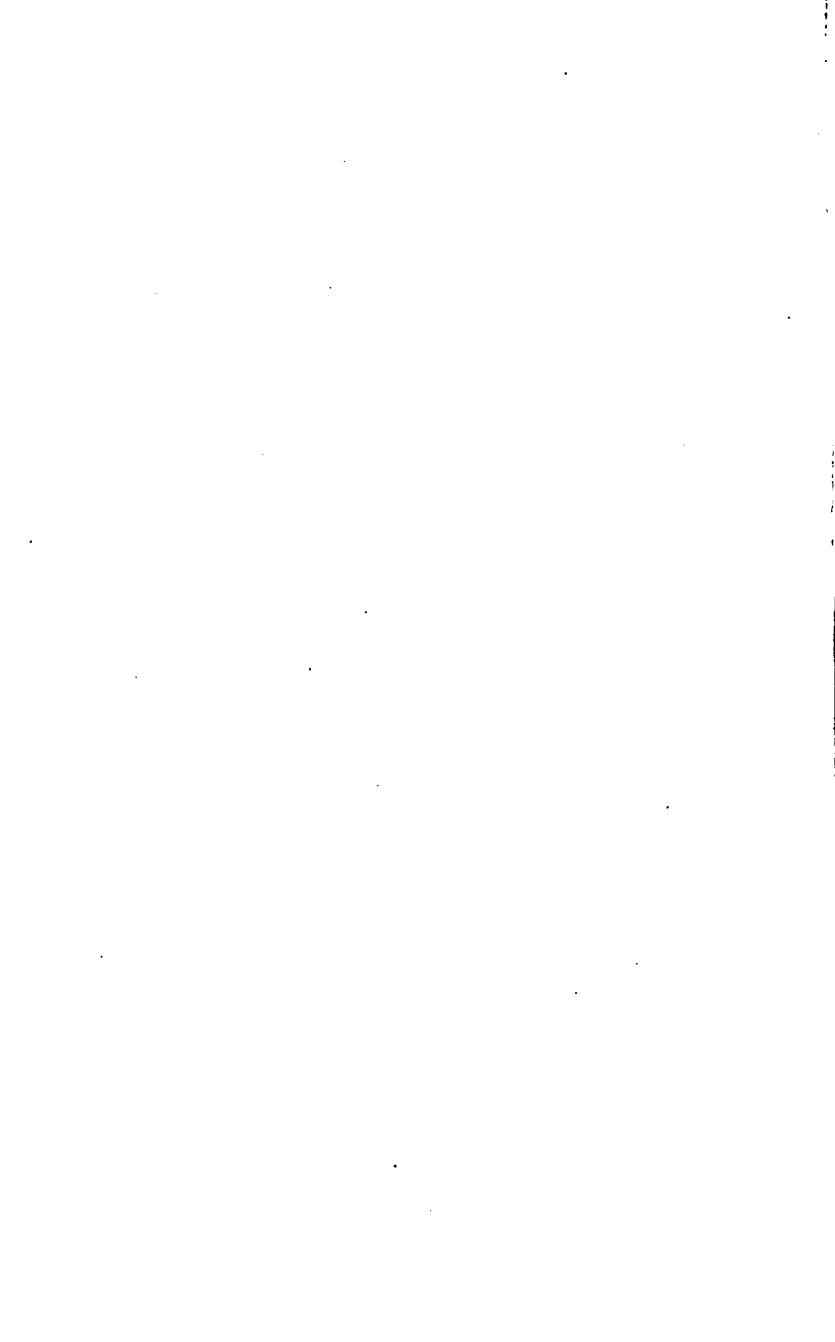
The great increase of the guerilla bands was becoming an important aid to the Allied forces. These bodies kept up a severe and incessant warfare on the weak divisions and posts and detachments of the enemy. The French never knew



Designed by G. B. Carpenter.

*Portrait of the French from Struys de Molinart.*

Engraved by T. F. Williams.



when to look for them; and they flew about with such expedition that they appeared to be almost ubiquitous. South of the Ebro, in the autumn of 1811, there were not fewer than 10,000 guerillas, while to the north of that river, Mina and Longa headed corps of from 5,000 to 6,000 men. The extent to which Mina annoyed and irritated the French may be gathered from the fact that they insisted on hanging or shooting every officer or soldier of his corps that fell into their hands, and set a price upon his head. In the Asturias, Portier, called El Marquiseto, surprised the regular garrison of Santander. The famous Juan Martin el Empecinado was continually descending from the Guadalajara mountains, and spreading terror among the French garrisons. In one march he surprised and captured three battalions in Calatayud. The invading king dared not sleep beyond the gates of Madrid. Don Juan Sanchez was no less vigilant an ally, and was continually surprising and capturing bodies of prisoners. On one occasion, he drove away the cattle from under the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo—capturing and carrying off the French garrison, who had sallied out to chastise him. Every province in Spain had its favourite guerilla chief, who performed prodigies of valour. A few of the chieftains mustered 500 men; but they mostly acted in bands of from 40 to 50. They inflicted great evils upon the French, as, beside being extremely bold, they were far more active and independent than regular troops; and they were enabled to render great service to the Allies. No convoy of grain or provisions could move without a strong detachment for its protection; and the escort of every courier was never less than 250 men, always equipped and ready for battle.

One of those brilliant affairs, "few and far between," which shed a passing gleam of glory on the Spanish arms, was the defeat by General Sarsfield, with 6,000 Spaniards, of Prince Eugene and a brigade of French horse. Prince Eugene was slain, and his division driven away. In the south, Ballasteros had been successful in some affairs with French detachments; and the people of the Ronda were up in arms. Godinot was accordingly dispatched by Soult with a division against Ballasteros, who saved himself by a retreat under the guns of Gibraltar, where he remained till the danger was over. He then issued forth, and falling suddenly on

Barnos, surprised and routed, with some loss, a body of 2,000 men, under General Semele. Godinot, mortified at his failure, shot himself on his return to Seville.

About this juncture, strong detachments of British and Spanish troops had been sent from Gibraltar and Cadiz, to occupy Tarifa; and 10,000 men, under General Laval, were sent to reduce it. Though a walled town, Tarifa had no pretensions to be called a fortress, being totally unprovided with ditches or any description of outwork. It stands at the mouth of a ravine opening to the sea, which washes its south; on the remaining side a low sandy tongue stretches nearly half a mile into the sea, the extreme point of which is connected by a narrow causeway and bridge, with a flat rocky island, containing some barracks. A battery, occupying the summit of a sandhill, midway betwixt the town and island, protected the communication along the sea-beach. Colonel Copens commanded the Spanish, and Colonel Skerrett the British troops; and in spite of the formidable character of the force sent against it, determined to defend the place. The enemy appeared before the town the latter end of December, and, forty-eight hours afterwards, their batteries had opened and breached the east wall. On the last day of the year, 2,000 men advanced to the assault. The garrison, consisting of 1,200 British, and 900 Spanish troops, were full of ardour, and disputed for the post of danger—the breach—the defence of which fell to the 87th regiment. The assailants were driven off with heavy loss, 200 bodies having been left within short musket-range of the walls. After this signal failure, Laval, burying his guns, hastily retired towards Seville. On the 4th of May, Suchet invested Tarragona, the last stronghold of the Catalans, with 20,000 infantry, and 2,000 horse. The works of the lower town were stormed and carried, through two practicable breaches, on the 21st June. In this assault, the French soldiers gave no quarter, and more than 2,000 Spaniards fell beneath their bayonets. The upper works were now the last resource of the Spaniards; and batteries to breach them were formed by the besiegers; but before they were completed, a British force, 2,000 strong, reinforced the place from Cadiz. Colonel Skerrett, who commanded this succour, reported that the front of the works must inevitably be

demolished by the first fire. The governor did not, therefore, wish him to land his troops, as he meant to abandon the place, and attempt to force his way through the enemy with the 7,000 regulars that yet remained to him. Unhappily, his design became known to the inhabitants, and was treacherously conveyed to Suchet; and arrangements were made to defeat it. The batteries opened on the 28th of June, and in a few hours the place was in the hands of the besiegers, who butchered many thousands of the hapless inhabitants in the streets. Crowds of fugitives hurried to the sea-side, and many of them were rescued by the boats of the British squadron; but these formed but a small proportion to the number massacred. According to the official report of the monster Suchet, who directed the atrocity, 4,000 men were slaughtered in the streets; from 10,000 to 12,000 attempted to save themselves by getting over the walls, of whom 1,000 were sabred or drowned; and he made 10,000 prisoners, including 500 officers and 1,500 wounded in the hospitals. A fouler deed the annals of warfare can scarcely supply.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### Siege and Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo—Preparations for the Investment of Badajoz.

LORD WELLINGTON had been long contemplating an attack on Ciudad Rodrigo. A close blockade, in consequence of the exhausted state of the neighbouring country, was consequently decided on. The first preliminary step was to put Almeida in a state of defence; and within its walls were deposited the battering-train and stores brought up the Douro, which had been rendered navigable by Lord Wellington as high up as the confluence of the Agueda. Marmont had, fortunately, no idea of the British general's plans, or he would not have allowed him an undisturbed winter to mature them. Under the full impression that he contemplated no movement for some time to come, he had detached three divisions

of infantry and a body of horse from his own army, into Valencia, and had directed Dorsenne to send two divisions of his corps into the Asturias, against the guerillas of the Montana. He could not, therefore, assemble a force sufficiently strong to interrupt the siege, for some weeks.

The general appearance of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the country immediately around the works, has been already described. Since the French, however, had obtained possession of the place, they had made very judicious additions to its defences. Three convents, situated in the centre and on either flank of the suburbs, had been fortified, while that of Santa Cruz, at the north-west angle of the glacis, had been converted into an infantry post. A small redoubt had been also erected on the upper Teson, supported by the fire of the convent of San Francisco, from which it was distant about 400 yards; and this redoubt completely secured the northern front of Rodrigo from being assailed.

The plan of the attack was to storm this redoubt on the first night, and establish a lodgement near it, with a good communication from the rear. On the succeeding night, the lodgement was to be extended to the right to form a parallel, and in front of the parallel to commence batteries for thirty-three pieces of ordnance, to ruin the defences. As soon as these batteries should be finished, to work forward under the protection of their fire to the lower Teson, and there erect a battery to breach the main and fausse-braie walls, and during the time of that operation to sap up to the glacis, and blow in the counterscarp.

To avoid the loss attendant upon forcing such retrenchments as the garrison might make behind the main breach, it was determined to attempt to form another opening in the scarp wall, just before the conclusion of the attack, by unexpectedly bringing a heavy fire on a small projecting tower seen to its base over the fausse-braie, and represented to be excessively weak and bad, and requiring but little battering to bring it down. A battery for seven guns to be prepared for that purpose, and the guns to be taken from the first batteries, when it should be deemed the proper moment.

Although the fords of the Agueda permitted the divisions to cross the river both above and below the town, yet the

sudden rises to which the stream is liable in winter, alarmed Lord Wellington; and to guard against all chances of his communications being interrupted by sudden floods, he laid down a trestle-bridge at the ford of Marialva, six miles below the town.

On the 8th of January, the Light Division forded the river at La Caridad, and formed the investment; and the engineers' stores were brought across the Agueda by the bridge, and parked 1,800 yards from the fortress. During the day everything was kept as quiet as possible, and an equal examination made of every side of the town, so as to prevent any suspicion of an immediate effort being intended, or betray to the garrison the point about to be attacked.

At eight o'clock that evening the redoubt upon the upper Teson was carried by assault. The affair was gallantly effected by three companies of the 52nd, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne, and conducted by Lieutenant Thomson. The loss was trifling, and the possession of the work was found of immediate value. From the lodgement, a distinct view was obtained of the defences of the place and of the intervening ground, and the commanding engineer was enabled to decide on the best trace for the parallel and the best sites for the batteries, and at dusk he picketed them out.

Intelligence in the mean time had been received, that induced Lord Wellington to alter this system of attack. Marmont was collecting his detached divisions, and his avowed object being the relief of the place, Wellington determined to prevent it by storming Rodrigo, without waiting to blow in the counterscarp—"in other words, to overstep the rules of science, and sacrifice life rather than time; for such was the capricious nature of the Agueda, that in one night a flood might enable a small French force to relieve the place." \*

The sortie, added to the opening and lining of the embrasures, which the death of the acting engineer had embarrassed, delayed the breaching batteries from commencing their fire until half-past four in the afternoon. Then twenty-seven heavy guns opened; they were promptly answered by every piece of artillery which the garrison could

\* Napier.

bring to bear; and the united fire produced an effect more strikingly magnificent than it has been the ordinary good fortune of a British soldier to witness.

"The evening," says Lord Londonderry, "chanced to be remarkably beautiful and still; there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of wind astir, when suddenly the roar of artillery broke in upon its calmness, and volumes of smoke rose slowly from our batteries. These, floating gently towards the town, soon enveloped the lower parts of the hill, and even the ramparts and bastions, in a dense veil; whilst the towers and summits, lifting their heads over the haze, showed like fairy buildings, or those unsubstantial castles which are sometimes seen in the clouds on a summer's day. The flashes from our guns, answered as they promptly were from the artillery in the place, the roar of their thunder reverberating among the remote mountains of the Sierra de Francisca; these, with the rattle of the balls against the masonry, and the occasional crash as portions of the wall gave way, proved, altogether, a scene which, to be rightly understood, must be experienced."

To the 19th, with the usual incidents that attend a siege, the besiegers continued to breach, and the garrison to offer the boldest and most scientific opposition. The irresistible fire of the British guns had gradually ruined that portion of the works against which its violence was directed. The convent of San Francisco had been already taken with little resistance by the 40th regiment, the breaches rendered practicable, and a summons sent to the governor and declined. A personal examination of the breaches confirmed Lord Wellington's previous opinion, that the assault might be given with success; and directing the fire of the breaching batteries to be turned against the guns upon the ramparts, he seated himself upon the reverse of an advanced approach, and wrote out an order of assault to be made at seven o'clock.

The coolness with which, seated on the embankment of a field-work, undisturbed by the roar of his own artillery, or the responding thunder from the batteries of the fortress, Lord Wellington penned the plan of the assault, was, indeed, characteristic of the man. That memorandum sealed the fate of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Early in the day the order of attack had been issued by Lord Wellington; and the officers to whom the conduct of the assault was to be entrusted, had thus ample time allowed them to become perfectly apprized of the duties which they had respectively to perform. To many the day appeared interminably long, and some passed the tedious hours in real or affected merriment; but others in the performance of a more sacred duty—that of conveying to wives or relatives what might prove the last expressions of an undying regard.

To the third and light divisions, whose turns of duties fell upon the 19th, the assault was confided by Lord Wellington; and they marched from their cantonments to the more immediate vicinity of the trenches. A few minutes after six o'clock, the third moved to the rear of the first parallel, two gun-shots from the main breach, while the Light Division formed behind a convent, three hundred yards in front of the smaller one. Darkness came on,—and with it the order to “Stand to arms.” With calm determination, the soldiers of the third division heard their commanding-officer announce the main breach as the object of attack, and every man prepared himself promptly for the desperate struggle. Off went the packs,—the stocks were unbuckled,—the cartouch-box arranged to meet the hand more readily, flints were screwed home,—every one, after his individual fancy, fitting himself for action. The companies were carefully told off,—the serjeants called the rolls,—and not a man was missing!\*

Though the interval from the time when the storming parties entered the trenches, until they moved forward to the assault, was brief, it was a period of most intense anxiety and excitement; and accidental circumstances tended to deepen those impressions, which coming events could not have failed to produce. “The evening was calm and tranquil, and the moon, in her first quarter, shed over the scene a feeble light, which, without disclosing the shape or form of particular objects, rendered their rude outline distinctly visible. There stood the fortress, a confused mass of masonry, with its breaches like shadows cast upon the wall; whilst not a gun was fired from it, and all within was as still and motionless as if it were already a ruin, or its in-

\* Victories of the British Armies.

habitants were buried in sleep. On our side, again, the trenches crowded with armed men, among whom not so much as a whisper might be heard, presented no unapt resemblance to a dark thunder-cloud, or to a volcano in that state of tremendous quiet which usually precedes its most violent eruptions."\*

The bell from the tower of the cathedral tolled seven; and, in obedience to previous orders, the troops marched rapidly, but silently, to the assault. The third division, preceded by its storming party under Major Manners, a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Mackie, and accompanied by a body of sappers with hay-bags and ladders, made directly for the greater breach; while the Light Division, led by Major George Napier, with 300 volunteers, and a forlorn-hope under Lieutenant Gurwood, were directed against the lesser one.† A Portuguese brigade, commanded by General Pack, were to alarm the fortress on the opposite side, and threaten to escalate at the gate of St. Jago; and, should circumstances warrant the attempt, convert a false attack into a real one.

No piece of clock-work, however nicely arranged, could obey the will of its maker more accurately than the different columns obeyed that night the wishes of their chief; and his orders were, in consequence, executed at every point with the same precision and regularity as if he had been manœuvring so many battalions upon parade.‡ For a few moments, the heavy tramp of many men put simultaneously into motion, alone broke upon the solemn stillness of the evening. But, suddenly, a shout upon the right of the line nearest the bridge was heard; it was taken up along the whole line of attack,—a spattering of musketry succeeded—

\* Lord Londonderry's Narrative.

† The larger breach, exposing a shattered front of more than one hundred feet, had been carefully mined; the base of the wall strewn with shells and grenades, and the top, where troops might escalate, similarly defended. Behind, a deep retrenchment was cut to insulate the broken rampart, in the event of its being carried by storm. The lesser breach was narrow at the top, exceedingly steep, with a four-and-twenty pounder turned sideways, that blocked the passage up, except an opening between the muzzle and the wall, by which two files might enter.

‡ Lord Londonderry's Narrative.

the storming parties rushed forward to the breaches,—and every gun upon the ramparts that would bear opened with one tremendous crash, and told that the garrison were prepared for the assault and ready to repel it.

At the first alarm, the storming party of the third division advanced, and descended the ditch. At the bottom, a range of heavy shells had been placed with continued fuses; but, hurried by the suddenness of the attack, the French prematurely fired them, and their fury had fortunately expended itself before the assailants were close enough to suffer from a murderous explosion.

“General M’Kinnon’s brigade instantly pushed up the breach, in conjunction with the 5th and 94th regiments, which arrived at the same moment along the ditch from their right. The men mounted in a most gallant manner against an equally gallant resistance; and it was not till after a sharp struggle of some minutes that the bayonets of the assailants prevailed, and gained them a footing on the summit of the rampart. The defenders then concentrated behind the retrenchment, which they obstinately maintained, and a second severe struggle commenced.”\* The lesser breach was, at the same time, assaulted with equal intrepidity, but more decided success. The darkness of the ditch occasioned a momentary confusion, which the fall of the leading officers increased; while the ardour of the light troops brought so many to the breach, that they choked its narrow aperture with their numbers. For a moment the assailants recoiled, but it was only to return more resolutely to the onset. A cheer was heard above the thunder of artillery,—up rushed the stormers,—the breach was gained,—the supporting regiments mounted in sections, formed on the rampart, the 52nd wheeling to the left, the 43rd to the right,—and that success alone would have decided the fate of Rodrigo.

Although the greater breach had been carried by the first rush, isolated by a rampart 12 feet deep in front, re-trenched on either flank, and swept by the fire of a field-piece and musketry from the houses which overlooked and enfiladed it, the progress of the storming party was arrested, and men and officers fell fast. At this trying moment, the gallantry of an adventurous individual opened the gates of success.

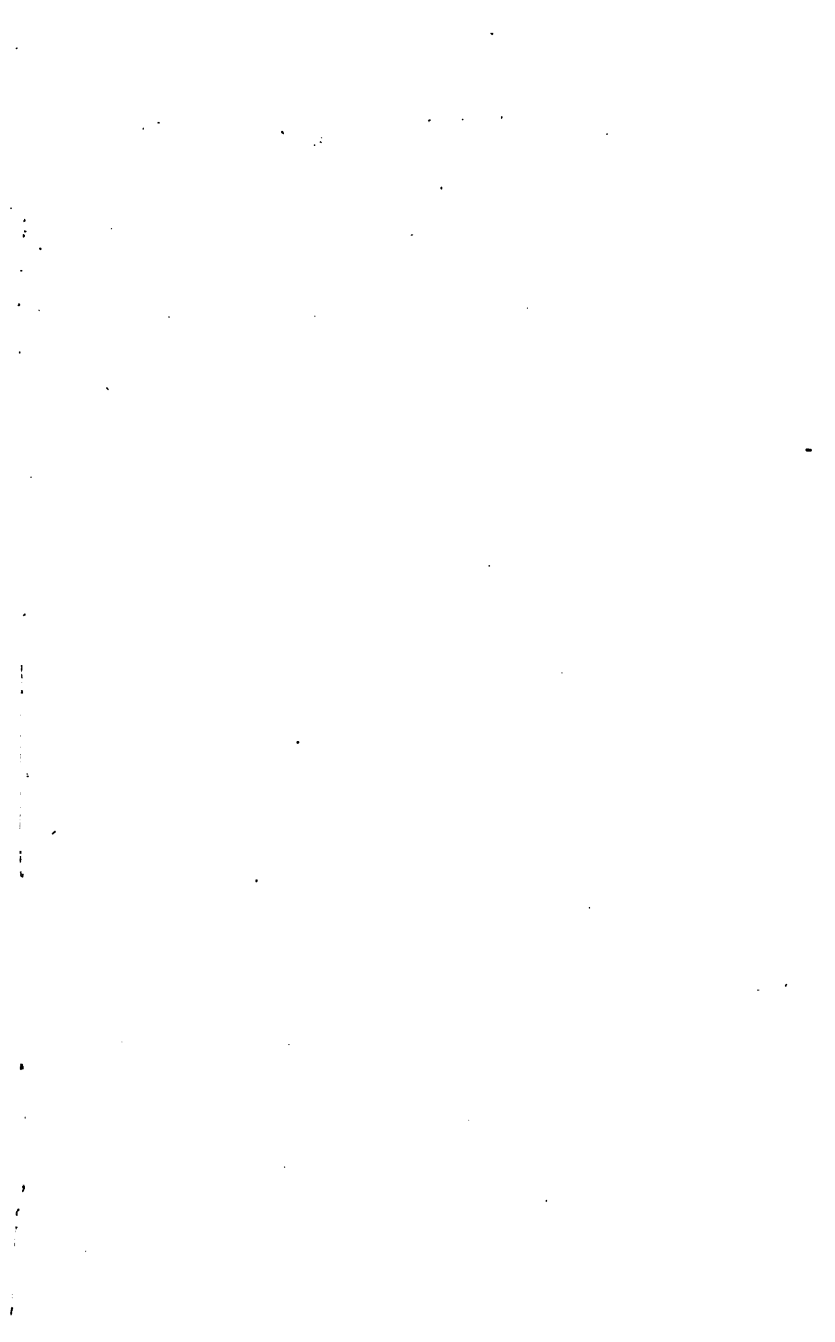
\* Jones’s Journal of Sieges.

Mackie, who led the forlorn hope, dropping from the rampart into the town, discovered that the trench upon the right of the breach was cut quite across, and consequently, that an opening was left by which the assailants might get in. Reascending the top of the breach, he led the men through the trench into the street; and the enemy, on their appearance, abandoned any further effort at defence, and fled towards the citadel. The false attack by the Portuguese, under General Pack, had been equally effective. They carried by escalade a small redan in front of the St. Jago gate, and of course materially assisted in distracting the attention of the garrison by the alarm their movement had caused.

Thus terminated the ever-memorable siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. The honour of taking the citadel and governor of Rodrigo was for many years considered to belong to Colonel Gurwood, who obtained the governor's sword, after he had surrendered to Major W. Mackie, and wore it during the rest of his life. The weight of evidence as to the respective claims of these officers seems to have been in favour of Major Mackie; but it is highly probable that when Colonel Gurwood took possession of the governor's sword, he was not aware that it had been already surrendered. The vexation arising out of this affair, coupled with some heavy pecuniary losses, had a sensible effect on the mind and spirits of the colonel, who has since committed suicide.

The town, after its capture, was the scene of great bloodshed and confusion. "Disorder," says General Napier, "everywhere prevailed, and at last, the fury rising to absolute madness, a fire was wilfully lighted in the middle of the great magazine, when the town and all in it would have been blown to atoms, but for the energetic courage of some officers and a few soldiers, who still preserved their senses." The sacrifice of life during this siege was very severe. Craufurd was mortally wounded, leading the attack on the lower breach; McKinnon perished by the explosion of a mine, the last resort of the garrison when driven from their defences.

The casualties attendant on the siege and storm amounted to above 1,000; "and unhappily the loss of life did not end with the battle, for the next day, as the prisoners and their escort were marching out by the breach, an accidental explo-





Engraved by W. J. G. G. G.

Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Engraved by W. J. G. G.

sion took place, and numbers of both were blown into the air."

The military importance of Ciudad Rodrigo rendered it a valuable conquest; and its capture placed in Lord Wellington's hands 80 French officers and 1,500 men. The arsenal was abundantly supplied; and besides the artillery of the place, consisting of one hundred and ten mounted guns, Marmont's battering-train was taken with the fortress.

The rapid reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo was unparalleled in modern war, and its fall was so unexpected, that Marmont's efforts to relieve it were scarcely conceived and commenced, before the tidings reached it that the fortress he prized so highly was lost. By the lowest estimate of time it was calculated that four-and-twenty days would be required to bring the siege to a successful issue. On the 8th, ground was broken; and on the 19th, the British colours were flying from the flag-staff of the citadel. Massena, after a tedious bombardment, took a full month to reduce it; Wellington carried it by assault in eleven days. No wonder, therefore, that Marmont, in his despatch to Berthier, was puzzled to account for the rapid reduction of a place, respecting whose present safety and ultimate relief he had previously forwarded the most encouraging assurances.

The splendid achievement of the conqueror of Rodrigo obtained an honourable requital. He was advanced, in Spain, to the rank of a grandee of the first order, with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo; by the Portuguese he was made Marquis of Torres Vedras; and at home, raised to the earldom of Wellington, with an increased annuity of 2,000*l.* a year. In the debate which took place in the Lower House, when the grant for supporting his additional honours was proposed, "Mr. Canning took occasion to state, that a revenue of 5,000*l.* a year had been granted to Lord Wellington by the Portuguese government, when they conferred upon him the title of Conde de Vimiero; that as captain-general of Spain, 5,000*l.* a-year had been offered him, and 7,000*l.* as marshal in the Portuguese service, all of which he had declined, saying, 'he would receive nothing from Spain and Portugal in their present state: he had only done his duty to his country, and to his country alone he would look for reward.'" The thanks of Parliament, both to himself

and his army, were of course voted unanimously, and at his suggestion, the Prince Regent conferred the Order of the Bath on Lieutenant-Generals Graham and Hill.

No sooner was Ciudad Rodrigo placed in a thorough state of defence, than it was delivered over to the Spaniards, and once more occupied by a garrison and a governor of that country. This done, on the 5th of March, the head-quarters of the British army commenced their march for Alemtejo, arriving on the 11th at Elvas, whither the other divisions followed them in due course. Marshal Marmont, who had collected 60,000 men, and was advancing to the relief of Rodrigo, seems to have been perfectly bewildered by the news of the capture of the fortress, and the reinstatement of its defences. He was the more chagrined, inasmuch as he had promised himself, in a letter to Berthier, written on the 16th of January, a complete victory.

As a set-off to the successes obtained by the British arms at Arreyo Molinos, Tarifa, and Ciudad Rodrigo, the capture of Blake's army, cooped up to the number of 20,000, in the populous city of Valencia, must not be overlooked. This last deduction from the Spanish force was almost less to be regretted than the loss of fifty experienced artillery officers educated at Legona, 400 sappers and miners, and 1,500 veteran artillerymen. This was the last great effort on the part of Spain to make head against the French, and from this time forward the Spanish government wisely determined to rest content with acting a secondary part in the contest.

To return to the operations of Lord Wellington. Active but secret preparations had been going on for some weeks for the investment of Badajoz. As early as December, a secret order had been transmitted to Lisbon for the construction of twenty-four pontoons to form a bridge at Abrantes; and on the 26th January the preliminaries for besieging Badajoz were definitely arranged with the commanding engineer by Lord Wellington. The battering-train, which was embarked in large vessels as for some distant service, was transhipped on gaining the open sea, and conveyed in small craft up the river Caldao, and landed at Alcacer de Sol, whence the guns were transported by land to the Guadiana. On their arrival at Lord Wellington's head quarters at Elvas, the preparations for the siege were

found to be in a very forward state; all the tools and stores had arrived: the pontoon-bridge apparatus had been landed in good order, from 3,000 to 4,000 gabions completed, and the whole of the ordnance had been parked upon the glacis of Elvas. The train consisted of sixteen 24-pounders, twenty 18-pounders, and sixteen iron 24-pound howitzers. On the 15th of March the pontoon-bridge was laid across the Guadiana, as well as a flying bridge formed by two large Spanish boats. The same evening General le Marchant passed the bridge with 12,000 men, and invested Badajoz on the south side without any opposition. The covering force, under Generals Graham and Hill, occupied Merida, Llerina, and Almandralejos; watching the country to the south, where Soult had an army of 35,000 men, which it was expected would unite with Marmont, in order to advance to the relief of Badajoz. The garrison was commanded by General Philipon, an officer of undoubted courage, who had applied himself vigorously to the task of strengthening its defences; and animated by the recollection of its successful resistance on former occasions, seemed to promise an unusually stout resistance.

The operations of the British commander were conducted under great disadvantages. A movement into Spain, such as was now contemplated against Andalusia, could not be effected without magazines when there was no harvest on the ground, excepting by ready money, and at this juncture his military chest was all but exhausted. To such an extent, indeed, was he straightened for means, that the war was more than once on the point of being totally arrested for want of money.

When Lord Wellington sat down before Badajoz, its garrison consisted of five thousand effective men, under the command of a most distinguished engineer, who had already defended the fortress with success. Since the former siege, Baron Philipon had strengthened the place by mounting additional guns, re-trenching the castle, and securing Fort San Christoval, which he connected by a covered way with the bridge by which the fort and city were united. "The Pardaleras, too, had been repaired and strengthened, and magazines established in the castle, into which, and into the citadel, it was the governor's intention to retire, if the place

should be rendered no longer tenable. The enemy had also formed galleries and trenches at each salient of the counterscarp, in front of what they supposed would be the point of attack, that they might form mines under the breaching batteries, and afterwards sink shafts for other mines, whereby to destroy the works in proportion as the assailants should gain them, and thus leave only a heap of ruins if the place should be taken. No foresight, indeed, had been wanting on the governor's part. The peasantry having taken flight at the first siege, and left their lands uncultivated, he had given directions for ploughing them with the oxen which were intended for slaughter, and they were sown by the soldiers within a circle of 3,000 yards: the kitchen gardens had also been distributed among the different corps and the officers of the staff, and in these they had a valuable resource."\*

Convoys had reached Badajoz on the 10th and 16th of February, and the garrison was amply provisioned. Part of the inhabitants, to avoid the horrors of a siege, which they had already twice experienced, voluntarily quitted the place; and such of the remainder as had not a sufficiency of food to maintain their families for three months were forcibly expelled. In powder and shells Philippon was inadequately provided; for two convoys, which had attempted to bring him a supply, had been threatened by Hill's corps, and obliged to return to Seville.

Such was the condition of Badajoz when, limited both in time and means, Lord Wellington determined to attack it. Although his battering-train was respectable, and by exertions under which an iron constitution had nearly yielded, a tolerable supply of stores and ammunition had been obtained, still he was unprepared to undertake a formal siege. Mortars he had none, his miners were few and inexperienced; and if his operations were delayed, an advance of the French armies, or even the stormy weather he might prepare for at the equinox, must certainly interrupt the investment, and render his efforts to reduce Badajoz unavailing.

It would appear that the evil influences which occasionally dimmed the brightness of his star, proceeded invariably

\* Southey.

from those allies with whose fortunes his own were so intimately blended; and most of the embarrassments which checked success, were produced by the misconduct or apathy of those who were termed friends. To complete the siege stores, those intended for the use of Elvas had been withdrawn, and consequently that fortress was, to a certain extent, left defenceless. From his own magazines Rodrigo had been largely provisioned; and although his military chest was drained to the very bottom, still he left with Vivas, the governor, 12,000 dollars to repair the works. What, then, must have been his surprise and disgust on receiving a communication from Carlos d'España, stating that Rodrigo was but provisioned for twenty-three days, and if Marmont could establish a single division between the Coa and Agueda, that place, whose reduction had cost so much British blood and treasure, must pass again into the hands of the enemy.

Justly incensed at the incapacity of an ally unequal to profit by success, or retain a conquest achieved so dearly as Ciudad Rodrigo had been, Lord Wellington gave an unreserved expression to his feelings; and there are few letters in his voluminous correspondence which conveyed his opinions with more pointed and merited severity.

"The report which you make of Ciudad Rodrigo distresses me much. I had hoped that when, by the labour of the British and Portuguese troops, and at the expense of the British government, I had, in concert with General Castaños, improved and repaired the works of Ciudad Rodrigo, so that at all events the place was secure from a *coup de main*, and had left money in order to complete the execution of what our troops had not time to complete, I should not have been told by your Excellency, that for want of the assistance of fifteen or twenty British soldiers, who are artificers, and whose services are required for other objects essential to the cause of Spain, the whole business is at a stand. Is it possible that your Excellency can be in earnest? Is it possible that Castile cannot furnish fifteen or twenty stone-cutters, masons, and carpenters, for the repair of this important post? How have all the great works been performed which we see in the country?

"But your Excellency's letter suggests this melancholy

reflection, that everything, as well of a military as of a laborious nature, must be performed by British soldiers."

After enumerating the various supplies he had already placed in Rodrigo, Lord Wellington concludes:—

"In writing this letter to your Excellency, I do not mean to make any reproach. I wish only to place upon record the facts as they have occurred, and to show to your country and to my country, and the world, that if this important place should fall, or if I should be obliged to abandon plans important to Spain in order to go to its relief, the fault is not mine."\*

When Lord Wellington and his chief engineer officer had made a close *reconnaissance* of Badajoz, they discovered that its defences had been greatly improved and strengthened since the former siege. The scarps were many of them heightened, the outworks strongly finished, and a portion of the enceinte was covered by an impassable inundation. Philipon had also put the castle in so complete a state of defence, that a regular attack upon it was out of the question, the British army having no miners; sappers without experience; no mortars; and a very inadequate proportion of guns for the siege of so well armed and well provided a fortress. Had the means been at hand, there was not time for the patient process of a regular siege; and as its walls could not, like those of Ciudad Rodrigo, be breached from a distance, Lord Wellington determined by a bold effort to make himself master of a detached fort called the Picurina, from whose site the escarp of one front could be seen low enough to be breached with effect.

\* Dated, Camp before Badajoz, 20th March, 1812.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Siege of Badajoz—State of the Defences—Sortie of the Garrison—  
Tremendous resistance of the Besieged—Assault on the Picurina—  
The Storm.

THE works of Badajoz, in their relative strength, varied considerably. About the middle of the last century a royal order was issued to rebuild the enceinte of the fortress; but it was so partially effected, that although new bastions were erected, the original curtains were suffered to remain. These being extremely low and of loose construction, were breached by the French with little difficulty; and apprized that their masonry was very bad, Lord Wellington, in his dispositions for the siege, took care to avail himself of this information. As the counter-guard in front of the right face of La Trinidad had been left unfinished, the main scarp of the bastion might be seen sufficiently low down from the hill on which Fort Picurina stands, to be breached from thence. In consequence, it was proposed to establish a parallel which should embrace Fort Picurina with its left, and extend so far to the right, as to form a first parallel against the place, in which enfilading batteries might be established to keep under the fire of all the faces and flanks bearing on the Picurina hill; also to throw up batteries on the left of the parallel to injure the front defences of Fort Picurina, and to plunge into its interior with small charges, fired at high elevations, so as to break down the palisades along its gorge.

During the night of the 17th, which was wet and stormy, Lord Wellington broke ground in front of the Picurina within 160 yards of the fort. The tempestuous state of the weather favoured the operation so far as to enable the workmen to proceed, undiscovered by the enemy, until day-break, by which time the approaches were three feet deep. During the 18th the work continued; the relief improving the parallel; and the garrison, which had been strongly reinforced, keeping up an incessant fire of musketry on the

labourers, assisted by occasional discharges from field-pieces and howitzers. The fire, however, did not prove very effective; and during the night, the parallels were prolonged, and two batteries traced out. On the 19th, 1,500 of the garrison, under General Vielland, made a spirited sortie from the town by the Talavera gate, and with 100 from the Picurina, fell suddenly, taking them by surprise, on the working party in the parallel. Mostly unarmed, and wholly unprepared, the men were driven from the trench in the first instance in great confusion; but being almost immediately rallied by their officers, they in turn charged the French, and vigorously repulsed them. In this affair 150 of the besiegers were killed or wounded (among the latter Colonel Fletcher, the commanding engineer); but no material check was given to the operations of the siege. The French are said to have lost 300 officers and men; the state of the weather, however, was such, on the 22nd, as to threaten a total stop to the operations. An unusual rise of the Guadiana had swept away the pontoon bridge; the flying bridge could not be worked, and the passage of all supplies was completely suspended. In addition to these casualties, the trenches were always full of water: and the earth thrown up, retaining no shape, was speedily washed down again. Half the day was consumed in emptying the trenches of rain-water; and the bottom became so muddy, that it was found necessary to have it artificially renewed by a layer of sand-bags and fascines. These obstacles, however, served but to stimulate Lord Wellington to even severer exertions. By immense labour, the bridge over the Guadiana was restored, and the breaching batteries fully armed by the 24th; and at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 25th the roar of artillery announced that the British guns had opened their fire, the chief object being to break down the palisades in the covered-way, and otherwise damage the defences of the Picurina. But little mischief was however effected, and time growing precious, Lord Wellington ordered the fort to be stormed the same night. In the interim the enemy had deepened the ditch of the Picurina, and strengthened the gorge with a second row of palisades. They had also formed galleries communicating with each other, and brought a reverse fire to flank the

ditches. Under the three angles they placed fougasses, and arrayed upon the parapets loaded shells and barrels of combustibles, which were to be rolled down among the assailants at the moment of assault; and that each man might have several pieces to discharge, 200 loaded muskets were ranged along the interior of the banquette. The direction of the assault on the Picurina was given to Major-General Kempt, who commanded in the trenches. The assaulting party, 500 in number, from the 3rd division, attacked the fort, and after a gallant defence, succeeded in their object, although at a heavy cost of life. The loss on the part of the besiegers was four officers and fifty men killed, and 250 men wounded. The garrison of the Picurina consisted of 250 men, of whom all but eighty-six were either destroyed during the assault, or drowned in attempting to escape across the inundation. The second parallel was now formed in advance of the fort; breaching batteries were erected within it; and after five days' firing, two breaches were formed, one in the face of the Trinidad bastion; the other on the flank which defended the bastion of Sta. Maria, and the assault was ordered in the evening of the 5th April, both breaches having been reported practicable. The rapid approach of Marshal Soult, whose advanced guard had already arrived at Llerena, had induced the Allied general to decide on commencing the assault that evening. With this view he made a *reconnoissance* of the breaches; but the commanding engineer having reported that the enemy had retrenched the greater breach, and had adopted the most effectual means of offering an obstinate resistance, Lord Wellington decided on deferring the attack until the ensuing day, ordering all the batteries to converge their fire upon the old wall of the curtain between the two bastions breached, so as in one day to form a third opening into the place, which the besieged would not have time to retrench. Preparations were accordingly made for storming the fortress on the night of the 6th. Lord Wellington's plan of attack was originally confined to the storming of the bastions, and the carrying of the castle by escalade. The breach of La Trinidad was to be assaulted by the 4th division, under Major-General Colville, and that of Santa Maria, by the light, under Lieut.-Colonel Barnard; while the 3rd division were ordered to assail the castle. The

ravelin of San Roque was also to be attempted by detachments of covering parties from the trenches; and to distract the attention of the garrison, a false alarm was to be made against the Pardaleras. The breach in the curtain induced Lord Wellington to enlarge his plan of attack; and, on the 6th, a memorandum was addressed to Major-General Colville, to allot a portion of the advance of the 4th division to storm the breach in the curtain between the bastions Santa Maria and La Trinidad. Further, the garrison being hourly improving their defensive expedients, Lieut.-General Leith was directed to employ a brigade of the 5th division to escale the bastion of St. Vincente, or the curtain and flank between it and the bridge over the Guadiana, and to be prepared to support this brigade with the remainder of his division.

Phillipon had made every preparation to receive the assault, which his own observations led him to expect upon the night it was given, and which belief the intelligence of deserters had confirmed. The French governor "availed himself of the inability of the besiegers to destroy the counterscarps,—an operation they had neither time nor means of accomplishing,—and formed behind the breaches the most formidable obstructions which destructive ingenuity could devise. Night and day they were employed in clearing away the rubbish, destroying the ramps of the covered way, and making retrenchments behind the trenches. The fallen parapets were replaced with fascines, sand-bags, and wool-packs; casks filled with tarred straw, powder, and loaded grenades, were arranged along the trenches, and large shells with them. Immediately in front of the breaches, at the foot of the counterscarp, sixty 14-inch shells were placed in a circular form, about four yards apart, and covered with some four inches of earth, and a communication formed to them with powder-hoses placed between tiles in the manner of mine-tubes. *Chevaux de frise* were formed of sabre-blades; all the artillery stores were turned to account; and even a large boat was lowered into the ditch and filled with soldiers, to flank one of the breaches."\*

The day passed, and every preparation for the assault

\* Southey.

was completed. The evening was dark and threatening,—twilight came,—the batteries ceased firing,—darkness fell,—and the trenches, though crowded with armed men, remained unusually quiet. Lights were seen occasionally flitting backward and forward through the fortress, and the “All’s well” of the French sentinels was distinctly heard. While waiting in readiness for the assault, the deep gloom which hitherto had shrouded the beleaguered city, was suddenly dissipated by a flight of fireworks, which rose over the town, and displayed every object around it.

The word was given to advance, and the 4th and light divisions issued from the trenches. “At that moment the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten; an unusual silence reigned around, and except the softened footsteps of the storming parties, as they fell upon the turf with military precision, not a movement was audible. A terrible suspense—a horrible stillness,—darkness,—a compression of the breathing,—the dull and ill-defined outline of the town,—the knowledge that similar and simultaneous movements were making on other points,—the certainty that two or three minutes would probably involve the forlorn-hope in ruin, or make it a beacon-light to conquest,—all these made the heart throb quicker, and long for the bursting of the storm, when victory should crown daring with success, or hope and life should end together.

“On went the storming parties; and one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it. The ditch was gained,—the ladders were lowered,—on rushed the forlorn-hope, with the storming-party close behind them. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The earth trembled,—a mine was fired,—an explosion,—and an infernal hissing from lighted fusees succeeded,—and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare that suddenly burst out around the breaches, the French, lining the ramparts in crowds, and the British descending the ditch, were placed as distinctly visible to each other as if the hour were noontide!”\*

The explosion nearly annihilated the forlorn-hope, and the heads of the storming party. For a moment, as-

\* Victories of the British Armies.

tounded by the deafening noise, the supporting troops held back; but as if by a general impulse, some rushed down the ladders which had been lowered to the bottom of the ditch,—others leaped boldly in, reckless of the depth of the descent,—and while some mistook the face of an unfinished ravelin for the breach, which on gaining was found to be entirely separated from the ramparts, the rest struggled desperately up the breach, only to encounter at the summit a range of sword-blades, framed in beams too massive to be cut through, and secured by iron chains beyond the power of removal.

In this fearful situation, the courage of the assailants assumed a desperation that appears almost incredible: officers and men in fast succession gained the summit, only to be shot down; and many perished in vain attempts to force an impassable barrier of bristling sword-blades. "The garrison never appeared intimidated, nor to lose their decision and coolness for a moment on any point; for whilst some were repelling the assailants with their bayonets from the summits of the breaches, others continued to roll down, with the greatest precision and effect, shells and fire-barrels on the men in the ditch below, and their tirailleurs unceasingly fired with accuracy and steadiness from cuts in the parapets between the points of contention.\*

"Similar gallant efforts to those above described were frequently repeated to carry the breaches, but the combustibles prepared by the garrison seemed inexhaustible. Each time the assailants were opposed by appalling and destructive explosions, and each time were driven down with a great loss of officers and of the bravest soldiers. After several efforts, the remaining men, discouraged by such constant repulses, could not be prevailed upon to make a further effort. Their situation in the ditch of a front, with an incessant fire upon them from the parapets, was most trying; still not an individual attempted to withdraw—they remained patiently to be slaughtered, though far too discouraged to

\* "Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, the assailants looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, *Why they did not come into Badajoz?*"—*Napier*.

make a fresh attempt to extricate themselves by forcing the breaches."\*

But at other points bravery obtained success, and Badajoz was already carried. The 3rd division crossed the Rivillas, surmounted the castle-hill, and under a tremendous fire, planted their ladders. The boldest led the way,—and unappalled by a shower of shells and missiles, they gained the parapet. But there the French received them with the bayonet: while utterly incapable of resistance, they were hurled from the top, and crushed by huge stones and beams which, showered from the walls, destroyed any who survived the fall. Receding a few paces, the assailants formed again—two officers† caught up the ladders, and the boldest men sprang after. Both reached the parapet unharmed,—the assailants swarmed up,—a firm footing was gained,—and the bayonet did the rest. Too late, a reinforcement detached by Phillipon reached the gate, and a sharp fusilade ensued, in which Colonel Ridge was most unfortunately slain. But the French retired to despair, and the castle remained in the possession of the "fighting third."

Badajoz, on that fearful night, was encircled by men, desperately resolute to force their way through the iron defences that opposed them. A heavy fire had been opened on the Pardaleras,—the bridge was assailed by the Portuguese,—and the more distant bastion of San Vincente was at the same time escaladed by Walker's brigade. After a desparate resistance, the French were driven along the ramparts, each bastion resolutely defended and each as bravely stormed.

In carrying the last, General Walker was severely wounded. A lighted port-fire having alarmed a soldier, he called out loudly that a mine was sprung, and a singular panic arose among troops, who but a few minutes before had braved death so recklessly. The whole gave ground, while General Vieland, coming up with a French reinforcement, drove the affrighted soldiers along the rampart, and recovered possession of the works to the very bastion of San Vincente. But there, a weak battalion of the 38th had been held in reserve. Retaining their fire until the

\* Jones's Journal of Sieges.

† Lieutenant-Colonel Ridge and Mr. Cauch.

enemy closed, a shattering volley was delivered, and the regiment cheered and charged. Instantly the routed soldiers rallied—all advanced with renewed confidence—and the French, abandoning the defences, fled into the town, followed by a part of the assailants.

Lord Wellington, previous to the assault, had stationed himself on the left of the Calemon, as the best point from which he could issue future orders for the conduct of the attack. Although the carcasses thrown from the town, by betraying the 3rd division to the garrison, had precipitated the attack, with the exception of the 5th division, whose ladders were delayed, all went forward correctly. The town clock announced the marching of the storming parties, and the roar of the artillery told that the conflict had begun. From a height beside the quarries, where Lord Wellington and his staff were standing, he saw the outline of the works, and, for a minute, the fireworks thrown from the place showed the columns at the breaches. Darkness followed—stillness more horrible yet—and then the sudden burst of light, as shells and mines exploded. The main breach was literally in a blaze—sheets of fire mounted to the sky, accompanied by a continued roaring of hellish noises, as every villanous combustible was ignited to discover or destroy the assailants.

“The wounded came fast to the rear, but they could tell little how matters were progressing. At last, a mounted officer rode up. He was the bearer of evil tidings: the attack upon the breaches had failed—the majority of the officers had fallen—the men, left without leaders to direct them, were straggling about the ditch, and unless instant assistance was sent, the assault must fail entirely. Pale, but thoroughly undisturbed, the British general heard the disastrous communication, and issued orders to send forward a fresh brigade (Hay’s) to the breaches. Half an hour passed, and another officer appeared. He came from Picton to say the castle had been carried by escalade, and that the 3rd division were safe within the town.”\* Lord Wellington instantly transmitted orders to hold the castle till the morning, and then blowing down the gates, to sally if necessary, and support a fresh assault. No farther attempt to gain the

\* Victories of the British Armies.

breaches was required—and an officer was dispatched to withdraw the columns, which was effected about midnight.

Resistance had ceased on the part of the garrison. Some irregular fighting occurred in the streets, but the intelligence of the capture of the castle at once occasioned an abandonment of the breaches—and Phillipon and Vieland, with part of the garrison, retired to San Christoval, where they surrendered on the first summons in the morning. At day-break the remnant of the 4th and light divisions entered the breaches unopposed; and Badajoz, after a well-conducted defence, and a last and desperate effort to repulse an assault, fell to no ordinary conqueror.

Would that the story of that siege had ended with its capture; for “now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier’s heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz.”\*

Who may not conceive the horrors attendant on the plunder of a captured town, when it is remembered that ten thousand furious and licentious madmen were loosed upon a helpless population, among which many of the loveliest women upon earth might be found? All within that devoted city was at the disposal of an infuriated army, over whom for the time control was lost, aided by an infamous collection of camp-followers, who were, if possible, more sanguinary and pitiless even than those who had survived the storm!

“It is useless to dwell upon a scene from which the heart revolts. Few females in this beautiful town were saved that night from insult. The noblesse and the beggar—the nun, and wife and daughter of the artisan—youth and age—were all involved in general ruin. None were respected, and consequently few escaped. The madness of those desperate brigands was variously exhibited; some fired through doors and windows, others at the church bells; many at the wretched inhabitants, as they fled into the streets to escape the bayonets of the savages who were

\* Napier.

demolishing their property within doors; while some wretches, as if blood had not flowed in sufficient torrents already, shot from the windows their own companions as they staggered on below. What chance had the miserable inhabitants of escaping death, when more than one officer perished by the bullets and bayonets of the very men whom, but a few hours before, he had led to the assault?\*

The loss of the victors was most severe, for in the siege and storm nearly 5,000 were killed and wounded; 72 officers, 51 serjeants, and 912 rank and file being killed; and 306 officers, 206 serjeants, and 3,265 men being wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel M'Cleod of the 43rd, and Major O'Hare of the 95th, died sword in hand in the breaches; and five generals, namely, Picton, Colville, Kempt, Walker, and Bowes, were wounded. 4,000 of the enemy were captured in the place.

In reviewing this celebrated siege and assault, one feels at a loss whether to admire more that lofty flight of genius, which, by great daring, and setting at nought all military maxims, effected what ordinary men would not have attempted; or the matchless valour of British soldiers, which death, presented in every horrible variety, never could extinguish. That the attempt upon the breaches should not succeed, one fact will easily explain.—When the columns arrived before them in the morning, no enemy to oppose, and with daylight to direct their entrance, time was required to remove the numerous obstacles which presented themselves, before a descent into the town was possible. Veiled in impenetrable darkness, and desperately defended, who could surmount those formidable barriers and live? And the wonder is, not that the troops should fail in forcing a passage, but that, when hope was over, they should firmly remain to be slaughtered by an enemy on whom they could not retaliate, and persevere to the last, until a formal order was delivered to recall them from that fatal breach. To account for the capture of the castle and San Vincente is difficult indeed, In ordinary military reasoning such places would be considered safe from assault; but the efforts of the British troops occasionally set all calculation at defiance; and when a few years shall have swept away eye-witnesses of their achievements on this night, they will not be credited.

\* Napier.

During this memorable siege, 2,523 barrels of powder, each containing 90 pounds; 31,861 round shots; 1,826 common and spherical  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch shells; and 1,659 rounds of grape and case-shot were expended. The reduction of Badajoz required 70,000 sand-bags; 1,200 gabions; 700 fascines, and 1,570 entrenching tools. Even a siege cannot be carried on without hard cash, and on this occasion Lord Wellington paid away 3,500 dollars!

The French, who had been accustomed in besieging towns to proceed by the slow but sure rules of science, were much confounded by the dashing manner in which Lord Wellington was accustomed, at any cost, to take a fortress. His tactics were, however, often the result of necessity rather than of choice; and had Soult been properly on the alert, he would hardly have been expeditious enough in the siege. It was originally the object of Soult to form a junction with Drouet, in expectation of a great battle for the preservation of Badajoz, and to keep open a communication with Marmont by Medillin and Truxillo, but Hill and Graham forced him into the Sierra Morena by the roads leading to Cordoba. Quitting Seville on the 1st April, Soult effected a junction with Drouet, and his whole army was concentrated at Llerena on the 6th, and reached Villa Franca the following day; but, whilst in the act of advancing, he had the mortification to receive the intelligence that Badajoz had fallen. Hearing that Marmont was still on the march, he directly fell back to Llerena. The Allied cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, followed closely, and obtained some advantages over the enemy near Usagne; after which, the French under Drouet retired behind the Guadalquivir, whilst Soult repaired to Seville to organize fresh measures against the Allies; he being under the impression that Wellington would follow him into Andalusia. This, however, it was found inexpedient to do, as his army was required to keep Marmont in check, who had advanced from Salamanca during the progress of the recent siege; and, leaving a division before Ciudad Rodrigo, had made a demonstration against Almeida, he subsequently passed the Coa, and finally penetrated to Castel Branco. These movements of Marmont would have signified little, had Rodrigo been adequately garrisoned and supplied; for, his battering-train having been captured in that fortress, he

had no means of undertaking a siege. But, owing to the inertness and indifference of the Spaniards, the place had not been provisioned, and Lord Wellington was now obliged to forego his views on Andalusia, and marched into Beira. Before quitting the neighbourhood of Badajoz, however, he repaired the fortifications, and left Sir Rowland Hill, with 12,000 men, in Estremadura, to watch the Andalusian frontier. As Lord Wellington advanced, Marmont retired, and the head-quarters of the Allied army being once more established at Fuente Guinaldo, cantonments were selected for the troops between the Coa and the Agueda. Here they enjoyed an interval of rest, of which they stood much in need. Some magazines had been previously established north of the Douro, which afforded them abundant resources. The results of this campaign were full of glory to the British arms. With the power of assembling 80,000 men, the French had permitted two fortresses of first-rate importance to be wrested from their grasp, and had been worsted in two pitched battles.

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## CHAPTER XV.

The Surprise of Almaraz—The Battle of Salamanca—Pursuit of Marmont to Valladolid—Entrance of Lord Wellington into Madrid—Capture of the Retiro—Enthusiastic reception of Lord Wellington by the People of Madrid—Privations of the Allied Army, and position of Lord Wellington—Effects of the Battle of Salamanca.

THE satisfaction which the brilliant successes of this last campaign had afforded Lord Wellington was now alloyed by news from home, that the Marquess of Wellesley had resigned the direction of foreign affairs, partly from his unwillingness to hold a subordinate post under Mr. Perceval, but chiefly in consequence of his inability to obtain such support for his gallant brother as he conceived to be necessary to enable him to insure a successful termination to the war. This discouraging intelligence did not, however, stay the British general in his career of conquest; and being

now at the head of the finest army he had ever commanded, he decided on assuming the offensive, and marching against Marmont. As a preliminary measure, however, it became important to secure his right flank from molestation during a forward operation, and as the boat bridge at Almaraz afforded a safe and easy communication between Marmont and Soult, and was, moreover, the only passage suited to the movements of an army below Toledo, it became of importance to destroy it before attempting an operation on Leon. A plan for this achievement had been for some time under the consideration of Lord Wellington; and having been communicated to Lord Hill, who remained southward of the Guadiana, he quitted Almandralejos on the 12th of May, with 6000 men, and, crossing that river at Merida, moved on Truxillo with the view of undertaking the operation. To cover these important communications by Almaraz, the French, besides two *têtes-de-pont*, had erected formidable forts on each side of the Tagus, which were strongly garrisoned. Marching rapidly by Jairaicejo, Sir Rowland Hill reached the range of mountains on which stands the castle of Mirabete (about five miles from Almaraz), on the 18th May; when, finding the passage for his artillery effectually barred by entrenchments, he boldly resolved on attempting the enterprise with infantry alone. Leaving, therefore, his guns behind him, he moved by a mountain-track leading through the village of Romangorda, and after dark descended towards the river with 2,000 men under General Howard. The attempt was daring and hazardous in the extreme. The march of the English general through Truxillo had been communicated to the French commanders; and, at a distance of four marches from Merida, Hill had good reason to apprehend that Drouet, with overwhelming numbers, would move rapidly to Medillin, and endeavour to intercept his retreat. The danger was great, but it did not deter him; and, on the evening of the 18th, he marched on his daring enterprise. The right column had consisted of the 50th, 71st, and 92nd regiments; but it was reinforced from that of the centre with the 6th Portuguese, a company of riflemen, and a detachment of gunners. At dusk, the division descended from the sierra; but though the distance was not above two leagues, the whole night was consumed in traversing

the valley ; and when the head of the column halted under cover of some hillocks which hid it from the enemy, the rear was still winding slowly through a path which no foot save that of the shepherd had ever trod before. While waiting for the straggling sections to come up, the opening roar of cannon announced that Chowne's false attack on Mirabete had commenced. " Pillars of white smoke rose on the lofty brow of the sierra, the heavy sound of artillery came rolling over the valley ; and the garrison of Fort Napoleon, crowding on the ramparts, were anxiously gazing at these portentous signs of war, when, quick and loud, a British shout broke on their ears, and the gallant 50th regiment, aided by a wing of the 71st, came bounding over the nearest hills."\*

Although astonished at the suddenness of the assault, the French were ready to repel it. A villager had already brought them intelligence of Hill's approach, and a cavalry picket, in British uniform, had been discovered on the mountain. In consequence, the garrison of Fort Napoleon had been reinforced ; and they instantly opened a heavy discharge from small arms and artillery, which the guns on Fort Ragusa supported by a flanking fire, until the ground immediately in front of the rampart sheltered the assailants from its effects. The assault was splendidly successful, for nothing could check the ardour with which it was given. In a few minutes the parapet was escalated ; and the inner defences, after a brief resistance, were abandoned, the garrison flying for shelter to the *tête-de-pont*. But, with dashing gallantry, the leading files of the assailants bore rapidly onwards, and entered the work intermingled with the fugitives from the fort ; and in a rush across the bridge, which had been previously injured by the sinking of several of its pontoons, many of the French perished in the river. The panic of the garrison of Fort Ragusa was increased by the fire of Fort Napoleon ; and although the redoubt was secure, the commandant abandoned it most disgracefully, and added its defenders to the fugitive troops who were hurrying towards Naval Moral. The river was soon passed ; the towers and magazines in the forts, and in the *tête-de-pont*, were blown up ; the guns thrown into the Tagus ; the palisades, barriers, stores of timber and of tools, the pontoons

\* Napier.

and their carriages, were consumed by fire, and the works utterly effaced and destroyed.

In addition to the destruction of the bridge and works, attended with a severe loss in killed and drowned, 260 prisoners were taken, including the governor and sixteen officers. A colour belonging to the 4th battalion of the *Corps Etranger* was captured by the 71st; and the whole was achieved with a loss comparatively trifling, namely, 33 men killed, and 147 wounded.

Separated from the right bank of the Tagus, the castle and works at Mirabete must have fallen had Hill ventured to attack them; but within the reach of several French corps, and alarmed by a groundless report from Sir William Erskine, that Soult with his united divisions was actually in Estremadura, the English General very prudently retreated on the 21st, and reached Merida safely on the 26th. Having effected the object of his expedition, there was nothing to be gained equivalent to the risk it must involve; and the possession of the mountain forts would not have made amends for the valuable blood which must have been shed in taking them.

Of Lord Wellington's lieutenants none was more popular than Sir Rowland Hill; and the issue of his enterprise gave unfeigned satisfaction to the army, whilst it astounded both Soult and Marmont to find piles of ruin where they had left well-constructed forts, and an impassable river between their forces and the garrison of the castle of Mirabete. Whilst depriving the French of their communication across the Tagus, Lord Wellington was fully alive to the importance of establishing a permanent communication for his own army across that river, and fixed upon Alcantara, as the most eligible point for that purpose as the approach to it from the south was covered by Badajoz. The remains of a Roman bridge leaving a chasm of 100 feet wide, which could hardly be repaired, and the impetuous character of the river in that neighbourhood, rendered a bridge of boats unsuited to the object. The engineers of the royal staff corps having been sent to examine the ruin, suggested a sort of chain of cord, which was found to answer the purpose, across which a small battering-train was conveyed without difficulty. The Allied army remained perfectly quiet whilst these preliminary

operations were in progress ; and a month's provision for the whole of the troops having been collected and stored at Ciudad Rodrigo, they suddenly broke up from its cantonments, passed the Agueda on the 13th June, and on the 17th appeared before Salamanca ; and as the Allies advanced, Marmont retired.

Salamanca stands in a commanding situation on the right bank of the Tormes, a river of considerable magnitude there, which rises near the Sierra de Tablada in Old Castile, and falls into the Douro on the Portuguese frontier, opposite Bemposta. The country round is open, without trees, and with a few villages interspersed, in which the houses are constructed of clay. On the left of the river there are extensive pastures ; on the right a wide and unenclosed corn country. The pastures are common, and the arable land occupied after a manner not usual in other parts of Spain : it is cultivated in annual allotments, and reverts to the commonalty after the harvest. Salamanca had long served as a depôt for the army of Portugal. To protect the town, command the passage of the river, and overawe the inhabitants, three forts had been constructed with materials obtained by the demolition of several convents and colleges. These forts had been found to be much stronger than Lord Wellington had been led to suppose ; hence a regular attack was necessary to reduce them. A division under General Henry Clinton was appointed to this duty, whilst the rest of the army took up a formidable position on the heights of San Christoval, three miles in advance of the city, having its right on the Tormes near Cabreirizos, and its left in front of Vellares. Four 18-pounders had followed the army from Almeida, and three howitzers were furnished by the field-artillery. Marmont evacuated the city on the evening of the 16th, and with a cavalry corps and two divisions of infantry retreated leisurely to Fuente el Sanco, followed by the advanced guard of the Allies.

On the morning of the 17th, the Allies crossed the Tormes by the fords of Santa Martha and Los Cantos ; and Lord Wellington entered Salamanca at the head of his victorious troops. " Nothing could be more animating than the scene. The day was brilliant, presenting all the glowing luxuriance of a southern climate. Upwards of fifty staff officers ac-

accompanied the British general; they were immediately followed by the 14th Dragoons and a brigade of artillery; the streets were crowded to excess; signals of enthusiasm and friendship waved from the balconies; the entrance to the Plaza was similar to a triumph; every window and balcony was filled with persons welcoming the distinguished officer to whom they looked up for liberation and permanent relief. Lord Wellington dismounted, and was immediately surrounded by the municipality, and the higher orders of the inhabitants, all eager to pay him respect and homage. At the same moment, the 6th division of British infantry entered the south-west angle of the square. It is impossible to describe the electric effect produced under these circumstances by the music; as the bands of the regiments burst in full tones on the ear of the people, a shout of enthusiastic feeling escaped from the crowd, all ranks seeming perfectly inebriated with exultation.

"From this scene, so calculated to distract the attention of ordinary men, Lord Wellington retired to make immediate arrangements for reducing the forts. A plan of them having been produced and placed in his hands by the Spaniards, he left the admiring crowd, escaping from the almost overwhelming demonstrations of friendship and respect with which he was greeted; and before the town had recovered from its confusion and its joy, or the 'vivas' had ceased to resound, his system of attack was decided upon, and the necessary orders for its execution issued to the troops."\*

The principal fort, San Vicente, was placed on a sheer rock overhanging the Tormes, and was severed by a deep ravine from other edifices. It had been fortified with great ingenuity by Marmont's engineers; was secured in front by palisades, and on the re-entering angle, by a fascine battery; whilst the windows were built-up and crenelated. On the opposite bank of a rivulet tributary to the Tormes, the convents Los Gayetanos and La Merced had been converted into two strong redoubts, with well-covered perpendicular escarpes, deep ditches, and casemented counterscarps. They were also full of bomb-proofs.

The besiegers broke ground before the convent of St.

\* Leith Hay.

Vicente on the 17th, and on the 19th their artillery battered in a breach, but their ammunition was exhausted before a way into the fort had been opened. Encouraged by the damage which the defences had already sustained, an attempt was made on the 23rd to carry one of the smaller forts, the Gayetanos, by escalade. In this attempt, which was unsuccessful, Major-General Bowes was killed, whilst gallantly cheering on his men to the attack. A suspension of the siege for want of ammunition now took place until the 26th, when hot shot having been directed into the roof of the convent of San Vicente, it was speedily set on fire. On this occasion the garrison succeeded in extinguishing the flames; but the use of hot shot having been resumed on the following day, the whole building was set on fire, and a practicable breach having been effected in the gorge of the Gayetanos, the troops were about to commence an assault, when a white flag was displayed. A brief parley ensued, which proving unsatisfactory to Lord Wellington, he gave the word to storm; and the two small forts were immediately carried. The Commandant of San Vicente asked for terms, and surrendered. The loss of the British troops since the passage of the Tormes had not exceeded 36 officers and 450 rank and file in killed and wounded. Few of the enemy were slain, but 700 were taken prisoners. The works were destroyed, and the guns and stores handed over to the Spaniards; among the latter was a large quantity of clothing, Salamanca having been the grand depôt of the army of Portugal. No sooner did Marmont ascertain the fall of the works than he withdrew the garrison from Alba de Tormes, and retired upon the Douro. On the 2nd of July the cavalry of the Allies overtook his rear-guard near Tordesillas. The British line stretched from La Seca on the right to Pollos on its left. Head-quarters had been established at Rueda, and the Douro flowed between the hostile armies. The position of the French was the stronger of the two. Marmont's left rested on the Pisuerga, which is unfordable at Simancas; his centre being at Tordesillas, and his right on the heights opposite Pollos. One hundred pieces of cannon protected the bridge of Tordesillas, and the forts of the Douro, between Toro and Pisuerga. Lord Wellington made several unsuccessful attempts to bring Marmont to action;

but although he had received reinforcements which had increased his army to 40,000 men, he seemed to be in no haste to commence the struggle.

The reduction of the convent's forts, however, was but the preliminary of a much more brilliant triumph. From the 3rd to the 15th July, the two armies lay opposite to each other, watchful and inactive, with the exception of some slight alteration in their respective positions. On the 16th, two divisions of the French crossed at Toro; but this movement was merely intended as a demonstration. They recrossed it in the night, and destroyed the bridge again, effecting their junction with Marmont at Tordesillas. Here the whole force being concentrated, passed the river, and by a forced march was, early on the 18th, in the presence of the two British divisions on the Trabancos. By this movement the communication of Marmont with Madrid, whence he expected to be joined by the army of the centre, was opened, and the two hostile divisions before him were placed in some danger. The situation of the light and 4th divisions more especially was very critical. Already was the enemy menacing their line of retreat, and pressing upon both flanks, when Wellington, seeing their danger, quickly advanced a force of cavalry and horse-artillery to check the progress of the French; and thus obviated the difficulty; directing the retreat of the endangered troops on the heights of Canizal, in their rear. This operation was executed with perfect order and very little loss, although the retiring force was pursued so closely that the enemy were enabled to open upon them from forty pieces of artillery.

What could be more beautiful than the military spectacle which the movement of 90,000 men, in parallel lines, presented? The line of march was seldom without the range of cannon, and often within that of musketry. When the ground allowed it, the guns on each side occasionally opened. But the cannonade was but partially maintained. To reach a point was Marmont's object—to intercept him was that of Wellington. "The French general moving his army as one man along the crest of the heights, preserved the lead he had taken, and made no mistake;" and the extraordinary rapidity of his marching bore evidence to the truth of Napoleon's observation, that "for his greatest successes he was as

much indebted to the legs as he was to the arms of his soldiers."

The morning of the 21st found the Allied army on its old position of San Christoval. Marmont having garrisoned the castle of Alba, crossed the Tormes, marched up the valley of Machechuco, and bivouacked in the forest of Calvaraso de Ariba. In the afternoon, Wellington passed the bulk of his army also across the river, leaving the 3rd division and a brigade of Portuguese cavalry entrenched upon the right bank of the Tormes. The march of the 21st was tedious and fatiguing, and before the last of the columns had passed the fords, night had fallen, and a thunder-storm of unusual violence came on. Nothing could harbinger a bloody day more awfully than the elemental uproar of the night which preceded that of Salamanca. Crash succeeded crash—and in rapid flashes the lightning played over height and valley, while rain burst from the riven clouds, and swelled all the streams to torrents. Terrified by the storm, the horses broke away from their picketings, and rushing madly to and fro, added to the confusion. One flash killed several belonging to the 5th Dragoon Guards, and occasioned serious injury to the men in the attempts they made to recover and secure them.

The morning broke sullenly before the uproar ended; and with the first dawn the light troops of the enemy commenced skirmishing, while frequent movements of heavy columns, as they marched and countermarched, seemed rather calculated to confuse an opponent, than effect a particular object. On one of two heights, named Arapiles, the Allied right was appuied, and the occupation of the other was attempted; but the French, with a similar design, had already detached troops, who succeeded in obtaining its possession. The day wore on,—the late tempest apparently had cleared the atmosphere,—all was bright and unclouded sunshine,—and over a wide expanse of undulating landscape nothing obscured the range of sight but dust from the arid roads, or wreathing smoke occasioned by the spattering fire of the light troops. "Marmont was busily manœuvring, and Lord Wellington coolly noticing from a height the dispositions of his opponent, which, as he properly calculated, would lead to a general engagement."\* At noon, from the rear of the Ara-

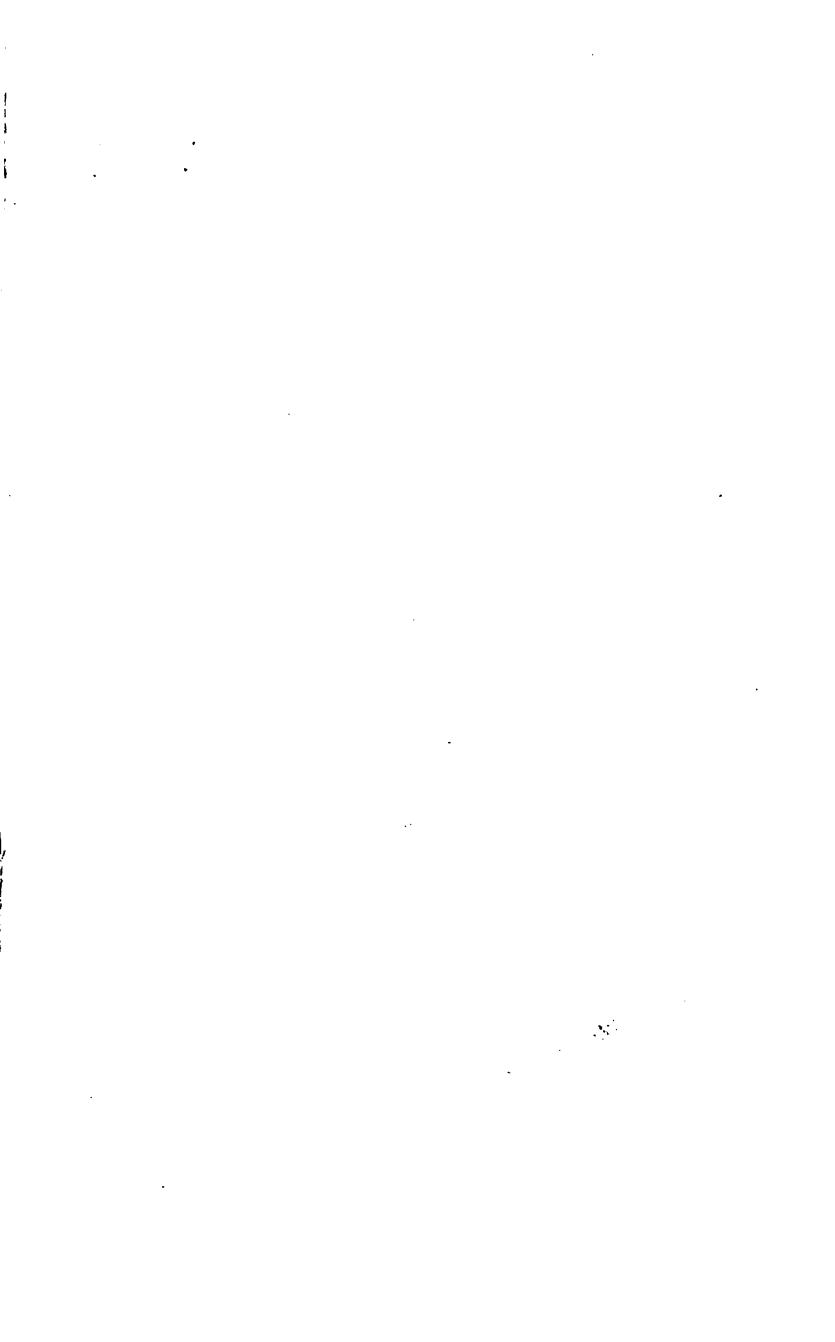
\* Victories of the British Armies.

piles, Marmont made a demonstration, as if his design was to attack the Allied left. The movement brought Lord Wellington to the ground; but readily perceiving that it was but a feint of the French marshal, he returned to his former position on the right. At two o'clock, finding his abler antagonist was not to be deceived, Marmont determined to outflank the right of the Allies, and interpose between them and the Rodrigo road; and in consequence, commenced marching his columns by their left. This was a fatal movement—and as the French infantry extended, a staff officer announced it to Lord Wellington. One eagle glance satisfied him that the moment for attack was come—a few brief orders passed his lips—and the doom of his rival's army was pronounced.\*

Marmont was already at the head of 47,000 good troops, outnumbering the Allies by at least 5,000 men, and but for this fatal error, possessed a great advantage over his opponents. The British general, concluding from this movement of Marmont that he sought to strike a blow on the left of the Tormes, forthwith ordered the 3rd division and D'Urban's cavalry, posted at Cabreirizos, to cross the river and place themselves behind the village of Aldea Tejada, in readiness to cover the Ciudad Rodrigo road. He also moved up Carlos de Espana's infantry, and Brigadier-General Bradford's Portuguese brigade, to the neighbourhood of Las Torres, to serve as a connecting link between those troops and the 4th division, which was now posted in rear of the Arapiles hamlet. By these arrangements the Allies' line was placed nearly perpendicular to its original position, its left occupying the nearer peak of the Arapiles,

\* "Marmont had remarked, and rode forward to correct, the irregularity of his flank movement, and personally direct the debouchement of his 3rd and 4th divisions from the wood that had partially concealed them. At that moment, Lord Wellington was seated on the hill-side, eating his hurried meal, while an aide-de-camp in attendance watched the enemy's movements with a glass. The bustle then perceptible in the French line attracted his lordship's notice, and he quickly inquired the cause. 'They are evidently in motion,' was the reply.—'Indeed! what are they doing?'—'Extending rapidly to the left,' was answered. Lord Wellington sprang upon his feet, and seized the telescope; then muttering that Marmont's good genius had deserted him, he mounted his horse, and issued the orders to attack."—*Victories of the British Armies.*

and its right extending to Aldea Tejada; but an interval of nearly two miles occurred between the actual and apparent right, for the third division was partially concealed by the nature of the ground. Misled by this circumstance, the French Marshal supposed the right of the Allied Army to be "in the air," and planned his manœuvres accordingly. The British remained tranquil, whilst ostentatious but idle manœuvres were going on, until about two o'clock, when a cloud of skirmishers issued from the French left wing, and at the same moment a heavy cannonade was opened on the Allied troops. Shortly afterwards, the enemy was seen moving to the left, with the evident intention of interposing a force between the Allied army and Ciudad Rodrigo. Watching them from the Arapiles, Wellington saw them incautiously extending their line, and dangerously exposing their left wing, and, after an exulting exclamation of "At last I have them!" hastened to take advantage of the error. He immediately reinforced his right with the 5th division, (General Leith,) which took post on the right of the 4th, under General Cole; having the 6th and 7th divisions, commanded by Generals H. Clinton and Hope, in second line. The 1st and light divisions, under Generals Campbell and Alten, with Pack's Portuguese brigade, were placed as a reserve behind the Arapiles. The British cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, was posted principally on the right, the rest being dispersed with the infantry in second line. These arrangements having been completed, the 3rd division, with D'Urban's cavalry and two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey, were ordered to advance from Aldea Tejada, and fall on the enemy's left flank, whilst the 4th and 5th divisions, Bradford's Portuguese brigade, and the heavy cavalry, should attack them in front. Accordingly, General Pakenham, who during Picton's absence on account of illness, commanded the 3rd division, moved forward with the greatest celerity, supported by D'Urban and Hervey, and was close upon the enemy's flank before they became aware of this object. To effect a change was impracticable, and in a few minutes their extreme left was overthrown. Pressing onwards, the assailants drove all before them, out-flanking the French at every point where they attempted to





*Battle of Palamanga.*

*W. J. W. W.*

make a stand, and capturing 3000 prisoners. Almost simultaneously, Pack's brigade advanced against the post on the Arapiles hill, whilst Cole and Leith attacked the front of their position, which was immediately forced; and Cotton's heavy cavalry making an opportune and irresistible charge upon a body of their disordered infantry, routed it and cut it to pieces; but the brave General Le Marchant fell at the head of his brigade in this enterprise. Meanwhile, the Allied infantry kept pressing forward its right, so as continually to acquire strength upon the enemy's flank; but the gallant effort of Pack on the Arapiles having failed, they were enabled to throw some troops on the flank of the 4th division, whilst that body, which had already carried the crests of the heights in front, was stoutly met by a reserve division under General Bennet. General Cole himself was wounded, and thus closely pressed, was compelled to give way, but Marshal Beresford, who happened to be on the spot, immediately brought up a brigade of the 5th division, which, by a change of front, took the enemy in flank with a heavy fire, and drove them again backwards. The left and centre of the enemy were now beaten, and a brigade from the division of General Clinton carried the Arapiles. The French right was, however, as yet unbroken, whilst it was strengthened every moment by the troops defeated on the left; so that it presented a new and stubborn front on a well chosen position. Marmont had been wounded, but General Clausel, who had succeeded him in the command, rallied the disheartened army in a manner which excited the admiration of his enemies. Supported by a reserve, with the cavalry on their flanks, and their artillery posted on advanced knolls, the face of the heights was a clear glacis swept by their guns. Day was fast closing in, but Lord Wellington was not the man to rest satisfied with an imperfect victory. The 6th division, supported by other troops, therefore, was ordered to attack the enemy's position in front, whilst the 1st and Light Dragoons, with a British brigade and a Portuguese one from the 4th, were directed to turn their right. The French stood their ground manfully, and the 6th division suffered severe loss. It nevertheless mounted the hill, and in the face of a tremendous fire, charged them with the bayonet, and, supported by the movement of the 4th divi-

sion on the flank, they drove them back in great disorder. The Allies pursued them in the direction of Huerta and the fords of the Tormes; but under cover of the woods and the darkness, a great number of the fugitives escaped who must otherwise have been captured. A field covered with slain, two eagles, eleven pieces of artillery, and 7000 prisoners, attested at once the severity of the contest and the splendour of the triumph. Three French generals were killed and four wounded. Among the latter, Marmont lost an arm by the bursting of a shell. The amount of the French loss was never correctly ascertained. The official account gives the total number of killed, wounded and missing of the Allied troops at 7264, of whom 690 British, 304 Portuguese, and 2 Spanish, were killed, and 4270 British, 1552 Portuguese, and 4 Spanish, wounded. Among the wounded were Generals Beresford, Cotton, Cole, Leith, and Alten.

With the dawn of day, the Light Division continued its advance, crossing the Tormes at Huerta, whilst the heavy Germans, under Brock, overtook the French rear-guard in position on the heights of La Serna, protected by some squadrons of hussars. These were dispersed by a charge of the 11th and 16th, whilst the heavy brigade rode directly at the squares, and, by a furious onset, broke and scattered them in all directions. Numbers were cut to pieces; others saved themselves by throwing away their arms, hiding in the woods, and afterwards joining the retreating columns. In this dashing affair nearly a thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. As a cavalry exploit, it has been highly commended. Brock did not lose more than 100 men by casualties on this occasion. The view from the summit of the Serna exhibited, we are told, a countless mass of all arms confusedly intermingled. Whilst the range permitted, the horse-artillery continued to send its round shot among them, but they gradually retired out of reach, and a strong corps of cavalry and a brigade of guns having arrived, opportunely enough, from the army of the north, covered the retreat, and preserved the fugitives from further molestation. This great battle lasted from three in the afternoon until ten.

The inhabitants of Salamanca, who had watched the pro-

gress of the battle from the high grounds about the city, with breathless interest, displayed the most enthusiastic joy at this total discomfiture of their oppressors, and did not limit their gratitude to the victors to mere words. Mules and cars, laden with refreshment, and other necessities, were dispatched to the camp, and hospitals were prepared for the reception of the wounded. High Mass was celebrated in the cathedral, and the streets were filled with rejoicing promenaders of all orders. Lord Wellington was present at the High Mass, and is thus described by Colonel Leith Hay:—"I was much struck with the simplicity of Lord Wellington's attire. He wore a light grey pelisse coat, single breasted, without a sash, with his sword buckled round his waist, underneath the coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked hat under his arm. He wore a white neckerchief."

Several French historians of the late war attempt to gloss over the defeat at Salamanca, and have ascribed it chiefly to the absence of Marmont (who was severely wounded in an early part of the day) from the field. The fact is, however, undoubted, that he had committed so gross a blunder in the disposition of his force, that its discomfiture, if vigorously attacked, appeared to be certain. The action was pithily described at the time by a French officer, as the "beating of forty thousand men in forty minutes."

Content with having disabled Marmont's army from re-appearing in the field for some time, Lord Wellington did not attempt to pursue it beyond Valladolid, which he entered on the 30th, General Clausel falling back on Burgos; but, intending to strike a blow against King Joseph and the army of the centre, the Allied general re-crossed the Douro on the following day, and established his head-quarters at Cuellar. Having obtained supplies from the rear, Lord Wellington, leaving Clinton's division to observe the line of the Douro, with Anson's cavalry at Villavarrez, resumed his operations on the 6th of August, marching on the capital by the route of Segovia.

Besides the capture of seventeen pieces of cannon, and nearly one thousand sick and wounded men at Valladolid, the French had sustained other and severe losses during the recent operations. The guerillas, under Martinez, made 300 prisoners—Tordesillas surrendered to Santo Cildes—

while, alarmed by the movements of the Gallician army, which, in obedience to Lord Wellington's directions, had passed the Douro, and reached the Zapardiel, Clausel gave up the line of the former river. Joseph, after dismantling the castle, forcing a contribution, and robbing the churches of their plate, abandoned Segovia, and retired through the passes of the Guadarama—thus separating his own army from that of Portugal, and leaving the approaches to the capital open to the advance of the Allies.

Salamanca, whether considered in its military or moral results, was, probably, the most important of all the Peninsular triumphs. It was a decisive victory; and yet its direct advantages fell infinitely short of what Lord Wellington might have been warranted in expecting. How much more fatal must it not have proved, had night not shut in, and robbed the victor of half the fruits of conquest? The total demolition of the French left was effected by six o'clock, and why should the right attack have not been equally successful? Had such been the case, in what a hopeless situation the broken army must have found itself! The Tormes behind, and a reserve of three entire divisions, who during the contest had scarcely drawn a trigger, ready to assail in front—nothing could have averted total ruin—and, to the French, Salamanca would have proved the bloodiest field on record. Even had the Castle of Alba been defended, that darkness which permitted Clausel to retire his routed divisions, and carry off guns and trophies, whose loss was otherwise inevitable, would have but added to the confusion, and increased the difficulty of retreating in the presence of an unbroken army; and consequently, the ruin of the French must have been consummated before assistance could have reached them, and those arms effected a junction, by which they were enabled to outmarch their pursuers, preserve their communications, and fall back upon their reserves.

Still the moral results of the battle of Salamanca were manifold. That field removed for ever the delusory belief of French superiority; and the enemy fatally discovered that they must measure strength with opponents in every point their equals. The confidence of wavering allies was confirmed; while the evacuation of Madrid, the abandonment of the siege of Cadiz, the deliverance of Andalusia and

Castile from military occupation, and the impossibility of reinforcing Napoleon during his northern campaign, by sparing troops from the corps in the Peninsula—all these important consequences arose from Marmont's defeat upon the Tormes.

The Allied army reached San Ildefonso on the 9th of August, and defiling on the two following days by the passes of the Guadarama and Nava Serrada, descended into the plains of New Castile. On the 11th, an affair of cavalry took place at Magalonda between the horse of the army of the centre and a small body of heavy German and Portuguese cavalry. The enemy having approached the post of General D'Urban's brigade of Portuguese cavalry, the general hazarded a charge against the advanced squadrons of the French; but the Portuguese proved themselves wholly unequal to the encounter. They turned and gave way, leaving three guns of the horse-artillery to the enemy, and fell back upon the Germans in confusion, by whom, however, the French were immediately checked, and driven off. In this unlucky affair, the Allies sustained a loss in killed and wounded of 200 men, and 120 horses.

On the 12th of August, King Joseph having abandoned the capital the preceding day, the French garrison, 1,800 in number, closed the gates of the Retiro, and at noon the advanced guard of the Allies reached Madrid, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the populace. It was, indeed, to all intents and purposes, a triumphal entry. In hollow demonstrations of gratitude the Spaniards were liberal enough, but the moment they were called upon for any substantial proof of their good feeling, they were found wanting. As Lord Wellington has himself said of them in reference to their enthusiasm on this occasion:—"They cry *viva*, and are very fond of us, and hate the French; but they are in general the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known. The most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant, particularly of military affairs; and above all, of military affairs in their own country."

The palace of the Retiro had ceased to be a royal residence, although enormous sums had been lavished upon it, from the accession of Charles III; and part of its buildings had been converted into a manufactory of porcelain. "Its park,

however, says Southey, continued to be a fashionable promenade, the more agreeable, because carriages were not allowed to enter; but the French had now made it a dépôt for their artillery stores; the victims whom they arrested for political offences were confined there; and they had fortified it as a military post, but with less judgment than their engineers had displayed on any other occasion. The outer line was formed by the palace, the museum, and the park wall, with flèches thrown out in part to flank it; the second was a bastioned line of nine large fronts, but with no outworks except a ravelin and a lunette; the interior was an octagonal star fort, closely surrounded by what had been the porcelain manufactory. The garrison was far too small for the outer enceintes, and Marshal Jourdan had therefore left written orders, that if they were seriously attacked, the garrison should confine their defence to the star-fort, which, however, would itself be rendered nearly indefensible if the manufactory were destroyed."

A *reconnaissance* of the place soon satisfied Lord Wellington that its possession could not be maintained by its present garrison. It covered a large space, and required several thousand troops to defend it effectually; its chief defence consisting of a small work of little strength. Having driven in the enemy's posts, and broken through the walls of the Retiro, guns were placed in battery against the inner fort, but the governor, seeing the futility of holding out, sent a tender to capitulate, and honourable terms being granted, the garrison formally surrendered, and marched out by the Rodrigo road. Within the walls, an immense collection of military stores were found, comprising 189 pieces of brass ordnance, 900 barrels of powder, 20,000 stand of arms, magazines of clothing, provisions, and ammunition; and, what afterwards proved a most valuable acquisition, a quantity of cables and cordage. The eagles of the 13th and 51st regiments fell into the captor's hands; and these trophies were immediately transmitted to England, and presented by Major Burgh\* to the Prince Regent.

The position of Lord Wellington might now have been considered as one of pride and promise. A succession of

\* Then aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, and afterwards Major-General Lord Downes, K.C.B.

brilliant operations had ended with the possession of Madrid; an event in itself forming a brilliant epoch in Peninsular history. It told that Wellington held a position and possessed a power, that in England many doubted, and more denied; and those whose evil auguries had predicted a retreat upon the shipping, and finally an abandonment of the country, were astounded to find the Allied leader victorious in the centre of Seville, and dating his general orders from the palace of the Spanish kings. The desertion of his capital by the usurper proclaimed the extent of Wellington's success; and proved that his victories were not, as had been falsely asserted at home, "conquests only in name."

And yet never had Lord Wellington's situation been more insecure than at this bright but deceptive era. At the opening of the campaign, the fertility of the country enabled his antagonist to command every necessary for his subsistence; for all that his army required was exacted with unscrupulous severity. The Allied general had no such resources to rely upon. The British government would not, even in an enemy's territories, carry on war upon so inhuman and iniquitous a system; but it exposed its army to privations, and its general to perplexities and difficulties, which might have paralyzed any weaker mind than that of Lord Wellington, by the parsimony with which it apportioned his means. When he advanced from Salamanca, there were but 20,000 dollars in the military chest: the harvest was abundant, but how was bread to be obtained without money?—and the same want would be felt in bringing his supplies from Ciudad Rodrigo, and other places in the rear of that fortress; the very difficulty of removing his wounded to the frontier of Portugal being sufficient to deter him from seeking an action on the Douro.\*

The staff had not been paid since February, nor the muleteers since June, 1811. "We are," said Lord Wellington, "absolutely bankrupt." Madrid had been so completely destituted by the French, that he found there nothing but misery and want. He continued, however, to be hailed by its inhabitants with the wildest enthusiasm; the blessings of the people accompanied him wheresoever he went; the municipal authorities gave a bull-fight in his honour;

\* Southey.

and when he appeared in the royal box, the air rang with the acclamations of 12,000 spectators; he could not walk by daylight for the pressure of the multitudes who gathered round him; yet the troops who had helped to produce this excitement, were wanting the commonest necessities of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that Lord Wellington should have learned to despise the hollow and unsubstantial homage that was heaped upon him and his followers. Don Carlos de Espana having been nominated Governor of Madrid, and a new constitution prepared by the Cortes, the people for many days gave themselves up to rejoicing; but beyond noisy ebullitions of gratitude, they did little to prove the sincerity of their estimate of the services which had afforded them so much happiness.

In order to describe the precise situation of Lord Wellington at this juncture, a glance at the operations of the portion of his army detached under Sir Rowland Hill becomes indispensable. Having secured Lord Wellington's right flank by destroying the bridge and forts of Almaraz, that gallant officer returned to the southward of the Guadiana. Soult, occupied before Cadiz and in checking Ballasteros, had not sought to molest Sir Rowland, although he desired above all things to force him across the Tagus. The importance of preserving the force of Ballasteros intact was indubitable. That officer, however, with the accustomed wisdom of Spanish commanders, advanced into the open country with 8000 men, attacked General Conroux in an entrenched position at Bernos, and, as might have been expected, got beaten with heavy loss for his pains. Meanwhile, Sir Rowland Hill having been reinforced, advanced to Zafra; upon which Drouet, who had commanded the division opposed to him, fell back to Azuaga. An affair of cavalry, in which General Slade appears to have acted with some indiscretion, occurred at this time, by which a loss of 116 killed and wounded was occasioned to the Allies. The Royals and 3rd Dragoon Guards had advanced to Llera, to cover a *reconnaissance* of the Conde de Penne Villemar towards Azuaga, and having encountered two regiments of French cavalry, attacked them; and following up a successful charge too rashly, were charged by the French reserve and repulsed. These displays of impetuous valour

were often more inconvenient in their results, than failures arising from more ignoble causes. The defeat and consequent dispersion of the corps of Ballasteros now enabled Soult to strengthen Drouet, and imposed upon Sir Rowland Hill the necessity of retiring to Albuera, where, reinforced by some Spanish and Portuguese troops, he found his army increased to 23,000. Drouet, who had 21,000, did not pass Alnendralejos, but both generals having received discretionary orders, a battle was considered probable. Hill was, however, uncertain at the moment, if Lord Wellington's affairs on the Tormes were such as would justify him in forcing a battle, and resisted the temptation. The French retired, and Sir Rowland again advanced to Zafra, occupying Menda with a strong division. Drouet menaced; but a demonstration from Hill sent him back again to La Serena.

Meanwhile, the important effects of the battle of Salamanca had begun to be felt throughout Spain, and Lord Wellington considered that he might now act with vigour in the south. Accordingly, he directed Sir Rowland Hill to force Drouet out of Estremadura, and menace Andalusia, while General Cook, who commanded the British at Cadiz, should attack the enemy's works before that city. Soult had, however, already anticipated the necessity of withdrawing from the south; and having destroyed a great quantity of guns and stores, broke up the blockade of the island of St. Leon on the 24th of August; and sending Drouet orders to quit Estremadura, and join him in Granada, proceeded to Seville, which he quitted on the 26th, leaving it occupied by a rear-guard. This force was on the following morning surprized by Colonel Skerrett and General Cruz Murgeon, who had been dispatched hitherward, to divert the enemy's attention to that side, and who, deeming this an eligible opportunity for striking a blow, appeared suddenly before Triana, a suburb of Seville on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, and connected with the city by a bridge of boats. The French attempted to destroy the bridge, and get away unmolested. The Allies, however, aided by the inhabitants, prevented this movement, and crossed the bridge in time to make 200 prisoners. A division of the enemy's corps, 7000 strong, arrived the same evening before Cadiz; but finding it occupied by the Allies,

imagined Hill's force to be there, and made a hasty move to the right on Carmona, followed by Ballasteros, who hung on its flank during the march to Granada. When Drouet retired from Estremadura, Hill moved towards the Tagus, and thence gained Toledo.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Position of the French Armies in Spain—Lord Wellington assumes the offensive—The Siege of Burgos—Failure of the Attack, and Retreat of the Allied Army to the Agueda—Disorganizations of the Troops, and misconduct of some of their Officers—Elevation of Lord Wellesley to a Marquessate with a Parliamentary Grant—Opinions of Lord Wellington's services expressed in the House of Commons.

AT the end of August the following were the situations of the French armies in Spain. Marshal Soult, who had been joined by Drouet, was in Granada, on his way to Valencia, in which province a junction had taken place between Joseph Bonaparte and Suchet on the 29th. Upwards of 60,000 Frenchmen would therefore ere long be assembled in that quarter. The army of Portugal under Clausel was on the Douro, about 23,000 strong, but expecting reinforcements from the north and from France; and Massena had recently been placed at the head of a French corps in the province of Alava. At this period, Lord Wellington had 40,000 British and Portuguese at or near to Madrid, and Sir Rowland Hill, with about half that number, was on his way from Estremadura to Toledo, by way of Almaraz. Of Spaniards, there was a rabble rout in Leon, styled the army of Galicia; and Ballasteros, with another ill-disciplined body, was in Granada; whilst in Catalonia and other parts of the kingdom, there were also various bodies of troops, such as they were. It would have been idle to have reckoned the effectiveness of Spanish armies by their numbers. Astorga had, however, capitulated to the "Gallician army," after ten weeks' siege; 1200 men laying down their arms, on condition of being exchanged. About the same time

a Guerilla force had captured 700 more in Guadalajara. Another Guerilla band had recovered Bilbao, aided by a British squadron, now on the coast of Guipuscoa, under Sir Home Popham.

Lord Wellington had been promised a co-operation on the coast of Catalonia from the British force in Sicily; but the anticipated aid dwindled to some 6000 men, chiefly foreigners, who arrived too late to be of much service in Catalonia; and hearing that O'Donnel had retired into Murcia, after suffering defeat at Castala on the 21st July, thereby leaving Alicante exposed, took possession of that place.

Aware that Joseph had effected a junction with Suchet, and that if Soult and Drouet, who were moving in the direction of Valencia, could unite their forces with those of the King, more than 60,000 men could be collected in that quarter and be immediately disposable, Lord Wellington determined to anticipate their operations, by attacking Clausel upon the Douro. Leaving the 3rd and light divisions at Madrid, and the 4th at the Escorial, Lord Wellington quitted the capital on the 1st, and joining the troops assembled at Arrevalo, crossed the Douro, and driving Clausel from Valladolid, pursued his march towards Burgos, but refrained from pressing the enemy, being desirous to form a junction with the Gallician army previous to bringing on an engagement. This junction, owing to the dilatoriness of the Spanish Commander, was not effected until the 16th at Pampaliego. Strengthened by about 11,000 Spanish troops, Lord Wellington would have given Clausel battle the next morning, but that the French general withdrew, covering Burgos; and leaving a garrison 2500 strong under General Dubreton in that place, quitted it on the 18th, and retired eastward.

The castle of Burgos stands upon an oblong conical rocky hill; and the defences, as improved very materially by the French, consisted of three lines. The outer line was an old escarp wall, of difficult access, running round the lower part of the hill. This wall they had modernized with a shot-proof parapet, and had contrived flanks at the salient and re-entering points. The second line was a strong field-retrenchment, armed with cannon. The third resembled

the second; and upon the very summit, an ancient keep had been converted into a heavy casemated battery, and crowned these formidable defences. The castle of Burgos was the chief depôt of the enemy; its capture, therefore, was of the utmost importance to the Allied troops. On the 19th September, the castle was regularly invested, and the duties of the siege entrusted to the first and sixth divisions, with the brigades of Pack and Bradford. At 300 yards' distance from the upper works of the castle, and upon a level with them, but separated by a deep ravine, is a hill called San Miguel. Here the enemy had a large hornwork. Upon this hill it was resolved to make a lodgment, and hence to batter the lines, and to attempt each by assault successively when the line preceding was safely secured. This plan was in some degree dictated by the very small park of artillery at the disposal of the besiegers, which consisted only of three 18-pounders and five 24-pound iron howitzers. On the evening of the 19th September, the hornwork was assaulted and carried with a loss of 400 men in killed and wounded to the besiegers; that of the defenders not exceeding 143.

Until the night of the 22nd, the operations of the siege were vigorously continued; the garrison maintaining a heavy fire of shot and shells upon the working-parties. Anxious, therefore, to abridge the attack, Lord Wellington decided on carrying the exterior defences of the castle by escalade, and then forming a lodgment on the wall; and that night the assault was given. Major Laurie, of the 79th, with detachments from the different regiments before the place, formed the storming party. The Portuguese, who led the attack, were quickly repulsed; and though the British entered the ditch, they never could mount a ladder. Those who attempted it were bayoneted from above, while shells, combustibles, and cold shot were hurled on the assailants, who, after a most determined effort for a quarter of an hour, were driven from the ditch, leaving their leader, and half the number who composed the storming party, killed and wounded.

After this discouraging failure, an attempt was made to breach the walls; but the more commanding fire of the castle disabled the few guns placed by the engineers in

battery; and nothing remained but to resort to the more tedious but certain method by sap and mine.

The former was, however, of necessity abandoned. The sap, when pushed close to the walls, was open to a plunging fire, while shells were rolled down the bank, and heavy discharges of musketry kept up from the parapet. In carrying the approaches down the hill, the workmen were exposed to the whole artillery of the place; and the only wonder was, that men could be induced to labour steadily under this terrible cannonade. "Showers of grape-shot fell without intermission round the spot, causing an incessant whizzing and rattling amongst the stones, and appeared at the moment to be carrying destruction through the ranks; but, except the necessity of instantly carrying off the wounded, on account of their sufferings, it caused little interruption to the workmen. It was remarked here, as it had been on former occasions, that a wound from a grape-shot is less quietly borne than a wound from a round-shot or musketry. The latter is seldom known in the night, except from the falling of the individual; whereas the former, not unfrequently, draws forth loud lamentations." Up to the 26th of September, the besiegers had lost, in killed or wounded, 248.

A gallery was now driven to the base of the escarp—the parapet of the communication between the upper and lower trenches being completed; and a chamber of five feet charged with 1100 pounds of gunpowder, and the gallery tamped with sand-bags. At midnight, 300 men were paraded in the lower trenches—the hose was fired—the wall came down, and a sergeant and four privates, who formed the forlorn hope, rushed through the smoke, mounted the ruins, and bravely gained the breach. But in the darkness, which was intense, the storming party and their supporting companies missed their way—and the French, recovering from their surprise, rushed to the breach, and drove the few brave men who held it back to the trenches. The attack, consequently, failed; and from a scarcity of shot no fire could be turned on the ruins. Dubreton availed himself of this accidental advantage; and by daylight, the breach was rendered impracticable again.

This last failure produced a general despondency among the troops, and more especially among the Portuguese.

They had been working for twelve days, exposed to a close and well-directed fire from the artillery of the castle, without a useful shot having been fired from their own batteries in their support. As the spirits of the troops sank, discipline proportionately relaxed: and neither officers nor men performed their duty in the trenches with the zeal and alacrity which they had previously exhibited. In a letter to Marshal Beresford, Lord Wellington remarks: "Something or other has made a terrible alteration in the troops for the worse. They have lately, in several instances, behaved very ill; and whether it be owing to the nature of the service, or their want of pay, I cannot tell; but they are not at all in the style they were. I am rather inclined to attribute their misbehaviour to the misery and consequent indifference of both officers and soldiers, on account of their want of pay." \*

Still, however, although as the siege progressed, his chances of reducing the place became less promising, the Allied general determined to continue his operations. Another mine was driven forward, and a new breaching battery erected; and although every day brought with it a serious loss, on the 4th of October, two eighteen-pounders and three howitzers were placed in battery on the hill of St. Michael; and their fire was so well directed and maintained, that at four o'clock in the afternoon, the old breach was completely exposed, and the mine loaded, tamped, and made ready for explosion.

The fourth assault met the success that it so well deserved. The mine was sprung at five o'clock, and its effect was ruinous; the wall came down in masses—the explosion shattering the masonry for nearly one hundred feet, and blowing up many of the garrison. "The assault was conducted with the greatest regularity and spirit. In an instant the advanced party were on the ruins; and, before the dust created by the explosion had subsided, were in contact with the defenders on the summit of the breach. The party to assault the breach were equally regular and equally successful; and, after a struggle of a few minutes, the garrison were driven into their new covered-way, and behind their palisades." †

\* Wellington Despatches.

† Journal of the Sieges.

The casualties amounted to 76 killed, and 323 wounded; but the preceding operations had added heavily to the returns. Lodgments were formed in front of the old and new breaches; but the darkness of the night, and the confusion into which the stormers and workmen had been thrown, rendered both imperfect, and consequently insecure. The following evening the French sallied—overturned the gabions, and inflicted a loss of nearly 150 men. This damage was repaired the next night; and, as a supply of ammunition had reached the park, and convoys were on their way from Ciudad Rodrigo and by Corunna, the drooping spirits of the besiegers were revived. Lord Wellington's time and means were far too limited to allow him to calculate, according to rule, with any certainty upon the fall of Burgos; but from other circumstances it was still possible that its reduction might be effected.

A second sally, on the night of the 7th, was even more disastrous to the assailants than the former one. The works were greatly injured, the entrenching tools carried off, and 200 men killed and wounded. The sortie was bravely repelled—but the gallant officer by whom the hornwork of St. Michael had been carried, fell in this unfortunate *mêlée*. The besiegers lost, from the 6th to the 10th of October, 116 killed, and 268 wounded.

The remainder of the siege may be compressed into general occurrences. Lord Wellington, from the enormous expenditure of musket cartridges, which his weakness in artillery had rendered unavoidable, felt it necessary to change his system of attack; and while the White Church was assailed with hot shot, a gallery was commenced against that of San Roman. The former operation failed—the latter, however, was continued with better success. The old breach in the second line was cleared again by the fire from the hornwork. A new one, on the 18th, was declared practicable; and Lord Wellington determined to storm them both, while a strong detachment was to escalate the front of the works, and thus connect the attacks upon the breaches. At half-past four in the evening, a flag was displayed on a hill west of the castle, as a signal that the mine was sprung. The troops instantly rushed to the breaches—and both were carried most gallantly. The Guards escalated

the second line; and some of the German Legion actually gained the third. But the supports did not come up as promptly as they should have done; and the French governor, with a powerful reserve, rushed from the upper ground, drove the assailants beyond the outer line, and cleared the breaches. No troops could have fought more gallantly than the storming parties; but numbers prevailed over valour, and the attack consequently failed. The Allied loss on this unfortunate occasion was severe. The explosion of the mines had destroyed the greater part of the church of San Roman, and the assailants effected a lodgment among the ruins; but the following night the enemy sallied, drove out the picket, and for a short time obtained possession of the building. The ruins were once more cleared of the enemy, and a gallery commenced from the church against the second line—but the siege was virtually at an end. The troops had been gradually drawn to the front, in consequence of threatening movements of the French army,—and on the 20th, Lord Wellington gave the command of the investing force to Major-General Pack, and joined the divisions which hitherto had covered the operations against the castle. On the evening of the 21st an official order was given to raise the siege. And thus a general of consummate abilities, and a victorious army, were obliged to retire unsuccessfully from before a third-rate fortress “strong in nothing but the skill and bravery of the governor and his gallant soldiers,” after (the casualties which occurred between the 18th and 21st being included, namely 96 killed and 160 wounded) sustaining a total loss of 509 officers and men killed, and 1,505 wounded or missing; a loss in numbers nearly equalling the garrison of the place.

The failure of Lord Wellington's attack on Burgos occasioned a powerful sensation in England when the news arrived that the siege had been abandoned, and the Allied army was in full retreat. The operations to reduce the castle were then freely canvassed, and many were found who pronounced the method of attack defective. Professional men, however, will find but little difficulty in determining the true causes of the failure. It was solely attributable to the deficiency of Lord Wellington's means; for the best authorities have agreed that the siege arrangements

were ably planned. There were some officers who thought those means not judiciously applied. "Other modes and other points of attack were suggested, and even submitted to Lord Wellington; but they were all found to be the visionary schemes of men unacquainted with the details—beautiful as a whole, but falling to pieces on the slightest touch. His lordship condescended to receive the projects offered, analysed them, saw their fallacy, and rejected them."

Lord Wellington's personal superintendence of all the operations of this siege was untiring. The arrangements for each assault were written by his own hand as he sat upon the ground, observing the point of attack; and he was so much and so often exposed to fire, that his escape seemed almost miraculous. On the 29th September, he was in such imminent personal danger on his return from a close observation of the attack, that a field which he had to cross was literally ploughed up by grape and musketry, as he passed down it. The abandonment of the siege was a measure which the combined movement of the French armies of the south and centre, under Soult and Joseph Bonaparte, rendered imperative. Immediately on Lord Wellington's front was an army which had been considerably reinforced, and possessing so immense a superiority in cavalry that the Allied horse bore no sort of proportion to it in numbers. The French force under Souham, which had been reinforced by 10,000 men in addition to the army which the general had brought with him from the north, at this time numbered 44,000 men, with 60 pieces of artillery, whilst the Allied force amounted to only 38,000, including 13,000 Gallicians and other Spaniards, with 42 guns, twelve of which were Spanish. Finding himself so greatly superior in numerical strength, Souham was about to attack Lord Wellington, when letters arrived from King Joseph which interdicted him from so doing. Joseph and Soult had united their forces near Almanza on the 3rd October, and were advancing on the Tagus. They had threatened Sir Rowland Hill, and were in a position to render themselves exceedingly formidable. In the actual condition of Spain, the evacuation of Andalusia by the enemy was, strange as the assertion may appear, rather a disadvantage than otherwise; for the energies of

40,000 of their best troops, commanded by their best general, had hitherto been assembled to no purpose before Cadiz; whereas, by the junction of this force with that under Joseph in Murcia, an army of 70,000 was produced, ready to march towards the Tagus, recover Madrid, and by combining its operations with those of the army of Portugal, force Lord Wellington back upon Ciudad Rodrigo; Souham's army alone being sufficient to occupy that of Wellington; and that of Hill, consisting of 20,000 Anglo-Portuguese, and 14,000 Spaniards, being wholly inadequate to cope with the united forces of Joseph and Soult. Had Ballasteros obeyed the appeal which had been made to him, and entered La Mancha with 25,000 Spaniards, he would have compelled the enemy to leave a strong corps to keep that army in check; and their means of acting against the main army would thus have been crippled, and it might have been able to maintain the line of the Douro, and its central position with respect to the French armies. But, unhappily, Ballasteros having taken umbrage at the appointment of Lord Wellington to be Captain-General of Spain, not only refused to co-operate with him, but addressed to him an angry remonstrance, which drew serious consequences on the head of the writer, who was, for this act of insubordination, not only deprived of his command, but exiled to Ceuta. Thus was lost the opportunity of securing *all* the fruits of the glorious victory of Salamanca.

Under these discouraging circumstances, Lord Wellington appears to have had no alternative save the one to which he resorted; and to avoid an inconvenient circuit by a bad road, which would have afforded the enemy an opportunity of embarrassing his retreat, determined to cross the Arlanzon at Burgos, although the bridges were closely enfiladed by the guns of the castle. The Allied army quitted its position after dark, unobserved by the enemy; and having adopted the precaution of muffling the wheels of the gun-carriages with straw, the troops defiled past the castle in silence; and two divisions had crossed the Arlanzon before the garrison became aware of the operation, although the moon was shining brightly at the time. The galloping of some guerilla horsemen, less easily restrained than the regular troops, alarmed the French, who opened a heavy fire,

and severe loss was occasioned by the first discharges. The range of their guns was, however, soon lost; and the passage of the river was effected with comparatively few casualties. By this bold movement, Lord Wellington headed Souham, who did not come up with the Allies in force until midday of the 23rd, when his cavalry pressed hard on the rear-guard. The British horse charged them twice, and checked them a little; but as they brought up fresh squadrons every moment, they were compelled to give way, and fell back, in some haste and confusion, on the German Light Infantry under Colonel Halkett. That officer instantly threw his men into squares, and gallantly repulsed the French. The same day the army crossed the Pisuerga, and on the evening of the 24th the whole was in position behind the Carrion; the left at Villa Muriel, and the right at Duenas. Here Lord Wellington was reinforced by a brigade of Guards under Lord Dalhousie, which had been disembarked at Corunna. The army halted on the 25th. The bridges over the Carrion, at Palencia, Villa Muriel, and Duenas, and that on the Pisuerga at Tarriejo, were ordered to be mined. Those at Villa Muriel and Duenas were successively destroyed, but those at Palencia were taken possession of by the enemy before they could be broken up; and the mine at Tarriejo not being fully prepared, was prematurely fired, and failed altogether; the bridge remaining serviceable. In consequence of this neglect, the enemy was enabled to cross both rivers, and by their passage of the Pisuerga at Tarriejo, greatly endangered the retreat of the Allied army. The covering parties at Palencia and Tarriejo were overpowered, and that at the latter post was taken by the enemy's cavalry, which crossed the bridge in great force. A column was, however, sent to attack them, which drove them again across the river. Hastening then to gain the left of the Allies, the enemy crossed the Carrion by a ford at Villa Muriel, and took possession of a village on that flank. A body of Spanish troops was ordered to dislodge them, with the usual result. It was, however, rallied and led on again by General Alava, who was, however, wounded in the charge; and until led by the Brunswick Oels corps, they made no impression on the enemy. The Germans soon drove them from the post; and as the 5th division of the Allies advanced, such

columns of the enemy as had crossed the river withdrew, and returned to the other bank. On the 26th, the Allied army continued its retreat, and crossed the Pisuega at Cabezon. Here, on the 27th, the French attempted to gain possession of the bridge, but were repulsed. On the 28th, they tried to pass the river at Simancas, but found the bridge demolished. On the evening of the same day, they entered Tordesillas, but that bridge had also been destroyed. On the 29th, the Allied army crossed the Douro at Tudela and Puente de Douro, blowing up the bridges at those places and at Gamora. Those of Toro, Quintanilla, and Zamora, shared the same fate. The French having observed that only a small guard had been posted at the south end of the destroyed bridge at Tordesillas, sent a chosen body of volunteers to swim over in the night and dislodge them, which they succeeded in doing, and immediately proceeded to repair the bridge. On hearing of this enterprise, Lord Wellington placed his army in front of Tordesillas, where it halted until the 6th of November, when, the bridge of Toro having been replaced by the enemy, he withdrew on the following day to Torrecilla de la Orden, and on the 8th regained his old position of San Christoval, in front of Salamanca. On the same day, Sir Rowland Hill, who had been in communication with Lord Wellington since the 3rd, and had effected his junction on the 5th, crossed the Tormes, leaving in the town of Alba de Tormes a corps of British and a division of Portuguese. He was to have united with Lord Wellington at Arevalo, but subsequent instructions, occasioned by the facility with which the enemy had repaired the bridge over the Douro, had compelled him to change his route. He had broken up from Jarama on the 30th of August, and had retired leisurely before Soult and Joseph Bonaparte, bringing away with him the garrison of Madrid. Lord Wellington having left troops to occupy San Christoval and garrison its castle, took post with his main body at Calvarassa de Arriba, the light division and the Spanish infantry entering Salamanca.

The Allied army was thus *à cheval* on the Tormes, its left being on the heights of San Christoval, and its extreme right at Alba, having the whole of the cavalry in front on the right bank of the river. The bridge of Salamanca and

the fords gave the means of strengthening either wing by a shorter line than the enemy could move on; and with 52,000 Anglo-Portuguese troops and 16,000 Spaniards, Lord Wellington, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the enemy, was not unwilling to receive battle on ground selected by himself. The French armies of the north, south, and centre, which had united on the right bank of the Tormes on the 10th November, comprised no fewer than 90,000 combatants, including 12,000 cavalry and 200 pieces of artillery. On the 10th, the enemy attacked the town and castle of Alba with infantry and artillery, confining their attention chiefly to their guns, with which, however, they made little or no impression. At length, adopting a suggestion of Soult, and trestle bridges having been prepared for the passage of their artillery, the French, on the 14th, crossed the Tormes at the fords of Encenas, about five miles above Alba, and took post on the wooded heights of Mozarbes. Wellington immediately broke up from San Christoval, and directed his troops on the Arapiles. He then marched with a body of cavalry to attack such of the enemy as had crossed the river; but finding them in great strength, and well posted near Mazarbes, he contented himself with ordering the evacuation of Alba and the destruction of its bridge; leaving 300 Spaniards in the castle, with instructions to abandon it on the succeeding day, should his army retire. On the morning of the 15th, Lord Wellington placed his troops in battle-order near the Arapiles, a field which he had already rendered memorable by his glorious victory at Salamanca. Soult, however, who commanded in chief, profiting by Marmont's experience, held aloof, but manœuvred on his right, and, by threatening his communications with Ciudad Rodrigo, compelled Lord Wellington, who could not, with such great odds against him, assume the offensive, to retire; and, suddenly quitting the Arapiles in the afternoon, he passed the French almost within cannon-range, and encamped that night at Valmuza. The Allied army, marching to its right, gained the roads leading to Portugal in perfect order, and were not pressed upon by the enemy in any great force, but a strong advanced guard hung upon the rear, and overtaking the right column on the 17th as it passed the Huerba, occasioned it some loss by a can-

nonade. The same day, a party of French cavalry having penetrated between the 5th and 7th divisions under General Sir Edward Paget, he was made prisoner as he was riding along accompanied only by an officer and orderly dragoon.

The sufferings of the army on this retreat were intense, and the loss by all kinds of casualties considerable. The privations of the men were, indeed, hardly exceeded by those which the army of Sir John Moore was called upon to endure in the disastrous retreat to Corunna. Heavy rains fell almost without intermission; the roads were deep and miry, and even the fords of the rivers were breast-high. Arriving at their destined place of rest, wet, weary, and hungry, the soldiers were compelled to lie down on the saturated ground without the means of drying their dripping garments. The few fires they contrived to make were smoky and cheerless: many of the divisions had neither bread, biscuit, or flour; and the men had only a ration of lean over-driven beef, heated upon smoking ashes, and necessarily devoured half raw.

On the 18th the head-quarters of the Allied army reached the vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo, having sustained great loss between the Tormes and the Agueda; and on the 20th, the main body crossed the frontier of Portugal, or halted in the villages on the Agueda; whilst the corps of Sir Rowland Hill was distributed in the mountain hamlets south of the Sierra de Trancia. The enemy having withdrawn from the Tormes, Lord Wellington took immediate steps to afford his troops the repose of which they stood in so much need after their long and painful retreat, for the divisions employed at Burgos had scarcely had a day's interval of rest since the opening of the campaign on the 13th June. They were accordingly distributed in cantonments; those under Sir Rowland Hill, in the province of Cona, having a detachment at Bejar to cover the pass of Banos; and the remainder in the province of Beira, on the Douro, Mondego, and Coa; excepting the Light Division, and General Allen's brigade of cavalry, which were left on the Agueda. The extreme left of the cantonments was at Lamego; and head-quarters were established at Treneda, a village on the east side of the Coa, about thirty miles from Ciudad Rodrigo.

The best military summary of this memorable retreat is

probably contained in the despatches of him who directed it; and in the annals of modern war, no series of operations will be found in which there was more to interest, or more to admire. Victory is not a certain proof of talent; and battles have been gained in which every disposition was at variance with the rules of art—and the success of the field arose even from the errors or the ignorance of the commander. In war, skill does much; but sometimes fortune does more. His hour of conquest is not the time to test the abilities of a general,—try him amid difficulties and disasters—and passing by his victorious advance, mark well his conduct when retreating.\*

Well might Lord Wellington describe that period of the campaign, from the night upon which he abandoned the height of St. Michael, until he halted before the Arapiles, as “the worst military situation” in which a British general had been placed. With a weak and dispirited army he commenced a retreat of 200 miles, followed by a force physically and numerically superior.† The country he traversed afforded many fine positions for defence, but they were the most dangerous a general can occupy. The route was everywhere intersected by swollen rivers, whose safe passage depended on the accuracy with which the regressive movements were effected; while severe rains, deep roads, and the sudden rising of tributary streams, rendered it almost impossible to time the marching of a column with that precision on which the nice combinations of an army are dependent. To fall back over a flat surface is much more hazardous than to re-

\* Defending his brother’s conduct in the past campaign, the Marquis Wellesley, with considerable warmth, thus continued:—“For my part, if I were called on to give my impartial testimony of the merits of your great general, I confess before Heaven, I would not select his victories, brilliant as they were—I would go to the moments when difficulties pressed and crowded on him—when he had but the choice of extremities—when he was overhung by superior strength. It is to his retreats that I would go for the proudest and most undoubted evidence of his ability.”

† The itinerary, from Burgos to Salamanca, as pursued during the retreat, would be, in miles:—Burgos to Cellada del Camino 16, Venta del Moral (on the Arlanzon) 16, Torquemada (on the Pisuerga) 16, Duerras 8, Cabezon 16, Valladolid 8, Bridges of the Douro (Puente and Tudela) 8, Reuda 12, Tordesillas 8, Rastregon 28, Pituergo 25, Salamanca 16. Total, 177 miles.

tire by a hill-country. In the latter, cavalry can seldom act, and artillery is useless. Every mountain-pass presents an obstacle to pursuit—they are positions the most embarrassing to a general—they cannot be forced in front; and the time they require in being turned, allows a retreating army to move leisurely away, and consequently, imposes forced marches on an advancing one to overtake it. Hence, with the exception of the weather, which at times was desperate enough, of the two celebrated retreats, Wellington's was more difficult than that of Moore. The former's was open at every moment to attack—lateral roads branched off in every direction: cavalry could act in all parts of the country; there were no mountain positions to defend; nor were the flanks of the retiring columns secure for an hour.

Other circumstances added seriously to Lord Wellington's embarrassments. The relaxed discipline of the soldiers had risen to an alarming height, and the more so, because the privations they endured were but temporary, and their marches not unusually severe. The excesses of the soldiery at Torquemada were fully equalled by Hill's rear-guard at Valdemoro; and hundreds of these besotted wretches were picked up by the enemy in the cellars they had plundered. Drunkenness produced cruelty—and many of the peasantry, hitherto well affected to the Allies, perished by the hands of infuriated savages, who seemed reckless whether friend or foe became the victim of their ferocity. On the first day's march from Madrid, seventeen murdered peasants were reckoned, either lying on the road or thrown into the ditches. Another mischievous breach of discipline had become very general. Numerous herds of swine were found among the woods, and the soldiers broke from their columns, and commenced shooting pigs wherever they could be found. The spattering fire kept up in the forest by these marauders, occasioned frequently an unnecessary alarm, and thus disturbed the brief space allowed for rest to the exhausted soldiers. Nothing but the greatest severity checked this most dangerous offence; and though two of the delinquents, when taken "red-handed" and in the very fact, were hanged in the sight of their guilty comrades, the evil was not abated by example; for hunger had made starving soldiers indifferent to the desperate consequences their offending was certain to

draw down. But the most serious cause for Lord Wellington's displeasure arose from the misconduct and insubordination of some of the regimental officers, and the indifference of others; and on the arrival of the army in quarters, he addressed a letter to the commanders of brigades and regiments, censuring them, their officers and their men, with great severity. These bitter, and somewhat indiscriminating reproaches occasioned great excitement, and were received by some of the oldest and best disciplined regiments with feelings of undisguised resentment; for there were many corps that had maintained their discipline intact, and whose losses were very trifling, and clearly to be accounted for. Their anger was, however, soon appeased by a recollection of the great difficulties with which they and their illustrious chief had been surrounded, and the success of the efforts he had made to surmount them. The chief object for which Lord Wellington had advanced to Madrid, had been attained most satisfactorily. The south of Spain had been evacuated. Some of his anticipations had not been realized; but the want of co-operation from those from whom he had the best right to expect it, both at home and abroad, had completely crippled his exertions, and defeated plans conceived with the utmost forethought, and followed up with the most untiring energy. One of the unavoidable annoyances to which commanding officers are exposed, is to have operations still in progress criticised by persons who cannot understand the numerous combinations by which a great result can only be obtained. This was strongly evidenced during the memorable retreat to the Agueda; and it would afford a useful lesson to the young soldier, to turn to the newspapers of that day, and remark the ignorance and presumption with which the operations of the Allied general were censured by English journalists at home, on the authority of persons then with the army, to whom the complicated movements of Lord Wellington were perfectly unintelligible. In their letters to England, rapid marches were described as preliminary measures for an abandonment of the Peninsula; and the sudden alterations in the line of the retreat, which secured the safety of the army, were described as the sure forerunners of disaster. But to those splendid displays of genius which marked the operations throughout, they were in-

sensible. The initial movement, when the Arlanzon was safely crossed under the batteries of Burgos—the prompt decision with which Wellington took a position at Rueda,\* and paralyzed the efforts of his opponent, at the very moment when the daring exploit at Tordesillas had opened, as Souham supposed, a certain path to victory—the well-placed confidence with which he offered battle on that glorious field where “Marmont’s rashness had been fixed with a thunder-bolt,” and, by beautiful movements, Soult’s cautious skill rendered unavailing—all these fine strokes of generalship were overlooked; and in the British capital the destruction of the Allied army on the Tormes was announced as inevitable, at the very moment when it was reposing on the banks of the Agueda, after the fatigues of one of the ablest retreats which history records.

The British ministry had been tardy with their support, and niggard in its amount. The military means of his Allies were feeble; and what their disposition to aid him in achieving their own deliverance from the yoke of a cruel and insolent invader, really was, we have already shown. Yet, in the face of disadvantages and discouragements which have rarely been experienced by any military commander; in the face, too, of armies mustering, whenever they chose to combine, nearly double the strength of the British and Portuguese forces, he had torn from them two fortresses, gained a pitched battle, had penetrated to the capital, driven away the intrusive king for a season, freed Andalusia from his power, and sapped the foundations of his throne.

For these services, the Earl of Wellington had been created by the Prince Regent, ever foremost to appreciate his achievements, a marquis; and in order to enable him to support this dignity, Parliament had voted him 100,000*l.* to purchase land. Of whatever cavils he may have been the object, his services were not wholly overlooked, and this

\* “I found Lord Wellington inhabiting a very indifferent quarter in the village of Rueda, but, notwithstanding the reverse he had sustained, apparently in the same excellent spirits, the same collected, clear, distinct frame of mind, that never varied or forsook him during the numberless embarrassing events and anxious occasions that naturally occurred to agitate a commander during the long and arduous struggle which he conducted with such firmness and judgment.”—*Leith Hay*.

recognition of them stimulated him in all probability to greater exertions, and had, moreover, the effect of silencing the murmurs of his accusers at home; and reinforcements, of cavalry more especially, which had always been wanting, were now conceded to him ungrudgingly. He had been created Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo and Marques of Torres Vedras; and subsequently, the higher, and it would appear, prophetic title, of Duque da Vittoria.

The failure before Burgos, and the retreat to the Agueda, had completely inspired the party systematically opposed to the exertions of Lord Wellington. Some were so infatuated, when not a French soldier remained in Portugal, Andalusia, or Gallicia, and when Napoleon had lost 200,000 in the disastrous Russian campaign, as to insist that the liberation of the Peninsula from the yoke of France, was no nearer accomplishment than it was at the commencement of the war. Ministers were denounced for continuing the contest, and for "starving" it; and the latter part of the anathema they would seem to have deserved: for to the fact that they did "starve" it, did Lord Wellington owe many of his mischances and much of the disorganization of his troops. Not content with attacking the ministers, however, the faction in opposition in England, assailed Lord Wellington himself for inactivity and rashness; that is to say, doing to little and too much; for wasting time at Madrid, and for commencing the siege of Burgos with such inadequate means.

Lord Grenville, who was among the most bitter of the malcontents, declared the cause of the Peninsula to be hopeless; that the boast of the delivery of Andalusia was absurd, for that "the French could re-occupy the provinces whenever they pleased;" and the deliverance of Spain was beyond the utmost means of this country to expect. In conclusion, however, he made some home-thrusts at ministers, which were not wholly undeserved. He asked why, with a revenue of a hundred and five millions, extorted by means the most grinding and oppressive from a suffering people, ministers were unable to supply Lord Wellington's military chest. His proposal was, at once to put a stop to the contest in Spain. Mr. Ponsonby followed on the same side; and Mr. Freemantle, afterwards one of the greatest

adulators of the illustrious Wellington, declared that by the battle of Salamanca we had gained nothing but glory; that the deliverance of Spain was no nearer its accomplishment after that battle than when Lord Wellington was at Torres Vedras. Mr. Whitbread, although he had read his recantation, so far as his personal hostility to Wellington was concerned, supported Lord Grenville.

When the vote of thanks to Lord Wellington and his army was proposed, Sir Francis Burdett opposed it, on the ground, that either Lord Wellington was not entitled to the praise, or that the fault of our failure was attributable to His Majesty's ministers. He also wished the proposed grant to Lord Wellington to be withheld until inquiries had been made into the late extraordinary campaign. Lord Wellington's victories had, he affirmed, none of the characteristics of those of Marlborough: the chief merit he allowed to the modern general was, that he had brought his armies into difficulties, and that his men had fought their way out of them. He considered the cause of the Peninsula more hopeless than at the beginning of the campaign. Lord Grey confirmed his anathemas (not ill-deserved) on ministers; and it is an undoubted fact, that but for the virulence of the attacks of the opposition upon them, they would never have afforded that substantial aid to the Great Captain of the age, without which his valour, vigilance, and discretion, would have been of no avail.

The English newspapers of the day, were, for the most part, hostile to Lord Wellington, because they were anti-ministerial; and hailed, as an absolute triumph to their cause, the retreat from Burgos. The people of England, generally easily exhilarated by success, are depressed in a much greater ratio by failure, and were therefore but too ready to listen to these evil monitors. The true British spirit, however, prevailed in Parliament; and the English people, through their representatives, expressed their determination to abide by the final issue of the contest.

Whilst Parliament and the nation were discussing the recent failures in the Peninsula, Lord Wellington was as busily employed in reorganizing and re-equipping his army, not overlooking the slightest details that seemed calculated to insure the comfort or discipline of his troops.

Every man capable of bearing arms was gathered to his regiment, and the internal economy of the army, and the *matériel* for the ensuing campaign, proportionately improved and increased. A fine pontoon-train was also completed; and a number of carts, specially adapted for the rough roads they had to traverse, were built for the use of the divisions. Light camp-kettles and tents added to the comforts of the soldiers, while hospitals were conveniently established in the rear, and *ambulances* organized to accompany the army to the field.

Owing to the measures adopted in the Peninsula, with the assistance he received from home, in April, Lord Wellington had under his command nearly 200,000 fighting men, which, taken as a whole, was the finest force that ever Britain had embattled. Its *matériel* was truly magnificent, for abundant supplies and powerful reinforcements had arrived from England. The Life and Horse-Guards had joined the cavalry; and that arm, hitherto the weakest, was increased to nineteen efficient regiments. The infantry had been recruited from the militias—the artillery was complete in every requisite for the field—and a well-arranged commissariat, with ample means of transport, facilitated the operations of the most serviceable force that had ever been placed under the leading of an English general.

Of these masses of armed men, the flower was the Anglo-Portuguese army. It was composed of 45,000 British troops, and 28,000 Portuguese—all were effective soldiers—strong in health, buoyant in spirit, and perfect in discipline. Upon the Spaniards also, a surprising reformation had been wrought, since the Cortes had placed them under Lord Wellington's control. The regular troops had been fed, clothed, armed, and organized—the *Partidas* improved in general efficiency; and as they now received and obeyed the orders of the Allied leader, that daring and activity was usefully directed, which formerly had been unprofitably employed in loose and desultory operations. Besides the Anglo-Sicilian force at Alicante, amounting to 16,000 men, four Spanish armies, exclusive of the reserve in Andalusia, were ready to take the field. The first, or Catalanian, under Copons, mustered above 6,000. The Murcian, under Elio, amounted to 20,000. A third, in the Morena, commanded

by Del Parque, consisted of 12,000 ; while the fourth, under Castaños, was the strongest of the whole—for, with the army of Estremadura, that of Galicia under Giron, the Asturians under Porlier, and the guerillas of Julian Sanchez, Mina, and Longa, it amounted to 40,000 men, without including the small Partida bands who generally assisted in its operations.

While the strength and spirit of the Allied armies had thus progressively increased, those of the enemy, in both, had suffered a material abatement. The former had been weakened by the drafting into Germany of 20,000 veteran soldiers; and the latter was seriously depressed by the defection of Prussia, following as it did so rapidly on the frightful reverses Napoleon's Russian invasion had occasioned. As usual, in the councils of the French generals there was little unity, and consequently, no sound results. Jealous of each other, they all, with few exceptions, disliked and despised the king, and openly contemned his authority. Indeed, Joseph's situation was anything but enviable. The orders he issued to the marshals were sometimes treated with indifference, and at others totally disregarded. Abroad and at home the clouds were gathering ; and while he saw the coming storm, he had neither mind nor means to delay or divert it from bursting. From many of his generals he would not receive advice, as they were objects of his distrust ; and, as the plans of his abler brother were too far-sighted for his comprehension, he refused to act up to his directions. Other causes added to his embarrassments. For weeks together his communications with France were interrupted—the transition of supplies rendered insecure—the revenue had dwindled away, and the treasury was entirely exhausted.

Nor was the correspondence between Napoleon and himself, when it escaped the Partidas, in any wise agreeable. On his side, it was a tissue of complaints ; on his brother's, the bitterest reproaches taxed the pseudo-king with want of capacity and obedience. On neither, however, had these angry letters much effect. To earnest entreaties for monetary assistance, Napoleon turned a deaf ear ; and instead of relieving Joseph's wants, he reduced the subsidy of Spain to 2,000,000 francs monthly, with an order that the whole should be expended in payment of the soldiers. When the

unhappy king asked where resources were to be obtained, "his brother, with a just sarcasm on his political and military blindness, desired him to seek what was necessary in those provinces of the north which were rich enough to nourish *Partidas* and the insurrectional juntas. The king, thus pushed to the wall, prevailed upon Gazan secretly to lend him 50,000 francs, for the support of his court, from the chest of the army of the south; but with the other generals he could by no means agree; and instead of the vigour and vigilance necessary to meet the coming campaign, there was weakness, disunion, and ill-blood."\*

At the end of the spring the French armies in Spain had amounted to about 240,000 men, with 30,000 horses. Of these, 30,000 were sick and wounded; 70,000 were operating in Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia; 10,000 garrisoned in Madrid; and the remainder consisted of the different corps established in extensive cantonments, which occupied the country from the Tormes to the frontier.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Opening of the Campaign of 1813—Lord Wellington's Visit to Cadiz—Honours conferred upon him—Effect of the Reverses in Russia on Napoleon—Reorganization of the Allied Troops—Lord Wellington's Plan for the Campaign of 1813—His Departure from Portugal—His Resumption of Offensive Operations—Follows Joseph Bonaparte to Vittoria—Battle of Vittoria—Total Rout of the French, and Flight of King Joseph.

Nothing could be more perfect than the skill with which Lord Wellington masked his intended operations. By the disposition of his corps, the formation of his magazines, and the false information he caused to be conveyed to the enemy, he misled the French generals, who saw so many plans open for his adoption, that it was impossible to guess that which he was most likely to select. He might turn their right by forcing the passage of Tormes on the Douro, or by Avila

\* Napier.

and the valley of the Tagus march direct upon Madrid. He might then choose the north for the scene of his operations; or he might move southward, and unite with the Anglo-Sicilian army under Murray. All these plans were probable; all were discussed by Joseph and his generals; but they failed in penetrating Lord Wellington's true designs, and the blow was struck before they could divine the quarter from which it might be expected.

Immediately before the opening of the campaign some changes had taken place in the disposition of the French corps; D'Armanac, with part of the army of the centre, occupied Valladolid, of which the king had made head-quarters; and Villatte, with a division of the army of the south, held the line of the Tormes from Alba to Ledesma. Three divisions were on both banks of the Douro, and Reille's cavalry on the Esla; Gazan was at Arevalo, D'Erlon at Segovia, Coroux at Avila, and Leval commanded at Madrid.

The plan of the Allied general was a splendid military conception. Aware that the defences of Douro had been strengthened, he determined to avoid the danger and delay which would be required in forcing them; and by a fine combination of the Anglo-Portuguese army with that of Galicia, he gained the northern bank of the river, taking in reverse the line of defensive posts on the Douro, and opening to attack the whole right flank of the French army, whose scattered corps were too loosely cantoned to admit of rapid concentration. "Thus 70,000 Portuguese and British, 8,000 Spaniards from Estremadura, and 12,000 Galicians, that is to say, 90,000 fighting men, would be suddenly placed on a new front; and marching abreast against the surprised and separated masses of the enemy, would drive them reflux to the Pyrenees."

Whilst his various suggestions for improving the efficiency of his army were in progress, Lord Wellington visited Cadiz, for the purpose of communicating in person with the Spanish Government. He was received with the warmest demonstrations of respect and admiration. He was waited upon by a deputation from the Cortes; and on being introduced to the hall of the assembly, gratified his audience very highly by replying to their address in the Spanish language. His stay in Cadiz was short, but during his sojourn there he

was appointed, and accepted the post, Generalissimo of the Spanish forces in the ensuing campaign. He returned to head-quarters by way of Lisbon, where his reception was equally honourable. The city was illuminated for three nights. He was received by the Lords and Regent of the kingdom, with the highest honours; entertained at the palace during his stay, and when he appeared in the large theatre of San Carlos, which was crowded to the roof, the thunders of applause seemed to know no bounds. It was about this period that the Prince Regent of Portugal conferred upon him the rank of Duke, with the title of Vittoria. With the appointment of Generalissimo of the Spanish army, he was invested with the powers which would enable him to wield his authority effectively. It conferred on him, among other privileges, the promotion and appointment of officers to all extraordinary commands; the right of dismissing from the army all whose conduct might prove that they were unworthy of remaining in its ranks, and the application of the resources of the state as he should direct. It was also arranged that the chief of the staff, and such other staff-officers of the Spanish army, as might be considered necessary, should be attached to his head-quarters, and become the media of communication between himself, the Spanish troops, and the government. Without these necessary powers he would have declined to receive the appointment which had been conferred upon him. We have already mentioned that Lord Wellington refused all the pecuniary emoluments from foreign governments for his services. Yet, with the comparatively moderate resources at his command, few noblemen, even at this early period of his career, distributed more money in charity than he did.

The appointment of the Marquis of Wellington (in January, 1813,) to be Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues), was hailed with acclamation by the army, and conferred upon him a more substantial boon than many of his honours. The appointment, which was unasked for, gratified him exceedingly; and so far was he from estimating his services at anything like their real value, that when he announced his good fortune at his own table, he exclaimed with the liveliest joy,—“I am the luckiest fellow in the world; I must have been born under some extraordinary planet.”

Napoleon's fatal reverses in Russia exercised a powerful influence over the affairs of continental Europe, and gave strength and heart to all the nations he had oppressed. The destruction of his entire army had enormously crippled his capacity for mischief; but although he still retained, with the tenacity of a bird of prey, his hold on Spain, his tenure in that country was already doomed. One hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen were still dispersed over her provinces, of which at least 70,000 were in a condition to take the field. But the united strength of the Peninsula was now in the hands of Wellington, and he well knew how to avail himself of it. Whilst the Allied army remained in cantonments, no hostile movement of any importance appears to have occurred. The British post at Bejar was, it is true, suddenly assailed by a French column under General Foy in February, but he was immediately and vigorously repulsed. After this, the tranquillity of the British cantonments was never for a moment disturbed until the month of May, when the campaign of 1813 was opened by Lord Wellington. The efficient state to which his own and the Portuguese troops had been brought, and the progress which had been made in equipping and disciplining the Spanish armies, to say nothing of the additional power with which his appointment to the supreme command had invested him, had greatly increased his confidence in the result of any future conflict in the field; but wisely foreseeing that every battle would draw him further from his base of operations, and thereby increase the difficulties of obtaining supplies; and that consequently the final result must depend very much upon the completeness of his financial and commissariat arrangements, he had devoted much of his leisure to their reorganization. It was absolutely necessary that a large body of Spanish troops should be kept together in a state for service, which could only be accomplished by developing the resources of Spain, and to that object much of his attention had been devoted. The French had many advantages over him in subsisting their armies. Their plan of living on the country in which they carried on the war could not be adopted by a British army which had been sent to rescue a country from oppression; and even if such a mode of subsisting troops had been

authorized by the Government, it was wholly impracticable without involving them in a continual war with the inhabitants. In his reply to the memorandum of General Whittingham on this subject, Lord Wellington remarks, that in no country save in France, in the first days of the Revolution, could such a system be carried into execution by its own government and army, as that of making the operations of the war produce the resources for carrying it on.

The result of the disastrous campaign in Russia had not only prevented Napoleon from reinforcing his marshals in Spain, but had compelled him to recall the only one who was seriously formidable; and although Soult took with him only 20,000 men, they formed the flower of his army, and were more effective than thrice the number of raw conscripts. With this deduction, however, the armies of Portugal, the centre and the south, could still bring 70,000 men into the field. These corps were placed under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, with Marshal Jourdan for his Major-General.

To co-operate with the Anglo-Portuguese army, Lord Wellington had the Spanish army of Galicia, 12,000 strong; the army of reserve of Andalusia, 15,000; whilst to oppose Suchet in the east, besides the Anglo-Sicilian army, numbering 16,000, there were the armies of Catalonia, (6000 well-disciplined troops) and of Elio, amounting to 12,000. In other parts of Spain, the irregular bands of the Empecinado, Villacampo, Mina, and Porlier, amounted to 37,000. With the discrimination which was his great characteristic, Lord Wellington selected the best Spanish generals that could be found, to command the different armies of that country. Castaños had been appointed by the Regency to command the army in Galicia; but as its numerical strength was not sufficiently great to entitle it to be commanded by a general of his standing, it was entrusted to Pedro Augustin Giron. With Castaños, however, who was Captain-General of Leon, Castile, Galicia, and Estremadura, Lord Wellington kept in constant communication during the campaign. Don Henrique O'Donnell commanded the army of Andalusia, and Morillo, Carlos de Espana, Longa, and Julian Sanchez, the minor bands. Throughout the winter the enemy had shown little disposition to disturb the Anglo-Portuguese

troops; but early in February, they pushed some parties across the Tormes, with the view of plundering the country between the outposts of the two armies; and towards the end of the same month, an affair took place with General Foy, but he was driven back with loss by the 50th Regiment and 5th Caçadores. This movement induced Lord Wellington to order more troops to the Agueda.

Not only were Lord Wellington's plans for the campaign of 1813 excellent, but they were so skilfully concealed from the enemy, that they seemed, by their dispositions, to have no idea of his real intentions. Having prepared secretly, at different points between Lamego and the frontier, the means of transport, he threw five divisions of infantry and two brigades of cavalry across the Douro, and directed Sir Thomas Graham to take them through the province of Trás os Montes upon Zamora. Lord Wellington himself led two divisions of infantry, a corps of Spaniards, and a body of cavalry, on Salamanca; whilst Sir Rowland Hill brought his corps from Upper Estremadura, descended the Tormes above Alba, and advanced to the same point. The centre and right of the army were here united on the 25th of May. Lord Wellington calculated, by the rapidity of these movements, to disconcert any attempt of the enemy to interrupt his line of communication with Ciudad Rodrigo, and that they would be compelled to fall back upon the Ebro without a battle, when, leaving a Spanish corps to invest Burgos, and marching with the entire Anglo-Portuguese army, he could dislodge them from any defensive position they might have taken on that river, and drive them across the Pyrenees.

Lord Wellington quitted Teneda on the 22nd. On crossing the stream which divides the two nations, his mind, excited and elevated by associations which those plains presented to his mind, and confident of the result of his latest plans, he rose in his stirrups, and waving his hand, cried out: "Farewell Portugal!" This was the last time he looked upon the mountains of Beira. So complete was the delusion of the French general as to his tactics, that he retired precipitately towards Medina del Campo, as if to draw Wellington on, and expose him to attack from the bridges on the Douro at Zamora and Toro, on his left flank. All was now hurry, confusion, and uncertainty in the French

cantonments. On the 31st of May, the greater part of the army operating on the north bank of the Douro crossed the Isla without opposition; and the French having evacuated Zamora, and fallen back on Toro, destroying the bridges at both posts, Lord Wellington occupied the former place; and the enemy abandoning Toro also, for Valladolid, he made it, on the 2nd of June, his head-quarters. A sharp cavalry skirmish took place near Morales, in which the 10th Hussars were particularly distinguished, taking 200 prisoners, with very trifling loss to themselves. The communication between the two wings of the army was now open. The bridge at Toro having been restored, the whole of the Allied armies had united across the river. On the 4th, Lord Wellington again moved forward; the army at Madrid abandoned that capital, and, by a forced march, passed the river at the Ponte de Douro, and joined the army of Portugal. The boldness and celerity of Lord Wellington's movements alarmed and confounded the French, who, being unable to dispute his advance, evacuating Valladolid and Ponte de Douro, retired behind the Carrion. On the 7th, the Allies crossed that river, established head-quarters at Amaico, and drove the French behind the Hormaza. On the three following days the left wing was brought forward, and the entire army crossed the Pisuerga, Lord Wellington shifting his head-quarters to Castro Xeriz, about eighteen miles west of Burgos. Here commissariat cares demanded a day's halt. On the 12th of June, Lord Wellington made a strong reconnoissance with the corps of Sir Rowland Hill and all the cavalry, and dislodging the French troops from behind Hormaza, drove them back upon the main body. Early the next morning, having partially destroyed the defences of Burgos, he marched to Miranda, placing a garrison in the lofty and strong castle of Pancorbo, which commands the main road to Navarre. On the 16th the enemy were once more behind the Ebro, having been driven thither without having been allowed to retain, for more than a few hours, any one of the various defensible posts upon their route. On that day and the next, the Allies continued their march without opposition, and it was not until the 18th that the light division came suddenly upon two French brigades, on their march to Vittoria. These troops were vigorously attacked, and lost nearly 300 men.

The advice which had been given to Joseph Bonaparte was, to abandon the great road to France, and march for Navarre by the right bank of the Ebro, with the view of uniting with Suchet; but Joseph, having reckoned on forming a junction with Clausel, and having an enormous quantity of valuable plunder in his train, decided on retiring on Vittoria, in which neighbourhood he arrived on the night of the 19th, and having concentrated all his forces, placed them in readiness for battle.

During the 20th, Lord Wellington closed upon his rear, collected all his divisions, and reconnoitred the position of the enemy. The valley of the Zadorra, in which the French armies of the centre and the south had halted, extends for ten miles over a broken surface, and is about eight broad. The Zadorra, a narrow stream with steep and rugged banks, winds through this basin on its course to the Ebro, and passes close to the city. The river enters the valley at the defiles of Puebla, issuing between bold and rocky heights—on the right overhung by that of Puebla, and on the left by those of Morillas. The course of the stream severs the valley into unequal parts, the right being the more extensive; but the royal road traverses the left bank. On that side stands the village of Subijana de Morillas, commanding the pass which the army of Portugal disputed, while Gazan and D'Erlon were receding with the armies of the south and centre. In the distance the spires of Vittoria are visible from the opening of La Puebla; and a city with a name already consecrated by former deeds of arms,\* was now about to receive a new celebrity. Vittoria was founded in 1181, by Sancho VII. of Navarre, but the victory from whence it derived its name has perished in the stream of time. Its situation is both picturesque and imposing, as it stands on a gentle eminence encircled by an amphitheatre of mountains. “With the exception of the height upon which

\* It is remarkable, that within sight of this ground the battle of Najara was fought, in which Edward the Black Prince, acting as the ally of a bad man, defeated the best troops of France, under their most distinguished leader, Bertrand du Guesclin, who was come in support of a worse. It is also remarkable, that the Prince of Brazil, before the battle of Vittoria was fought, should have conferred the title of Duque de Vittoria upon Lord Wellington.—*Southey*.

the city is built, the country in its immediate neighbourhood is level, and of slight elevation. On the north-west front of the town, at the distance of a mile, runs the Zadorra, over which there are erected several bridges. To the south-west, the lofty and extensive heights of Puebla communicate with high grounds domineering the route leading to Pampeluna; while on the opposite side of the valley, which in that particular part becomes widely displayed, rise the eminences above the villages of Gamarra Mayor and Abechuco." Several principal and secondary roads branch from the city; that to Logrono runs on the right hand, and that to Bilbao on the left. Still farther, roads to Estella and Pampeluna diverge to the right, and on the left a road trends to Durango. All are passable for cavalry and guns; but the only route by which large convoys could be safely and expeditiously moved is by the royal causeway, which traverses the mountains of Guipuscoa, after winding through the defiles of Salinas.

The valley of the Zadorra was crowded with three powerful armies; and the immense incumbrances attached to the retiring court, although a convoy had been sent off that morning by the royal causeway, appeared to accumulate rather than diminish. Joseph's situation became every hour more critical, while the opinions delivered by his generals were not in unison with his wishes. On one question they all agreed—that a battle or a retreat was inevitable. The former met with few advocates; and to effect the latter, every incumbrance must be sacrificed, for the Allies were on the right bank of the river; and by an extension of their left, they would cut through the royal causeway, and render that route impassable. If he should retire to Durango, in that mountain district the king must dispense with the services of those arms on which he chiefly depended, namely, cavalry and artillery, and expose himself to the incessant annoyances of the Partidas, to whose irregular warfare a mountain country was so favourable; and should he adopt a third course, by ordering Suchet to move to Zaragoza, while he retired to Pampeluna, in that event he must give up his communications with France. A day of indecision passed; opinions were delivered, conjectures formed, and nothing done,—while their indefatigable opponent was combining rapidly for a fatal blow. Joseph's resolution was reluctantly

taken. A retreat could be effected only by abandoning the greatest accumulation of baggage, valuables, and plunder, which had ever accompanied a French army; and the king determined on the alternative, and announced that he would fight and not retire. This decision was followed by an order that Clausel should hasten to Vittoria from Logrono, while Foy's march on Bilbao was countermanded, and that general was directed to return from Durango with all the force he could collect, and join the king before the intended battle should be delivered. On the evening of the 19th, the city of Vittoria presented a scene of indescribable confusion, in which alarm and display were singularly blended. Joseph, with his staff and guards, the entire of his court, and the head-quarters of the army of the centre, accompanied by an endless collection of equipages, intermingled with cavalry, artillery, and their numerous ambulances, occupied the buildings and crowded the streets. An unmanageable mass of soldiers and civilians were every moment increased by fresh arrivals, all vainly seeking for accommodation in a town unequal to afford a shelter for half their number.

At daybreak on the 21st, the second convoy, in which the king's baggage was included, left Vittoria, under the protection of the division of Maucune. Its extent was immense; and as it wound through the beautiful valley which the road to Irun traverses, the train of carriages and waggons appeared interminable. Every preparation was made for the approaching conflict, and the final dispositions of the French armies were leisurely completed.

The army of Portugal, reinforced from that of the south, formed the French right wing, commanding the roads from Bilbao and Durango, where they cross the Zadorra by the bridges of Gamara Mayor and Ariaga. Here the river, turning round the heights of Margarita at a sharp angle, presented for the French centre a new front. This was occupied by the army of the south,—their centre across the royal causeway in front of Ariñez, whilst the right appeared on a bold knoll above the hamlet of Margarita, and the left extended behind Subijana de Alava; its flank protected by Maransin's brigade, which occupied the heights of Puebla. The army of the centre was placed in reserve; the royal guard, a number of guns, and the most of

the French cavalry, being massed around the village of Gomecha. Batteries overlooked the bridges, and commanded all the passages of the Zadorra. Although the position selected by Marshal Jourdan was generally strong, and well chosen to effect the objects for which he risked a battle, still it had one material defect:—its great extent would permit many simultaneous efforts to be made by an attacking army; and accordingly, on the following day, the Allied leader, with admirable skill, availed himself of this advantage.

Such were the grand dispositions of the enemy—and in none of the Peninsular battles were nicer combinations required than for its attack. That was to be made on many points; and to be effective, the most exact calculations as to time and movements were indispensable. It was impossible for Lord Wellington to bring up to an immediate proximity for attack every portion of his numerous army; and hence, many of his brigades had bivouacked on the preceding night a considerable distance from the Zadorra. Part of the country before Vittoria was difficult and rocky; hamlets, enclosures, and ravines, separated the columns from each other; hence some of them were obliged to move by narrow and broken roads—and arrangements, perfect in themselves, were liable to embarrassment from numerous contingencies. But the genius that directed these extended operations, could remedy fortuitous events, should such occur.

The entire of the 20th was occupied by the French marshal, in his dispositions for battle; and by the Allied general, in a careful reconnoissance of the ground. Satisfied now that the king would fight on the Zadorra, which had hitherto been doubtful, Lord Wellington recalled Giron with the Gallician army, which he had detached to take possession of Orduna, countermanded Graham's supporting movement, and hurried up the rear of the columns, with the exception of the 6th division, which was left at Medina del Pombar to protect the advance of the magazines. On the night of the 20th the Allies were ably disposed upon the Bayas. The second and light divisions, the Spanish and Portuguese corps under Morillo and the Conde d'Amarante, formed the right of the Allied army, and bivouacked in front of Puebla de Arlanzon, and in advance of the river. The right centre,

comprising the fourth division, with the hussars and D'Urban's brigades, were also on the left of the river, but separated from the right wing by a mountain range that extended from the Bayas to the Zadorra. The left centre, including the 3rd and 7th divisions, was still on the right bank of the river at the distance of a league; and the left wing, composed of the 1st and 5th divisions, Pack's and Bradford's Portuguese, and Longa's Spanish corps, with the remainder of the cavalry, were assembled at Murguia, on the left bank of the Zayas, and six miles still farther up the stream.

In numerical strength, the advantage was with Lord Wellington; in military composition, it remained with Joseph Bonaparte. Deducting the 6th division left at Medina del Pombar, the Allies had 60,000 Anglo-Portuguese, with 20,000 Spanish troops, upon the field. Of this force 10,000 were cavalry; and the artillery had 90 pieces of cannon. The French were inferior by 10,000; but in cavalry, they were stronger; and in artillery, superior by sixty pieces. As an army, nothing could be more imposing—the variety of colour and costume forming a striking contrast to the simpler uniforms of the Allies. But the appearance of the whole was soldierly—the cavalry was superb—the guns, caissons, and their appointments were perfect; and the horses, attached to every arm, in excellent condition.

Before day-break, on the morning of the 21st, the French army was in position, and the British and their auxiliaries were in march to attack it. The Allies approached the bridges of the Zadorra in four columns: Sir Rowland Hill, with the right wing, marched by Puebla; Wellington, with the right centre, to which the light division had been attached, advanced to Nanclares; the left centre made a circuitous movement, to seize the bridges of Tres Puertas and Mendoza; while Graham, with the left wing, marched by the Bilbao road, to gain the bridge which crosses the river between the villages of Abechuco and Ariaga. The mists still hung upon the mountains, and as yet the movements of both armies were concealed. At nine o'clock the fog cleared, and in brilliant sunshine "battle's magnificent array" was suddenly and splendidly exhibited. At dawn of day Joseph

placed himself upon a height that overlooked his right and centre. He was attended by a numerous staff, and protected by his own body-guard. Wellington chose an eminence in front of the village of Ariñez, commanding the right bank of the Zadorra, and continued there observing the progress of the fight, and directing the movements of his divisions, as calmly as if he were inspecting the evolutions of a review. An hour passed—Sir Rowland Hill had not come up—and Wellington's frequent glances towards the Puebla showed how anxiously he was expected. A spattering fire was heard in that direction—musketry succeeded—smoke-wreaths went curling up the mountain—and announced that the 2nd division had come up, and that the work of slaughter had begun.

Vittoria, in Ossian's ladguage, might have been described as "a day of battles;" for the different attacks of the Allied columns, though all tending to one grand result, respectively produced close and sanguinary combats. War has its picturesque—and the opening of the battle of Vittoria was singularly imposing. "Not a drum was heard"—a wide expanse of rich and varied landscape on which an artist would have gazed with rapture, was reposing in a flood of sunshine. From a gentle eminence in front of Ariñez, the whole array of Joseph's army was visible; and on that height the Allied staff were collected. There, Lord Wellington was standing, dressed plainly in a grey frock coat, with nothing to mark commanding rank, except a Spanish sash and the hat and feathers of a field officer. His telescope at one moment wandered over the extensive position occupied by the enemy, and the next, turned with fixed earnestness upon that point from whence he expected the crash of battle to burst. The spattering fire of the French light troops opened from the side of the mountain, while Morillo's corps, debouching from the woods that clothed the bottom of the Sierra, brought on a heavy and sustained fire, which announced that the heights were boldly attacked and as obstinately defended. The Spanish efforts to carry them were brave, but unsuccessful. The fusilade continued, and the enemy remained unshaken. In a few minutes more, the smoke-wreath which had risen steadily over the summit of the mountain, gradually commenced receding—and Cadogan's brigade moving

along the ridge, was seen advancing with that imposing steadiness which ever gives assurance of success. The hill was won—but, alas! on its summit lay their chivalrous leader; and till the haze of death had closed his sight, there, at his own request, he remained to “look his last” upon the battle. For a long time the fight was doubtful, as on each side reinforcements came into action. But when Hill, clearing the defile of La Puebla, seized the village of Subijana de Alava, the enemy’s repeated efforts to win back their lost ground, though vigorously continued, proved unavailing.

Meanwhile, on the extreme left, Graham’s artillery was faintly heard, and told that there also the conflict had begun, while the light division, under the guidance of a peasant, crossed the Zadorra by Tres Puentes, and boldly established itself under a crested height on which the French line of battle had been formed. Before the bridge of Nanclaus, the 4th division was waiting until the 3rd and 7th should arrive. Presently, Picton and Lord Dalhousie appeared, and the whole of the Allied columns moved rapidly to their respective objects of attack. The 3rd division crossed the river by the bridge of Mendoza and a ford—the 7th, with a light brigade, followed closely—the 4th division was already on the other side—Hill was pushing the enemy back—and on the left the thunder of his guns redoubled, and showed that Graham was advancing rapidly into action. Nothing could be more beautiful than the military spectacle these simultaneous movements exhibited. The passage of the river—the movement of glittering masses from right to left, far as the eye could range—the deafening roar of cannon—the sustained fusilade of infantry—were all grand and imposing; while the English cavalry, displayed in glorious sunshine, and formed in line to support the columns, completed a *coup d’œil* magnificent beyond description. The subsequent advance of the Allied columns against the enemy’s right centre was beautifully executed, as, in echelons of regiments, it crossed that hallowed ground on which tradition placed the chivalry of England, when the Black Prince delivered battle to Henry the Bastard, and by a decisive victory replaced Don Pedro on the throne. As if animated by some glorious impulse, the battalions advanced, “not to combat but to conquer.” Colville’s brigade of “the fighting

3rd" led the attack, and the first of the enemy's corps that confronted it was gallantly defeated. "Pressing on with characteristic impetuosity, and without halting to correct the irregularity a recent and successful struggle had occasioned, the brigade encountered on the brow of the hill two lines of French infantry, regularly drawn up and prepared to receive their assailants. For a moment the result was regarded with considerable apprehension, and means were adopted by Lord Wellington for sustaining the brigade, when—as that event seemed inevitable—it should be repulsed by the enemy. But valour overcame every disadvantage; and the perfect formation of the French could not withstand the dashing onset of the assailants. Their rush was irresistible—on went these daring soldiers, sweeping before them the formidable array that, circumstanced as they were, appeared calculated to produce annihilation. The day was evidently with the Allies; but the French, covered by a swarm of skirmishers and the fire of fifty guns, retired on their reserves, which were posted in front of Gomecha. The village of Ariñez now became the scene of a severe conflict; and from its importance, this advanced post was desperately maintained. Checked in his assault, after having seized three pieces of artillery and a howitzer, Picton returned lion-like to the charge, and with the 45th and 74th regiments, drove the French at the bayonet's point fairly through the village. Defeated thus in front, and their left flank turned at Subijana de Alva, the wreck of the armies of the south and centre made a last stand between the villages of Ali and Armentia, while that of Portugal still bravely maintained itself on the upper Zadorra. But this final struggle was succeeded by a total *déroute*. The left wing of the Allies was furiously engaged; and the heights of Abechuco, the village of the same name, and the bridge at Gamarra Mayor, were all successively attacked, and all carried in splendid style after being desperately defended. The contest was now ended—the southern and central armies were seen in full retreat by the road on the right of Vittoria leading towards Salvatierra—the Allies were advancing on every point—the enemy's confusion increased momentarily, the guns were abandoned, and the drivers and horses went off at speed. The soldiers pressed wildly through a road already

joined with the refugees from the capital, and the countless vehicles which accompanied their flight; and a scene of indescribable disorder ensued.

"The sun was setting, and his last rays fell upon a magnificent spectacle. Red masses of infantry were seen advancing steadily across the plain—the horse-artillery at a gallop to the front, to open its fire on the fugitives—the hussar brigade charging by the Camino Real—while the 2nd division, having overcome every obstacle, and driven the enemy from its front, was extending over the heights upon the right, in line, its arms and appointments flashing gloriously in the fading sunshine of departing day." \*

Never was a victory more complete, nor an army so thoroughly disorganized as the beaten one. Joseph's inglorious retreat was effected with difficulty; for Captain Wyndham, observing his flight, and riding with a squadron of the 10th Hussars after the fugitive king, overtook and fired at his carriage. Obligated to save himself on horseback, he effected his escape under the protection of an escort, too powerful for his daring pursuers to attack. Nothing, however, but his person was rescued; for his coach, and every valuable it contained, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Night closed upon the victors and the vanquished; and darkness and broken ground favoured the escape of battalions flying from the field in mob-like disorder, and incapable of any resistance had they been overtaken and attacked. Two leagues from Vittoria the pursuit was abandoned; but the horse-artillery, while its fire could reach the fugitives, continued to harass the retreat by a discharge of shells and round shot. Reluctantly, Lord Wellington returned to the city, which he entered about nine in the evening. Two nights before, Vittoria displayed a blaze of light in honour of King Joseph's presence: now all betrayed panic and confusion—every door was closed—every lattice darkened—while a solitary lantern placed in front of each house, gave to the streets a sombre and mournful appearance.

During the progress of the battle, three leagues over a difficult surface had been traversed; and the long summer-day was consumed in an unremitting succession of laborious

The bivouac.

exertions. Night, however, was not to the wearied conquerors a season of repose; for property, in value and variety such as no modern army had abandoned, presented itself at every step, and the work of plunder commenced before the fire of musketry and cannon had ended. The camp of every division was like a fair; benches were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of such booty as had fallen to their share to any who were inclined to purchase it. Even dollars became an article of sale—for as they were too heavy to be carried in great numbers, eight were offered for a guinea.\* It was, however, reserved for the dawn of morning to display the extent of the spoil which the beaten army had been obliged to leave at the disposal of their conquerors; and the country in front of Vittoria for several leagues exhibited a scene which has rarely been equalled. There lay the wreck of a mighty army; and plunder, accumulated during the French successes, and wrung from every part of Spain with unsparing rapacity, was recklessly abandoned to those who chose to seize it. Cannons and caissons—carriages and tumbrils—waggons of every description—all were overturned; and a stranger *mélange* could not be imagined, than that which these enormous ambulances presented to the eye. Here, was the personal baggage of a king—there, the scenery and decorations of a theatre—munitions of war were mixed with articles of *vertu*—and scattered arms, drums, silks, embroidery, plate, and jewels, mingled in the strangest disorder. One waggon was loaded with money; another, with cartridges—while wounded soldiers, deserted women, and children of every age, everywhere implored assistance, or threw themselves for protection on the humanity of the victors. Here, a lady had been overtaken in her carriage—in the next calash, was an actress or fille-de-chambre,—while droves of oxen were roaming over the plain, intermingled with an endless number of sheep, goats, mules, horses, asses, and cows.† With the most lamentable confusion the grotesque was also ridiculously combined; camp-followers were arrayed in the state uniforms of Joseph's court; and the coarsest females who accompany a camp, drunk with champagne, and bedecked “in silk attire,” flaunted in

\* Southey.

† Victories of the British Armies.

Parisian dresses which had been envied by the denizens of a palace.

The *matériel* of three armies were lost—their pride and confidence were lowered to the dust—but the actual casualties sustained by the French in this most signal defeat, fell infinitely short of what might reasonably have been expected. The killed and wounded exceeded that of the Allies only by one thousand, and the numbers of prisoners on both sides were about equal. No regular account of either could be obtained, as the French invariably falsified their losses; but the low amount of these casualties was occasioned by local circumstances preventing those ruinous results which must otherwise have attended a total overthrow. The country was too much intersected with ditches for cavalry to act with effect in a pursuit; and infantry that moved in military order could not at their utmost speed keep up with a route of fugitives. Yet, precipitate as their flight was, they took great pains to bear off their wounded, and dismounted a regiment of cavalry for their conveyance; whilst they carefully endeavoured to conceal their dead, stopping occasionally to collect them and throw them into ditches, where they covered them with bushes. Many such receptacles were found containing from ten to twenty bodies.\*

Although the greater portion of the baggage and plunder left on the field of Vittoria, with the contents of the military chest,† fell into the hands of the Spanish peasantry and camp followers, still several interesting captures were secured. The sword of the fugitive king, and the baton of his lieutenant, were brought to Lord Wellington, and both were

\* Southey.

† "To such an extent was plunder carried principally by the followers and non-combatants, (for, with some exceptions, the fighting troops may be said to have marched upon gold and silver without stooping to pick it up,) that of five millions and a half of dollars indicated by the French accounts to be in the money chests, not one dollar came to the public, and Wellington sent fifteen officers with power to stop and examine all loaded animals passing the Ebro and the Duero in hopes to recover the sums so shamefully carried off. Neither was this disgraceful conduct confined to ignorant and vulgar people. Some officers were seen mixed up with the mob and contending for the disgraceful gain."—*Napier*.

transmitted to the Prince Regent.\* In the carriage of the usurper much valuable booty was discovered: and a conclusive proof obtained that the spoliation of the country they invaded was systematic with the French armies, and that all its soldiery plundered, from the private to the marshal. On searching Joseph's coach, the imperials were found stuffed with paintings of inestimable value in canvas rolls, abstracted from the royal palaces, and cut from their frames for an easier transmission into France. Of the fair sex, in variety and extent the capture was even greater than that of the *matériel* of the armies they accompanied; and hundreds of women, comprising wives and mistresses, actresses and nuns, were deserted in the town or overtaken with the convoy. All were treated with kindness, and permitted to go where they pleased.

The loss of the Allies in this battle is said not to have exceed 700 killed and 4000 wounded. That of the French has been variously estimated; they confess to nearly 7000 killed and wounded, but so much pains were taken by them to conceal their dead, that the number was probably much larger,—Colonel Jones thinks not less than 10,000. Among the trophies of the battle were 1000 prisoners and 150 field-pieces, besides countless stores and ammunition. The French fugitives reached Pampeluna in such disorder, that it was necessary to close the gates. That fortress was, however, promptly garrisoned, and the retreat continued.

\* The sword, which was of very curious workmanship, was taken by a Spanish officer; the bâton, by a soldier of the 87th. The latter was about fourteen inches long, covered with blue velvet, ornamented with the imperial eagles in rich embroidery, and tipped with gold. The case was of red morocco, clasped with silver, and adorned with eagles, having Marshal Jourdan's name inscribed at either end.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Retreat of the French Armies toward Pampeluna—Capture of the Castle of Pancorbo—Lord Wellington in the Pyrenees—Restlessness of the Anglo-Sicilian Auxiliary Force—Blockade of Pampeluna and First Siege of San Sebastian—Failure of the Assault, and substitution of a Blockade—Battles of the Pyrenees.

THE retreats of the French armies were so rapid, that the pursuit of Joseph Bonaparte, renewed upon the 22nd by Lord Wellington, as well as that continued on the 23rd, by Sir Thomas Graham, into Guipuscoa, by the pass of Adrian, failed either in overtaking the wreck of the army that accompanied the king, or in cutting off Clausel from the pass of Jaca, whence he was hastily retiring, on hearing of the total defeat of the armies he was advancing to support. The left corps of the army, under Sir Thomas Graham, marched from the field in the direction of Bilbao, to intercept the French force under General Foy, but that officer having gained Tolosa, barricaded the streets, and attempted to make a stand. He was, however, soon dislodged by Sir Thomas, who, having driven him beyond the frontier, destroyed the *tête de pont* at Irun.

Whilst the two divisions under Sir Rowland Hill were pursuing the enemy on the road to Pampeluna, Lord Wellington directed a force on Logrono to attack Clausel, who saved them that trouble by decamping. His Lordship had, however, pushed three divisions to Tudela, to cut off his retreat to France by that road. Lord Wellington established his head-quarters at Oyarzun on the 24th, and writing that day to his brother at Cadiz, says:—"King Joseph and his army must quit Spain: indeed they have already retired to Pampeluna. I am trying to cut off some of the others, and shall try to turn them all out of Spain before they can be reinforced." Foy fell back to a strong position in front of Tilosa, but was soon dislodged, when he drew off to Irun. A brigade of the army of Castaños, led by that general, drove the French rear-guard from its last position on the Spanish soil, and forced it across the Bidassoa by the bridge of Irun.

In consequence of these successful operations of the following, the garrison of Passages surrendered on the 30th, and on the following day the forts of Gueteria and Castro-Urdiales were abandoned, their garrisons proceeding by sea to St. Sebastian and Santona respectively. Numerous ports were thus opened to British shipping, whence easy access was gained to the interior of the country.

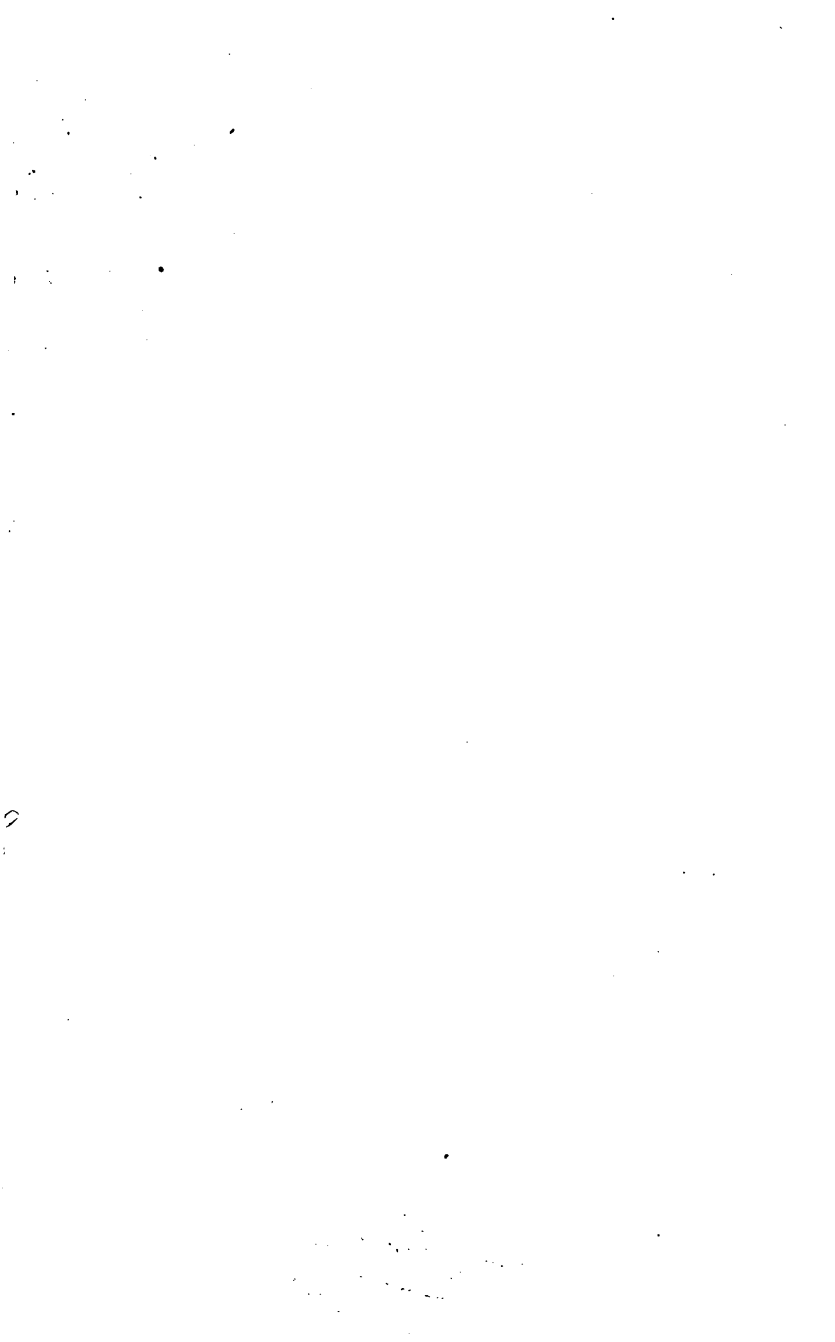
Having thus freed himself from all apprehensions for his left, Lord Wellington now turned his attention to Clausel's corps on his rear and right, to which King Joseph had sent perplexing orders to join with all speed, first at Burgos, then on the Ebro, and lastly at Vittoria. When Clausel arrived at Logrono, he found that the position of Joseph had been turned on the upper point of that river, and that he was commencing his retreat upon Vittoria. Ignorant of the state of affairs, Clausel had lingered on the Ebro at San Vicente until the 20th, when, ascertaining the direction the king had taken, he pressed after him to that place, but learning, on the 21st, the extent of the catastrophe, he retraced his steps to Logrono, whence, after some days of irresolution, he descended the Ebro, and reached Tudela on the 27th.

Believing him to be still at Logrono, and leaving Sir Rowland Hill to direct the operations before Pampeluna, Lord Wellington marched on the 27th towards Tudela, with the 4th, 7th, and light divisions, and two brigades of cavalry, directing Lieutenant-General Clinton to advance with the 5th and 6th divisions, the household brigade of cavalry, and the Spanish horse of the army of Andalusia, by way of Salvatierra and Vittoria, to resist Clausel's corps, if it should attempt to force a passage on that side. The French general, however, having heard of the movements of the Allies, continued his retreat with his army, 14,000 strong, to the eastward, and reached Zaragoza on the 1st July, where he left behind him all his artillery. Lord Wellington, satisfied with compelling him to retire beyond the frontier, desisted from the pursuit. The town was occupied at this juncture by 3000 of Suchet's corps, commanded by General Paris, who finding himself in a somewhat perilous position, determined to sally forth and recover his communication with Suchet, leaving a bare garrison in the castle. Mina

had, however, obtained possession of the road through which he must pass; and after a vain attempt to force a passage, he was obliged to turn northwards, and follow Clausel's footsteps, gaining the gorges of the Pyrenees by Huesca and Laca, with the loss of all his artillery, the greater part of his baggage, and some of his troops. The castle of Zaragoza, invested by Mina, held out until the 2nd of August. The loss of this place, with the stores and artillery it contained, gave the *coup de grâce* to the combined movement of the two great armies against Lord Wellington.

On the 1st of July the head-quarters of the Allied army were again established near Pampeluna, which it was Lord Wellington's intention to have besieged had he possessed the necessary means and appliances. On that day the strong castle of Pancorbo, between Burgos and Miranda, had surrendered to the Spanish army, the garrison consisting of 700 picked soldiers. The French also evacuated Castro and Gueteria, taking off their garrisons in boats. Thus, in every quarter of the Ebro, the fortified posts were surrendered to the Allies. On the 6th of July, Marshal Suchet broke up from Valencia, and, on the 7th, the last division of Joseph's army was driven beyond the Pyrenees. Sir Rowland Hill had followed them, the whole way to Pampeluna, and attacked them whenever they halted; whilst Lord Dalhousie, with the 7th division, had menaced their right. By these vigorous operations, Lord Wellington had become master of the passes of San Estevan, Donna Maria Mayo, and Roncesvalles. In forty-five days from the opening of this campaign he had led the Allied army from the frontiers of Portugal to the French border; marching 500 miles without a check. He had defeated the combined forces of the enemy in a general action, taking all their artillery, and had driven them from one strong post to another, till, shorn of his enormous booty, the usurper king was hunted from the soil of Spain.

That hour must have been a proud one for Wellington, when, after driving 120,000 veteran troops from Spain, he stood on the summit of the Pyrenees, a recognised conqueror. The plan of the campaign had been his own, and had been carried out under his own eye. The position of Napoleon was a most mortifying one: the "hideous leopard"





*Painted by Ronchini.*

*Engraved by P. Lightfoot.*

*Wultz*

that was to have been driven into the sea, was now looking down upon "the sacred soil of France" from her mountain barriers. It was not the immediate evil that so much annoyed him, as the thought of the moral influence it would exercise elsewhere. In the spring of that year, Napoleon had again appeared in arms in Germany, and had obtained new successes on the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen. Profiting by these successes, he had concluded an armistice with the hostile forces opposed to him; and a negotiation, under the mediation of Austria, was actually pending when the news of the defeat and expulsion of the army of Spain was received. To drive back the Allies, therefore, and re-establish his armies on the line of the Ebro, became of the highest importance to him. With this view he despatched Marshal Soult with the imposing title of his Lieutenant, and extensive powers, to take command of the French troops, with orders to reinforce and re-equip them with all possible expedition. Soult arrived at Bayonne, on the 12th July, and published a proclamation, conceived in the true Gascon vein, in which he attributed all the reverses which had been experienced by the French, to the imbecile and pusillanimous conduct of his predecessor, and promised to dislodge the enemy from a position "whence they were enabled presumptuously to look down upon the fertile fields of France, and to drive them from across the Ebro." He felt it prudent, however, to compliment the British general and his troops. A few days before the arrival of Soult, the Marquis of Wellington had been appointed by the Prince Regent a Field Marshal, having been created, 2nd February preceding, a knight of the Garter, both of which distinctions were announced to him in the most flattering terms.

It is impossible, within our limits, to follow the movements of the auxiliary force which was termed the Anglo-Sicilian army. Placed under a most incompetent commander, Sir John Murray, it proved an incumbrance rather than a help, whilst it was maintained at a vast expense, which might have been devoted with far greater advantage to the payment and subsistence of the troops by which all the work had been done. The scandalous failure of Sir John Murray before Tarragona ought to have subjected him to the most severe penalties. No sooner did he hear that Suchet was in march

from Barcelona with 10,000 men and 14 pieces of cannon, than he abandoned all his siege artillery and commenced a most discreditable flight. Having effected his embarkation, with most of his stores, he "took his usual repose in bed." After he had had the opportunity of doing as much mischief as it was possible for him to do, he was superseded in his command by Lord William Bentinck. The disastrous termination of these operations was followed by a court-martial on Sir John Murray. In writing of his proceedings, Lord Wellington remarks:—"The best of the story is, that all parties ran away. Maurice Mathieu ran away; Sir John Murray ran away; and so did Suchet. He was afraid to strike at Sir John Murray without his artillery, and knew nothing of Maurice Mathieu; and he returned into Valencia either to strike at Duque del Parque, or to get the assistance of Harispe, whom he had left opposed to the Duque del Parque. I know that in the first proclamation to his army on their success, he knew so little what had passed at Tarragona, that he mentioned the English general's having raised the siege, but not his having left his artillery." Sir John Murray was tried in England; but, as is too often the case with great offenders, escaped with merely an admonition. In the pages of Napier, however, and in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, he has been gibbeted to all future times. In addition to this discouragement, Lord Wellington received most unfavourable accounts of the troops he had left at Vittoria. The diminution of the British army, from marauding, straggling, &c., since the 17th June, had been 2,733 men, and in the Portuguese force, 1,423. They appear to have spread themselves over the country, plundering the inhabitants in every direction.

In this conjuncture of affairs, a congress was about to be held at Prague; and Napoleon had proposed, that persons accredited by his brother and the Cortes should submit the arrangements of a treaty of peace to that body. The Emperor's object was to partition Spain, a measure which would be inconvenient only to England; as, if excluded from that arrangement, it would have had to deal single-handed with France. Meantime Lord Wellington determined to hold the Pyrenees, and this could only be done by reducing the fortresses of Pampeluna and San Sebastian.

His determination was soon formed. Pampeluna he had already blockaded, and he now prepared to besiege San Sebastian. The battering-train was accordingly ordered round from Bilbao to Passages, and such dispositions made of the Allied troops as would cover the blockade and shield the besiegers from the chance of interruption. Lord Wellington now made his final dispositions. Sir Thomas Graham with 10,000 men was appointed to conduct the operations; whilst to the 5th division, under Major-General Oswald, comprising Hay and Robinson's British, and Spry's Portuguese brigades, the executive duties of the siege were entrusted. The division of the Guards, and that under Lord Aylmer, with the Germans, covered the great road leading from Irun to Oyarzun, and supported Freire's Spanish division, which was in position in the heights of San Marcial, protecting the line of the Bidassoa from the Crown Mountain to the sea. The corps of Giron and Longa communicated with the left centre at Vera, which consisted of the light division, posted at the pass of Echellas, and the 7th division on the heights of Santa Barbara and Vera. The right centre, under Hill, remained in the valley of the Bastan, while the brigades of Pringle and Walker (2nd division) occupied the pass of Maya. On the right, the passes of Col d'Ariette, and Col d'Espegas were guarded by the Conde d'Amarante's brigades, under Ashworth and Da Costa. Campbell's Portuguese brigade was strongly posted between the valley of Aldudes and Hayra, connecting the troops in the valley of the Bastan with the right wing posted at Roncesvalles. The 6th division, under Pack, occupied San Estevan, forming a reserve for the Allied centre, and supporting the brigades at the passes of Maya and Echellas. The right wing covered the direct approaches from St. Jean Pied-de-Port to Pampeluna, while its front was secured by Byng's brigade of the 2nd division, which held the passes of Roncesvalles and Orbacete. Morillo's Spanish corps, also, guarded the latter opening—while the 4th division formed a second line in rear of Roncesvalles. The 3rd division was in reserve at Olague; and the mass of the Allied cavalry, with the heavy artillery, were extensively cantoned in the country between Pampeluna and Tafalla, in rear of the fortress, and in a position from which they could operate if required.

Some regiments of cavalry, British and Portuguese, with 36 light guns, were attached to the right and centre of the Allies. The great hospital had been, since the battle, established at Vittoria; and commissariat depôts were formed along the coast, as the places best adapted for obtaining supplies, and forwarding them to the different divisions.

The works of Pampeluna were in excellent order, and surmounted by 200 pieces of ordnance. The town was protected by the river on one side and the citadel on the other. The garrison consisted of 4,000 men. To reduce it by siege would have required large means and a heavy expenditure of life. A close blockade was therefore decided on, the duties of which service were confided to Lord Dalhousie. Strong field-works were thrown up on every side, so that the investing force might command all the roads and communications. Nine redoubts, on favourable heights, from 1,200 to 1,500 yards from the fortress, were accordingly raised; and having been armed with French guns captured at Vittoria, were garrisoned by detachments from the investing force. When the defences of the blockading lines were completed, the duties of the blockade were transferred to the Spanish army under O'Donnell; and Lord Dalhousie, with his corps, joined the army in the Pyrenees.

Soult's first care was to reorganise the beaten armies, with the large reinforcements at his disposal, into one vast corps, entitled *L'Armée d'Espagne*. This body comprised nine divisions; formed into a right, centre, and left. The first was commanded by Reille, the second by Drouet, and the third by Villatte. The cavalry was also organised into three divisions, of which two were heavy dragoons, under Generals Treillard and Tilly, with a light division under Pierre Soult, the brother of the Marshal. The lost artillery had been replaced. Never had the casualties attendant on a total defeat been so speedily and effectually remedied. On the 21st of June, the armies were all but annihilated: on the 21st of July, Soult was in command of a force 80,000 strong, with 90 pieces of artillery.

"The town of San Sebastian, containing nearly ten thousand inhabitants, is built on a low peninsula, running north and south; the defences of the western side being washed by the sea, and those on the eastern side by the river

Urumea, which, at high water, covers four feet of the masonry of the scarp. The works of the land-front across the isthmus consist of a single front of fortification, exceeding 350 yards in length, with a flat bastion in the centre, covered by a hornwork, having the usual counterscap, covered-way, and glacis; but the defences running lengthways of the peninsula consist merely of a simple rampart-wall, indifferently flanked, without either ditch, counterscap, glacis, or other obstacle in its front; and further, this naked scarp-wall, on the eastern side, is seen from its summit to its base, from the Chofre range of sand-hills, on the right of the Urumea, at distances from 500 to 1,000 yards. At the extremity of the peninsula, a rocky height, called Monte Orgullo, of the considerable base of 400 yards by 600 yards, rises steeply to a point, which is occupied by a small work or citadel called Fort La Mota. The whole of the promontory is cut off from the town by a defensive line near its foot; and its southern face is covered with batteries which plunge into the lower defences of the place, and add materially to their powers of resistance.

"It appears to have been an unaccountable oversight, (even looking to moderate security against surprise) to have left the eastern defences of the town without cover or a second obstacle, as the Urumea, for two hours before and after low water, is so shallow as to be fordable; and, for the same period, a considerable space becomes dry on the left bank of the river, by which troops can march from the isthmus, along the foot of the sea scarp-wall of the town to its very extremity next the castle."\*

After a reconnoissance, the operations of the siege commenced on the 11th. Upwards of 300 engineers and 500 artillerymen were present. Forty pieces of artillery of various calibre had been collected, and were at a subsequent period of the siege increased to 117. The results of the battle of Vittoria had rendered San Sebastian an object of paramount importance to the French. On the 22nd of June, the convoy under General Rey reached the city, and was directed to remain and form its garrison. The new commandant compelled the unfortunate refugees to continue their journey into France, without protection, at the

\* Journal of Sieges.

risk of falling into the hands of the Partidas, who would have shown them no mercy. Foy, during his retreat, left a reinforcement on the 27th; and on the 1st of July the garrison was further increased by that of Guateria and a detachment of artillery and artificers from St. Leon de Luz. Thus upwards of 3000 men were collected for its defence; having seventy-six heavy guns on the works, to which several additions were afterwards made by sea. So imperfect was the coast blockade of the British naval force, that the French were not only enabled to receive supplies, but were allowed to send off their wounded men without any molestation from our cruisers.

The siege, by Lord Wellington's orders, was vigorously carried on; and the batteries being completed and armed on the 14th, opened on the convent of San Bartholemeo and the redoubt. The fire was rapid and well-directed; and, next day, the south end of the church was beaten down, but though the roof was frequently in flames, they were extinguished by the exertions of the defenders. On the 16th a breach was practicable in the front of the building, and on the 17th, the end of the convent and part of the garden wall being laid open, at ten in the morning, the convent and redoubt were assaulted and carried by the 9th regiment, three companies of the Royals, and a detachment of the Caçadores. The French fought obstinately; but the gallantry of the assailants rendered a brave defence unavailing; and the enemy were driven in confusion down the hill, carrying a strong reinforcement just sent from San Sebastian, along with them, in their flight, through the burnt village of San Martin. Unfortunately, the impetuosity of the troops when in pursuit could not be restrained by the exertions of the superior officers, who had received Major-General Oswald's directions not to pass San Martin; and a considerable loss was sustained by those who followed the enemy to the foot of the glacis, on their return to San Martin. In this affair the French lost 250 men; and the British casualties amounted nearly to 100.

Two batteries were thrown up during the night in a situation to enfilade and take in reverse the defences of the town. This, in the loose sand, was a most difficult work, and the fire of the enemy was directed with great precision

to interrupt it; four sentinels were killed in succession through one loop-hole. The only eminence from which artillery could be brought to bear directly on the town, though still about a hundred feet below it, was above the convent, and almost adjoining its walls. Here a battery was erected; the covered-way to it passed through the convent, and the battery itself was constructed in a thickly peopled burial-ground. A more ghastly circumstance can seldom have occurred in war;—for coffins and corpses in all stages of decay were exposed when the soil was thrown up to form a defence against the fire from the town, and were used, indeed, in the defences; and when a shell burst there, it brought down the living and the dead together. An officer was giving his orders, when a shot struck the edge of the trenches above him; two coffins slipped down upon him with the sand, the coffins broke in their fall, the bodies rolled with him for some distance, and when he recovered he saw that they had been women of some rank, for they were richly attired in black velvet, and their long hair hung about their shoulders and their livid faces. The soldiers, in the scarcity of firewood, being nothing nice, broke up coffins for fuel with which to dress their food, leaving the bodies exposed; and till the hot sun had dried up these poor insulted remains of humanity, the stench was as dreadful as the sight.” \*

The operations of the siege were rapidly continued; and on the 20th the whole of the batteries opened their fire. It was a singular coincidence that the breaching-point selected by the British engineer should have been the spot chosen by Marshal Berwick nearly a century before. It was, however, unfortunately, stronger now than any other portion of the masonry, as it had been additionally secured when the damages occasioned by the former siege were repaired. But the fire from the fortress was much feebler than was expected; and as it was entirely directed against the battery employed in breaching, it was apparent, from the commencement of the operation, that the garrison wished to spare their ammunition, as they scarcely ever fired at working-parties bringing shot, &c.; and at this time many of their shells, which, having been thrown with great correctness,

\* Southey.

might have done much mischief, were not loaded with sufficient powder to burst them. Many shells, which exploded with their fuses downwards, were observed to spring up merely a few feet from the ground, and fall again harmlessly, almost on the same spot." \*

Both the artillery of the besiegers and the besieged began now to give evidence of failure; and many guns on the works of San Sebastian were observed at every discharge to give the double explosion which generally attends an enlargement of the vent. Indeed, the wonder was that any metal could support the heavy fire maintained by the besiegers. On the 22nd, the expenditure from the breaching battery alone amounted to 3,500 rounds: which, for ten guns in action, averaged 350 rounds a gun, expended in about fifteen and a half hours of daylight. Such a rate of firing was probably never equalled at any siege, great accuracy of range being at the same time observed. The fire of the place was now very inconsiderable, but the garrison, whose proceedings were visible from No. 11 battery on Mount Olia, were observed to be unremitting in their exertions in placing sand-bags, and in preparing interior defences against the moment of the assault.†

On the evening of the 23rd the breaches were reported practicable, and the assault was consequently ordered to be given. In the rear of the great breach, however, the houses had taken fire; and they burned so furiously, that it was deemed advisable to defer the storm for another day, and employ the interval in opening another breach between the main one and the half-bastion of St. John. That delay was not neglected by General Rey; and, unfortunately, it afforded ample time for completing his means of resistance. On a cavalier in the centre of the land front, and commanding the high curtain, two additional guns were mounted to assist the fire of one still serviceable, on the hornwork, and two that were in casemates on the flank. Two other field-pieces were mounted on an entrenchment which, crossing the ditch of the land front, bore on the approaches to the main breach; a 24-pounder looked from the tower of Las Mesquitas, between the main breach and where the third opening was being made, and consequently flanking

\* Journal of the Sieges.

† Ibid.

both; two four-pounders were in the tower of Hornos; two heavy guns were on the flank of St. Elmo, and two others, placed on the right of the Mirador, could play upon the breaches from within the fortified line of Monte Orgullo. Thus fourteen pieces were still available for defence; the retaining sea-wall, or *fausse-braye*, which strengthened the flank of the hornwork, and between which and the river the storming parties must necessarily advance, was covered with live shells to roll over on the columns; and behind the flaming houses near the breach, other edifices were loop-holed and filled with musketeers.\*

On the night of the 24th, the storming parties, amounting to about two thousand men of the 5th division, entered the trenches on the isthmus; and on the explosion of a mine formed in the extremity of a conduit that connected an aqueduct with the town, the assailants rushed forward.

At first, the assault promised complete success. The counterscarp and glacis of the hornwork were blown in, and the French abandoned the flank parapet, while those at the main breach also fell back behind the burning houses. The storming parties were nobly led. Major Frazer and the engineer officer topped the breach; and with the greatest gallantry, but in broken order, many of the soldiery followed them. The attack, however, was irregular, and consequently inefficient. The boldest pressed to the summit of the breach; but there a sheer descent presented itself, while flames and smoke burst from the burning houses in their front, "and awed the stoutest;"—but the greater number of the assailants stopped at the demi-bastion, and unwisely opened their musketry, and returned the fusilade from the ramparts. That was a fatal error: the enemy rallied—manned the loop-holed houses commanding the great breach, and from front and flank opened a destructive fire on the stormers and their support, which darkness and local difficulties had paralysed in its advance. With restored confidence, the French, from every quarter, poured death upon the column. Shells from the citadel—grape from the flank defences—grenades and musketry from the houses, increased the panic and added to the slaughter. The regiments intermixed—and the confusion became, consequently,

\* Napier.

irremediable. In vain, the leading officers partially rallied the troops and set them a glorious example. For a while, in one dense mass, confined between the hornwork and the river, unable to advance and unwilling to retire, the assailants steadily remained—but it was only to be slaughtered—till the chances of succeeding became so desperate, that those who survived reluctantly gave way and returned to the trenches.

The attack seems to have been, in many respects, imperfectly arranged, and more confusedly delivered. Its postponement was injudicious. There was no object to be obtained—and soldiers, right or wrong, always draw their inferences. The impression was accordingly conveyed, that either the means of attack were insufficient, or the defences stronger than had been supposed. The tide calculations for the 24th were not suited for a day's delay. The water was consequently higher; and while the space beneath the walls was contracted, darkness increased the difficulty of making a well-combined assault. Worse still, the batteries on the sand-hills continued their discharges of grape, which fell heavily on the assailants as they were advancing; while the Portuguese, who reached the ditch in perfect order, were unable to escalate, as ladders had not been provided for the purpose. The failure of the assault on San Sebastian was in every respect an unfortunate event; and the casualties were unusually severe. Five engineer officers, including their invaluable chief (Sir Richard Fletcher), with 44 officers of the line and 520 men, were killed, wounded, or made prisoners.

As soon as it became fully daylight the garrison proposed a truce for an hour, which, being agreed to, they moved the wounded from the foot of the escarp wall into the place. On the expiration of the truce, the batteries recommenced a regular fire on the breach to prevent its being cleared or further retrenched, which fire was maintained uninterruptedly throughout the day.\*

On the following day Lord Wellington came over from Lesaca. His intention was to push on the siege vigorously; but the great expenditure of ammunition, and the insufficiency of the heavy ordnance, induced him to postpone his operations until an ample supply of siege-artillery and stores should arrive, as expected, from England. He made, how-

\* Journal of the Sieges.

ever, all necessary arrangements for the future operations, and after some consideration, it was decided to persevere in the same plan of attack; but with the increased ordnance to enlarge the breach from its left extremity to the salient angle of the left demi-bastion of the land front; and by the fire of additional batteries, containing seven 24-pounders and four 8-inch howitzers to be established on the isthmus, to carry the breach from the salient angle of that bastion along its face to the end of the high curtain above it, so as to form one enormous opening or ascent of at least 100 yards. Further, his lordship becoming acquainted with the general discouragement of the troops employed in the operation, and not being altogether satisfied with the recent assault, arranged that a body of volunteers should be obtained from the army generally, to bear the brunt of the next storming of the breaches; and in the meantime the trenches were to be held by a guard of 800 men.\*

Other circumstances, besides a scarcity of ammunition, obliged Lord Wellington to substitute a blockade for a siege. Soult was concentrating in front of the passes, and the Allied force would have been unequal to shut up Pampeluna, invest San Sebastian, and afford an army of sufficient strength to cover the double operation. Accordingly orders were issued to disarm the batteries, and with the exception of four pieces, remove the guns to Passages. While this was being effected, the garrison made a successful sortie, in which they surprised and carried off 250 Portuguese and a few British soldiers.

On the night of the 14th, after Lord Wellington had returned from San Sebastian, a report was brought him that the enemy had overpowered his troops at two of the passes on the right of his army, had penetrated into the valleys of the Pyrenees in great force, and were pressing onwards to Pampeluna. "We must do the best we can to stop them," was his laconic reply. With this day began the difficult movements and severe combats in the Pyrenees which lasted until the 1st of August.

Soult's right and left wings were at St. Jean Pied-de-Port, 40,000 strong, which he led in person to attack the passes of Roncesvalles; whilst at the same moment D'Erlon, with

\* Journal of the Sieges.

15,000 men, advanced from Espelette towards the passes of Maya. Villatte, who commanded the reserve 10,000 strong, occupied the entrenched camp of Urogne, in advance of St. Jean de Luz, with instructions to act as circumstances might dictate. Intrenched camps had been formed around Bayonne and St. Jean Pied-de-Port. On the 25th, Soult directed in person the opening of a series of attacks, as remarkable for the skill and bravery with which they were made, as for the dauntless gallantry with which they were repulsed.

Hostilities were commenced by Clausel against the pass of Roncesvalles. Another column, led by Reille, followed a mountain-path up the Val Carlos, and climbed the steep sides of Mount Arola to turn that pass. At break of day the advanced pickets of the 4th division discovered that the enemy were close upon them, a Spanish post in front having been made prisoners without firing a shot; and shortly afterwards the enemy's troops, crowning the summit of the mountain, opened a galling fire on the 20th Regiment. A single company of that regiment sufficed to drive away the French skirmishers; but on gaining the ridge of the hill, it came suddenly, face to face, upon the head of the enemy's column, which had just gained the summit. The French officers called out to the British company to lay down their arms, but the gallant little band cried out in return, "Bayonet away! Bayonet away!" and never was that formidable weapon used with better effect. The enemy were driven down the hill without firing a shot. Being far distant from support, this handful of brave men fell back; but their exploit gave time for the brigade to form, and the engagement then became most severe. The enemy continued to gain ground until the 4th division was brought up, when they were held in check at all points, notwithstanding their immense superiority.

The attack of Clausel had been met with equal resolution. Major-General Byng had taken post with his brigade in advance of the principal pass of Roncesvalles, to cover another gorge leading to Orbaizete, where Morillo's Spaniards were placed; but becoming shaken by the progress of Reille's column along the summit of Mount Arola, withdrew, thereby uncovering the road to Orbaizete. Here he maintained his

ground, the flank march of the enemy having been arrested by the 4th division; but Sir Lowry Cole, considering that the loss of the pass on his extreme right rendered his position no longer tenable, drew off the whole of his troops during the night to Lincoan, where they were joined by a Portuguese brigade. Sir Thomas Picton, having ascertained that Sir Lowry Cole expected to be attacked by Soult's whole force on the following morning, marched the 3rd division from Olague to his support, and effected a junction with him on the 26th; but Soult's overwhelming force rendered a further retreat a matter of necessity. Picton, however, faced about in a manner which kept the French continually at bay. In the afternoon of that day he drew up his force in front of Zubiri, and held the enemy in check until nightfall, when the retreat was continued in the best possible order. On the 27th he again retired, and took up his position so soon as to cover the blockade of Pampeluna. Lord Wellington hastened to the scene of action, and reached a little village at the foot of the mountain which formed their right just as the French were descending to take possession of it. Having issued his orders, he had only left it as the French were pouring into it, and joined Picton at Huarte, about five miles from Pampeluna, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. It is a remarkable fact, that of twenty British regiments engaged on this day, twelve had taken part in the battle of Talavera. Lord Wellington made no alteration in Picton's dispositions. The 3rd division was drawn up on the right in front of Huarte; the 4th, the brigade of General Byng, and the Portuguese of General Campbell, occupied the left. They were posted in front of Villalba. The Spanish troops of Murillo and O'Donnell were in reserve. The British cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton were placed near Huarte on the right, that being the only ground on which they could act at all. Soult's army was formed on the ridge of the mountain opposite to the Allies. On the 27th he attacked the hill on the right of the 4th division, occupied by one Portuguese and one Spanish battalion, but was repulsed. The only advantage gained by the enemy on this day, although their numbers doubled those of the Allies, was the possession of the villages of Sorauren and Ostiz, on the Bayonne

road, by which the communication between the right and centre of the Allied army was cut off.

Before the 6th division, by which Lord Wellington had been reinforced, had had time to take up its position, Soult marched against it with a strong force from Sorauren, but was repulsed with heavy loss. A general attack followed along the whole range of heights, which was kept up for several hours with great fury, with only a temporary advantage on the part of the enemy over a Portuguese regiment. Lord Wellington, however, directed the 27th and 48th regiments to charge with the bayonet, when the enemy was driven down the hill with great slaughter. The 6th division having now moved forward, the enemy, after a faint attempt to gain the hill commanding the Roncesvalles road, gave up the contest. Throughout the whole of this day, Lord Wellington moved about wherever the battle raged the hottest, and finally sat down upon the ground "exposed within musket-range," to watch the progress of the battle. Several officers of his staff were wounded, and a ball striking the Marquis of Worcester's sword-belt, threw him from his horse, glanced off, and grazed Lord Wellington; but here, as at Vittoria, where, in the heat of the battle, he rode through the fire of eighty guns, he passed through the entire day without injury. On the 29th, both armies rested on their arms, waiting only for reinforcements to renew the combat. D'Erlon, under cover of his feigned attack upon the Portuguese, having brought up the greater part of his force, by a mountain-track, from Espelette, suddenly rushed forward, and overthrew the defenders of the pass of Aretesque. Captain Moyle Sherer, who commanded the advanced pickets, offered a gallant resistance; and though without any adequate support maintained his ground for a considerable time. The 34th and 50th charging with the bayonet, repulsed the first assailants, but were on the point of being overpowered by numbers, when the 92nd came to their rescue, and were nearly annihilated in their turn. So fierce was the struggle that the French admit a loss of 1,500 on this point alone; but at length numbers prevailed, and the British troops were compelled to give way, with a loss of four guns and 140 prisoners; the whole falling back towards Elizondo. Meanwhile, Sir Rowland Hill having arrived on

the ground, reinforced by the 7th division from the pass of Echalar, the Allies became the aggressors, forced the enemy back to the passes, and before nightfall recovered the post which was the key of the original position. Hearing, however, that Sir Lowry Cole had fallen back from Roncesvalles, Sir Rowland Hill was compelled to make a corresponding movement in order to keep up his communication with the right wing, and fall back to Bercieta. The next day D'Erlon was deterred from moving beyond the passes of Maya. Sir Rowland Hill having maintained his ground during that day, retired, in obedience to his instructions, from the valley of Batzan on Pampeluna. On the same day, the 7th division also reached Lezasso from Sumbilla, and continuing its march to Murcalain, took post between Hill's corps and Lord Wellington's position, covering Pampeluna: D'Erlon's corps following Hill's movement as far as Lunz, effected its junction with Soult's army.

It is impossible for us to enter into full details of these various combats and operations; suffice it to say that, although many sanguinary actions were fought in the Peninsula, in none had the struggle been more arduous than in these battles of the Pyrenees, and never was the military ability of the Duke of Wellington more severely tried than on this occasion. In these encounters Soult lost upwards of 8000 men, and would have lost his artillery, but that, finding he could not use his guns, he sent them back to France. The losses of the Allies hardly fell short of 6000 men *hors de combat*. Lord Wellington's official account of these battles was brought to England by the Prince of Orange, one of his aide-de-camps, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The arrival of Lord Wellington's baton of Field Marshal found the advanced guards of the British army planted on "the sacred soil of France."

In a private letter written a few days after the last of the battles of the Pyrenees, Lord Wellington remarked that he had never seen such a fighting as they had in the Pyrenees. "I began," says he, "on the 25th of July, and excepting the 29th, when not a shot was fired, we had it every day till the 2nd of August. The battle of the 28th was bludgeon work;" and in a letter to Sir Thomas Graham, he adds: "The French army must have suffered greatly. Between the 25th of July

and the 2nd of August, they were engaged seriously more than ten times. Their officers declare they have lost 15,000 men. It is strange enough that our diminution of strength up to the 31st does not exceed 1,500, although our casualties are 6,000." In the retreat through the passes of the Pyrenees, the French were continually attacked and slaughtered by our pursuing columns. General Sir Edward Barnes, with a brigade 1,500 strong, marched up a steep height under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and charging Clausel's force, consisting of 6,000 men, drove them from their position. In the last of these encounters Wellington narrowly escaped being made prisoner himself.

With Soult, all hope was over; and, worse still, both the troops, and the general opposed to him, had established an uncontroverted superiority. What was the result of four days' slaughter? What the condition of his rival? Wellington had vindicated his position with only 16,000 combatants; and now, including the troops still maintaining the blockade, he had 50,000; 20,000 being British, in close military combination: 30,000 flushed with recent success were in hand, and Hill's troops were well placed for resuming the offensive.

The official returns give the British losses from the 25th to the 2nd August inclusive, at 881 killed, 5,610 wounded, and 705 missing.

On the French side the loss was enormous. Conroux' and Maucune's divisions were completely disorganized; Foy, with 8000 men, including the fugitives he had rallied, was entirely separated from the main body; 2000 men, at the lowest computation, had been killed or wounded, many were dispersed in the woods and ravines, and 3000 prisoners were taken. This blow, joined to former losses, reduced Soult's fighting men to 35,000, of which the 15,000 under Clausel and Reille were dispirited by defeat, and the whole were placed in a most critical situation.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Resumption of the Siege of San Sebastian—Capture of the Fortress by Assault—Surrender of Pampeluna—Passage of the Bidassoa—Battles of the Nive.

THE siege of Sebastian, which had been necessarily suspended during these operations, was now resumed. The guns which had been removed were relanded; and as the trenches had been occupied by a small blockading force, the labour of again breaking ground was rendered unnecessary. It was decided to renew the former attack with an increased number of guns; to establish new batteries on the isthmus, and to continue the breach round the angle of the land front.

On the 19th of August, the arrival of the fleet of transports from England with the requisite battering-train, ordnance stores, &c., enabled Lord Wellington to resume his operations against San Sebastian; and with such activity were they prosecuted, that at nine A.M. of the 26th, the batteries again opened on the fortress. Their fire was intended to widen the breaches which had been made on the previous attack, and to batter the left extremity of the high curtain of the land front in rear of the breach in the face of the south-east bastion; but Lord Wellington, anxious to preserve the town, would not consent to its bombardment. 850 men had been killed and wounded since the commencement of the attack in July, but as fresh men had arrived by sea, more than 2,600 effective soldiers were still present under arms. On the night of the 24th, a sortie of the garrison produced some confusion, but was repelled with a slight loss. On the 26th fifty-seven pieces of ordnance opened on the fortress, the effect of which was soon apparent. Before nightfall the revêtement of the demi-bastion, to its salient angle, was beaten

down, and the towers and curtain severely battered. As supplies still reached the garrison from sea, it was determined that the rocky island called Santa Clara should be reduced—and accordingly, it was carried by a detachment of the 9th regiment on the night of the 26th. The possession of this island was important, as it stood in the harbour's mouth, and facilitated the introduction of supplies.

On the night of the 27th the garrison made a sortie, which proved unsuccessful. "Profiting by past experience, such precautions had been taken of forming good banquettes to the parallel, posting sentinels, &c., and the guard were kept so prepared to stand to their arms, that the assailants were immediately repulsed with the bayonet, without effecting the slightest mischief; notwithstanding that, favoured by the obscurity of the night, and the vicinity of the place, they had reached the crest of the parapet before a musket could be fired."\* The activity of the garrison continued unabated, and it was apprehended that they might attempt, under cover of darkness, to cross the Urumea, and spike the guns in the Chofre batteries. In order, therefore, to guard against such a misfortune, the artillery officers took measures for their security by fastening an iron plate over the vents, locked on by a chain, which would have occasioned some delay in spiking them, even if attempted by experienced artillerymen. They also resorted to similar measures for the safety of the breaching batteries on the right, which being almost unsupported by a parallel, and having only a small guard for their protection, were much exposed to danger should the garrison show any enterprise; for, the Urumea being perfectly fordable at low water, to cross and spike the guns, and return back into the place, would only have been the work of a few minutes."†

No attempt of the kind was made; and from the powerful fire of the British batteries, the defences were sufficiently ruined to warrant an assault. To ascertain the nature and extent of the fire which the enemy could turn on the columns when advancing, and, if possible, induce them to spring their mines, the engineers recommended a false attack, which was accordingly made on the night of the 29th, by Lieutenant Macadam, of the 9th regiment. "The order was

\* Journal of the Sieges.

† Ibid.

sudden, no volunteers were demanded, no rewards offered, no means of excitement resorted to; yet such is the inherent bravery of British soldiers, that seventeen men of the Royals, the nearest at hand, immediately leaped forth ready and willing to encounter what seemed certain death. With a rapid pace, all the breaching batteries playing hotly at the time, they reached the foot of the breach unperceived, and then mounted in extended order, shouting and firing; but the French were too steady to be imposed upon, and their musketry laid the whole party low, with the exception of their commander, who returned alone to the trenches."\* On the 30th, the sea-flank, for five hundred feet, was laid open, and the fire of the Chofre batteries was turned against the defences of Monte Orgullo. The half-bastion of Saint John, and the high curtain above it, were now in ruins, and the palisades on the face of the hornwork beaten down. Lord Wellington, satisfied with the appearance of the breaches, gave orders for their being assaulted next morning; the debouches for the troops were prepared, and as the tide would have ebbed sufficiently by eleven o'clock, that hour was named for the storm.

The garrison expected the assault, and was prepared to receive it. The appearance of the sea-front was deceptive; behind it was a sheer descent of twenty feet, and among the burned houses in its rear, a wall fifteen feet high, and loopholed for musketry, with traverses at each extremity, completely isolated the whole extent of the beaches. The tower of Los Hornos, standing in the centre of the greater breach, was mined and charged with twelve hundred-weight of powder; and at the salient angle of the covered-way, close to which the column of attack must pass, two counter-mines were formed and charged for an explosion. Several guns flanked the breaches; and the Mirador battery commanded the whole space over which the assailants must move to the attack. The column of attack was formed of the 2nd brigade of the 5th division, commanded by Major-General Robinson, with an immediate support of detachments of volunteers,† and having in reserve the remainder

\* Napier.

† They consisted of 150 volunteers of the light division, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt, of the 52nd regiment; 400 of the first

of the 5th division, consisting of Major-General Spry's Portuguese brigade, and 1st brigade under Major-General Hay; as also the 5th battalion of Caçadores of General Bradford's brigade, under Major Hill; the whole under the direction of Lieut.-General Sir James Leith, commanding the 5th division.

The morning was wet and gloomy, the devoted city was shrouded in mist, and for want of light, the thunder of the British batteries was silent. About eight o'clock the fog cleared away—the roar of artillery was heard—and it was continued with unabated violence until the signal was given for the assault, and the storming-parties rushed forward to the breaches.

“The column, in filing out of the right of the trenches was, as before, exposed to a heavy fire of shells and grape-shot, and a mine was exploded in the left angle of the counterscarp of the hornwork, which did great damage, but did not check the ardour of the troops in advancing to the attack. There never was anything so fallacious as the external appearance of the breach; without some description, its almost insuperable difficulties cannot be estimated. Notwithstanding its great extent, there was but one point where it was possible to enter, and there by single files. All the inside of the wall to the right of the curtain formed a perpendicular scarp of at least twenty feet to the level of the streets; so that the narrow ridge of the curtain itself, formed by the breaching of its end and front, was the only accessible point. During the suspension of the operations of the siege, from want of ammunition, the enemy had prepared every means of defence which art could devise, so that great numbers of men were covered by intrenchments

division (consisting of 200 of the brigades of Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Cook; of 100 of the light battalion, and 100 of the line battalions of the King's German Legion), under Major Robertson; and 200 volunteers of the 4th division, under Major Ross, of the 20th Foot.—*Graham's Despatch to Wellington.*

Fifty men only were required from each regiment—men, it was said, “who could show others how to mount a breach.” When the order was read to the 4th division, and those who would volunteer were desired to step some paces to the front, *the whole division moved forward.*

and traverses, in the hornwork, on the ramparts of the curtain, and inside of the town opposite to the breach, and ready to pour a most destructive fire of musketry on both flanks of the approach to the top of the narrow ridge of the curtain. Everything that the most determined bravery could attempt was repeatedly tried in vain by the troops, who were brought forward from the trenches in succession. No man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge; and though the slope of the breach afforded shelter from the enemy's musketry, yet still the nature of the stone rubbish prevented the great exertions of the engineers and working parties from being able to form a lodgment for the troops, exposed to the shells and grape from the batteries of the castle.

"In this almost desperate state of the attack," says Sir Thomas Graham, "after consulting with Colonel Dickson, commanding the Royal Artillery, I ventured to order the guns to be turned against the curtain. A heavy fire of artillery was directed against it; passing a few feet only over the heads of our troops on the breach, and was kept up with a precision of practice beyond all example. Meanwhile, I accepted the offer of a part of Major-General Bradford's Portuguese brigade to ford the river near its mouth. The advance of the 1st battalion, 13th regiment, under Major Snodgrass, over the open beach, and across the river; and of a detachment of of the 24th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel M'Bean, in support, was made in the handsomest style, under a very severe fire of grape. Major Snodgrass attacked, and finally carried the small breach on the right of the great one, and Lieutenant-Colonel M'Bean's detachment occupied the right of the great breach. I ought not to omit to mention, that a similar offer was made by the 1st Portuguese regiment of Brigadier-General Wilson's brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fearon; and that both Major-General Bradford and Brigadier-General Wilson had, from the beginning, urged most anxiously the employment of their respective brigades in the attack, as they had had so large a share in the labour and fatigues of the former attack. Observing now the effect of the admirable fire of the batteries against the curtain, though the enemy was so much covered, a great effort was ordered to be made to gain the high ridge at all hazards,

at the same time that an attempt should be made to storm the hornwork.

"It fell to the lot of the 2nd brigade of the 5th division, under the command of Colonel the Hon. Charles Greville, to move out of the trenches for this purpose; and the 3rd battalion of the Royal Scots, under Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes, supported by the 38th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Miles, fortunately arrived to assault the breach of the curtain about the time when an explosion on the rampart of the curtain (occasioned by the fire of the artillery) created some confusion among the enemy. The narrow pass was gained, and was maintained, after a severe conflict; and the troops on the right of the breach, having about this time succeeded in forcing the barricades on the top of the narrow line wall, found their way into the houses that joined it. Thus, after an assault which lasted above two hours, under the most trying circumstances, a firm footing was obtained.

"It was impossible to restrain the impetuosity of the troops; and in an hour more the enemy were driven from all the complication of defences prepared in the streets, suffering a severe loss in their retreat to the castle, and leaving the whole town in our possession." \*

The loss of the enemy in these different operations amounted to 3,600 *hors de combat*; and that of the Allies, to 417 English, 527 Portuguese, and 1679 Spaniards, being a total of 2,623. On the 1st of September, Lord Wellington visited the town, and gave his sanction to the mode of attack on the castle proposed by his chief engineer. This plan consisted in the erection of batteries on the works of the town, in order to breach most of the main points of the castle defences. A fire of mortars was accordingly kept up during six successive days, but without producing the desired effect. On the morning of the 8th, the breaching battery, composed of fifty-nine guns, had plied the castle with so rapid and well-directed a fire, that at the expiration of two hours the governor beat the *chamade*, and after a brief negotiation, agreed to surrender the garrison prisoners of war: 1,301 officers and men marched out the next morning, and laid down their arms on the glacis; and 535 sick and wounded remained in the hospitals.

\* Graham's Despatch to Wellington.

The peninsular sieges had been remarkable for the obstinacy of their defences, and the last proved no exception, for San Sebastian was the most protracted, and, if the means of aggression are considered, the most sanguinary of the whole. Circumstances beyond Lord Wellington's control, added to the difficulties of its reduction; and the desperate efforts made by Soult in the Pyrenees for its relief caused less annoyance than that which afterwards arose from the neglect of the naval executive at home. Stores were rotting in the English arsenals; they were demanded in proper time; and yet for sixteen days, when even an hour was of vital importance, the siege "was languishing for supplies." The assault differed from those of Badajoz and Rodrigo, it was effected in open day; and to those who held the works, or those who carried them, it would be difficult to assign the palm. Never was a place of strength more admirably defended, nor, under more desperate circumstances, more daringly assailed and won. The besieged had powerful advantages; their littoral communications were uninterrupted to the last; and while the besiegers supposed that the works had been ruined by their artillery, and that the sea-front was naked and defenceless, it had been so strongly retrenched that an assault was nearly hopeless. Fortune, on the other hand, favoured the attack. The counter-mines were prematurely blown up; that under the great breach was never fired, an accidental shot having cut the saucisson, and prevented an explosion that must have annihilated half the column; the powder-barrels, live shells, and combustible materials which the French had accumulated behind the traverses for their defence, caught fire,—hundreds of the French grenadiers were destroyed,—the rest were thrown into confusion, and while the ramparts were still involved with suffocating eddies of smoke, the British soldiers broke in at the first traverse. The defenders, bewildered by this terrible disaster, yielded for a moment, yet soon rallied, and a close, desperate struggle took place along the summit of the high curtain; but the fury of the stormers, whose numbers increased every moment, could not be stemmed. The French colours on the cavalier were torn away by Lieutenant Gethin of the 11th regiment. The hornwork and the land front below the curtain, and the

loop-holed wall behind the great breach, were all abandoned; the light division soldiers, who had already established themselves in the ruins on the French left, immediately penetrated to the streets; and at the same moment the Portuguese, at the same breach, mixed with British who had wandered to that point seeking for an entrance, burst in on their side." \*

San Sebastian was won. Would that its horrors had ended with its assault! but the scenes that followed were terrible. The sky became suddenly overcast—thunder was heard above the din of battle—and mortal fury mingled with the elemental uproar. Darkness came on; but houses wrapped in flames directed the licentious soldiery to plunder, and acts of violence still more horrible. The storms of Badajoz and Rodrigo were followed by the most revolting excesses; yet they fell infinitely short of those committed after San Sebastian was carried by assault. Some order was at first maintained, but the resolution of the troops to throw off discipline was quickly made manifest. A British staff-officer was pursued with a volley of small arms, and escaped with difficulty from men who mistook him for the provost-martial of the 5th division; a Portuguese adjutant who endeavoured to prevent some atrocity, was put to death in the market-place, not with sudden violence from a single ruffian, but deliberately, by a number of English soldiers. Many officers exerted themselves to preserve order, many men were well-conducted, but the rapine and violence commenced by villains soon spread, the camp-followers crowded into the place, and the disorder continued, until the flames, following the steps of the plunderer, put an end to his ferocity by destroying the whole town.†

The loss sustained by the victors in the storm of San

\* Napier.

† "This storm seemed to be the signal of hell for the perpetration of villany which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity. At Ciudad Rodrigo intoxication and plunder had been the principal object; at Badajoz lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; but at San Sebastian, the direst, the most revolting cruelty, was added to the catalogue of crimes. One atrocity, of which a girl of seventeen was the victim, staggers the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity."—*Napier*.

Sebastian exceeded two thousand men; and had the mines been properly exploded\* it would no doubt have doubled that amount. The garrison, at the moment of assault, mustered two thousand effective bayonets, of whom many were killed and wounded, and hundreds made prisoners, who could not gain the castle after the town had fallen.

It is hardly possible to describe the difficulties that presented themselves to the assailants; for even after the breaches, and the walls and traverses behind them, were carried, the most formidable obstacles were still to be overcome. The principal square and every street presented a succession of retrenchments; but the garrison, dispirited at their previous loss, and being instantaneously attacked in every direction with vigour and determination, were scarcely able to make a momentary stand on any point; and 700 having been made prisoners, the remainder took refuge in the castle and the convent of St. Teresa.

The new and daring application of the besiegers' artillery, by which, when all other chances were desperate, the fortress was reduced, is the most striking event attendant on the storm of San Sebastian. The fire of forty-seven heavy guns and howitzers passed over the heads of the assailants, and yet the practice was so beautiful that scarcely a casualty occurred.† The effects of the cannonade were terrible.

\* Napier says that this was occasioned by the gallantry of some nameless soldier. "A serjeant, whose heroic death has not sufficed to preserve his name, running violently forward, leaped upon the covered-way with intent to cut the sausage of the enemy's mines. The French startled by this sudden assault, fired the train prematurely; and though the serjeant and his brave followers were all destroyed, and the high seawall was thrown with a dreadful crash upon the head of the advancing column, not more than forty men were crushed by the ruins, and the rush of the troops was scarcely checked. The forlorn hope had already passed beyond the play of the mine, and now speeded along the strand amidst a shower of grape and shells."

† "During the siege, several of the pieces were discharged upwards of 9,000 times, in uninterrupted succession, without experiencing any material damage. Their fire was so accurate at the last attack, that they were employed in throwing shrapnel shells, filled with powder and balls, over the heads of the besiegers, for the purpose of driving away the besieged who lined the top of the breach. It was one of these shells which set fire to a quantity of obusses and bombs that stood on the ram-

"On inspecting the defences, it was found that the tremendous enfilade fire on the high curtain, though only maintained for twenty minutes, had dismounted every gun but two. Many of these pieces had their muzzles shot away, and the artillerymen lay mutilated at their stations. Further, the stone parapets were much damaged, the cheeks of the embrasures knocked off, and the terre-plein cut up and thickly strewed with headless bodies. In short, the whole land front had, from the effects of the cannonade, been rendered a scene of destruction, desolation, and ruin."\*

Three days after the assault, the interior of the city exhibited a fearful spectacle of the horrors which war and wickedness will produce. The streets were blazing, the troops plundering, and the people of the surrounding country flocking to profit by the spoils of their countrymen. "The few inhabitants who were to be seen seemed stupified with horror; they had suffered so much that they looked with apathy at all around them, and when the crash of a falling house made the captors run, they scarcely moved. Heaps of dead were lying everywhere,—English, Portuguese, and French, one upon another; with such determination had the one side attacked, and the other maintained its ground. Very many of the assailants lay dead on the roofs of the houses which adjoined the breach. The bodies were thrown into the mines and other excavations, and there covered over so as to be out of sight, but so hastily and slightly that the air far and near was tainted; and fires were kindled in the breaches to consume those which could not be otherwise disposed of. The hospital presented a more dreadful scene—for it was a scene of human suffering; friend and enemy had been indiscriminately carried thither, and were there alike neglected;—on the third day after the assault many of them had received neither surgical assistance, nor food of any kind."

While the storm of war was bursting upon the devoted city, blood flowed freely in the Pyrenees, in the vain hope of enabling that fortress to hold out. Aware that the siege was hurried forward with ominous rapidity, Soult determined, and occasioned an explosion, which created so much confusion in the place as to produce its fall."—*Thierry*.

\* Journal of Sieges.

mined on a second effort to interrupt its progress, and in the hour of extremity occasion a diversion which the garrison might improve, and trust for final deliverance to some of the many accidents with which war abounds.

Lord Wellington now waited only for the fall of Pampluna to make his long meditated attack on Soult's intrenched camps; but its garrison having shown symptoms of a disposition to destroy the place, his Lordship instructed Don Carlos de Espana, in the event of their fulfilling their threat, to grant them no capitulation; but authorised him, without further orders, to put to the sword the governor, officers, and non-commissioned officers, and decimate the troops. This terrible threat produced the desired effect; and on the 31st of October the place was surrendered, and the garrison, 4000 strong, marched out with the honors of war. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout the whole of this siege, had been such as to call for the warm approbation of Lord Wellington. The extreme severity of the weather prevented any onward movement for some days, previous to which, Lord Wellington published a proclamation, announcing his determination to prevent the inhabitants from sustaining any injury, if they remained neutral, from the presence of his troops.

During the month that had elapsed since the French army was driven from the Bidassoa, Soult had been strengthening his defensive position in front of St. Jean de Luz, in order to resist the farther advance of the Allies into France. The right of his line rested on the sea. From thence, an intrenched camp, occupied by three divisions, stretched inland along the summit of a series of detached heights towards the foot of the Petite la Rhone, covering the village of Uruque and the great road to Bayonne. To the left was another camp, at Ascain and Serres, on the two banks of the Nivelle; which was occupied by a division and protected by field-works. Three divisions under Clausel occupied the heights behind Saone, covering the road from Vera to Bayonne. This camp was also strongly protected by redoubts, intrenchments, and abattis, and was covered on the right by the Petite la Rhone. Five miles to the left, on the right bank of the Nivelle, was a fourth camp, behind Oinhone, occupied by two divisions under D'Erlon, to cover the roads to

Bayonne from the pass of Maya. The division of General Foy was on the Nive, watching the road from Pampeluna by La Etienne; and that of General Paris in the neighbourhood of St. Jean Pied-de-Port. Lord Wellington soon discovered the defects of his adversary's position, and hastened to take advantage of them; and on the 5th November, orders were issued for the march of the different divisions to close upon the left, with the view to attack the enemy on the 8th; but the return of bad weather delayed the proposed movements for several days. On the 9th December, General Hill forded the Nive above Cambo, whilst the 6th division crossed at Ustaritz, and the French were dislodged from their position at Ville Franque. On that night all their posts were withdrawn to Bayonne, and on the 10th, the British right rested on the Adour. On that day, Soult resumed the offensive, and issuing out of Bayonne, attacked the British left under Sir John Hope, which covered St. Jean de Luz, where the Allies had a large dépôt of stores. Lord Wellington slept on the Spanish territory for the last time on the 9th, and proceeded on the 10th to join the centre of his army, carrying two redoubts which protected Sarre. Sir Lowry Cole attacked and carried the village itself. The enemy then fell back behind Sarre, when the Allied troops attacked them, captured all their artillery, and made prisoners of an entire regiment. Meanwhile the right wing of the Allies descended from Urdax towards Oinhone, and attacked the enemy at that place, where his pickets were driven in by Picton. Five strong redoubts defended the French camp, but the 6th division reserving their fire, overcame every obstacle, and drove the French from their position. This was their last stand, and they now retreated on all points. Finding that he had obtained possession of the heights on both banks of the Nivelle, Lord Wellington directed the march of his centre and right upon St. Pé. By the occupation of this post, the Allied army was much nearer to Bayonne than the French right at Urogne. Late in the evening, Soult fell back, destroying on his way all the bridges on the Lower Nivelle. The enemy's division at Ascain had previously withdrawn from that place. Sir John Hope was on their trail, as soon as the bridges could be repaired. Marshal Beresford also advanced upon them from

St. Pé; but the French marshal, deserting the formidable line it had cost him four months to fortify, withdrew to the intrenched camp in front of Bayonne. During these operations he had lost 1400 prisoners, and probably double the number in killed and wounded, and 51 pieces of artillery. The loss of the Allies was 3000 killed and wounded.

The French position was the base of a triangle, of which Bayonne was the apex, and the great roads leading from thence to Irun and St. Jean Pied-de-Port were the sides. A rugged mass of mountains intervened between the left and centre, but nearly all the valleys and communications running from Spain beyond the Nive, centred at St. Jean Pied-de-Port, and were embraced by the intrenched camp in front of that fortress. To force Soult from this position was impracticable, until the fords of the Bidassoa had been sounded.

During the annals of the war many daring operations had been conceived and executed, but among the boldest the passage of the Bidassoa will be ranked. The plan was to carry the greater La Rhone with its dependent ridges, cross the river by its lower fords, and place the left wing of the Allies within France. Lord Wellington, by forcing this passage, would be enabled to establish himself in a position to menace the French centre, and obtain possession of the Irun road, as well as the harbour of Fuenterrabia; and thus he would shorten his communications, and open another port by which he might receive supplies from England. Such were the objects of his attempt, and nothing could be more brilliant than its execution.

The daring of the design—the hazard attendant on the slightest failure—“the unlikelihood that a commander, having a better line of operations, would pass such a river as the Bidassoa at its mouth, deceived the French general. Meanwhile his lieutenants were negligent. Of Reille’s two divisions, that of La Martinière, now commanded by General Boyer, was at the camp of Urogne, and on the morning of the 4th was dispersed as usual to labour at the works; Villatte’s reserve was at Ascain and Serres; the 5000 men composing Maucune’s division were indeed on the first line, but unexpectant of an attack; and though the works on the Mandale were finished, and those at Biriatu in a forward

state, from the latter to the sea they were scarcely commenced.

Nothing could be more perfect than Lord Wellington's dispositions. The tents were standing, and every camp seemed quiet. At last the hour arrived when the tide had fallen sufficiently, and two heavy columns issued simultaneously from their concealment, one taking the ford pointing towards the heights of Andaya, and the other moving in rapid march directly against the French position at Sans Culottes. The astonishment of the enemy was great. The columns crossed the centre of the river in safety; then rose a rocket from the steeple of Fuentarabia, and the thunder of the guns already in position on San Marcial answered the preconcerted signal. Another column advanced by the ford of Jonco; others crossed by the upper ones; and from the mountain ridges, the grand movement of attack by seven distinct points was visible; the troops above the bridge "plunged at once into the fiery contest, and those below it appeared in the distance like huge sullen snakes winding over the heavy sands."\*

The combats which followed prove that to determined valour no difficulties are insurmountable. Nature had provided her strongest means of defence; everywhere rocks, and torrents, and ravines, barred the progress of the assailants; and if an easier surface occasionally presented itself, art had been skilfully employed to render that impracticable. Nothing, however, could stay the victorious rushes of the Allies; and partial checks seemed only to act as stimulants to more desperate exertions. The success with which the Allied divisions had held their own mountain posts against the troops who now confronted them, told them what desperate resistance might be expected in assaulting veteran soldiers, established on alpine heights, and fighting on their native soil. "Day after day, for more than a month, entrenchment had risen over entrenchment, covering the vast slopes of mountains which were scarcely accessible from their natural steepness and asperity. This they could see, yet cared neither for the growing strength of the works, the height of the mountains, nor the breadth of the river with its heavy sands, and its mighty rushing tide; all were

\* Napier.

despised, and while they marched with this confident valour, it was observed that the French fought in defence of their dizzy steeps with far less fierceness than when, striving against insurmountable obstacles, they attempted to storm the lofty rocks of Saurorén. Continual defeat had lowered their spirits, but the feebleness of the defence on this occasion may be traced to another cause. It was a general's, not a soldier's battle. Wellington had with overmastering combinations overwhelmed each point of attack. Taupin's and Maucune's divisions were each less than 5,000 strong; and they were separately assailed, the first by 18,000, the second by 15,000 men; and at neither point were Reille and Clausel able to bring their reserves into action before the positions were won."\*

Never had the Allied troops fought better. They had immense difficulties to overcome; but the combinations of their general were masterly, and the subordinate officers led their battalions to each assault with that brave determination which inspires soldiers with a confidence that nothing can bar their success. Many displays of heroism were exhibited; and there was one of ready boldness, which gained the good fortune it deserved. The French garrison had abandoned a strong field-work which covered the right of the Bayonette ridge, and were observed by Colonel Colborne hurrying off in evident confusion. He galloped forward, attended by his own staff and a handful of the 95th, intercepted them in their retreat, and desired them to surrender. Believing that the colonel was in advance of a force too strong to be resisted, the order was instantly obeyed, and 300 men threw down their arms, and were made prisoners by a body not exceeding 20. Officers of every rank and age showed to their followers an example of dauntless intrepidity. During these arduous days the checks were few, and always overcome; and when a foreign brigade wavered for an instant, the road to victory was shown it by a beardless boy.†

\* Napier.

† When Downie's brigade betrayed a dangerous indecision, and declined to go forward, "there happened to be present an officer of the 43rd regiment, named Haverlock, who being attached to General Alten's staff,

The misconduct of a few, on this occasion, sullied the brilliancy of conquest; and the same predatory spirit which had occasioned such fearful atrocities when San Sebastian was carried by assault, led to many excesses while these splendid operations were in progress. This breach of discipline brought, as it often did, a summary punishment on the offenders; for many were found by the French in a state of stupid drunkenness, and captivity paid the penalty of crime. Determined to correct an abuse, under any circumstances injurious to discipline and efficiency, and, if committed in a country which he wished to conciliate, ruinous in the last degree, Lord Wellington not only declared that offenders should be punished with unmitigated severity, but that those whose duty required them to repress licentiousness, should feel the full extent of their responsibility. Several officers who had witnessed acts of plunder, and not made strenuous exertions to restrain them, were arrested and sent home;\* and the general order issued at Irurita on the 9th of July, was repeated on the 8th of October at Lesaca.

Nothing of importance occurred during the few remaining days of 1813. Both armies continued in quarters; in the

was sent to ascertain Giron's progress. His fiery temper could not brook the check. He took off his hat, he called upon the Spaniards to follow him, and putting spurs to his horse, at one bound cleared the abatis and went headlong amongst the enemy. Then the soldiers, shouting for '*El chico blanco*,'—'*the fair boy*,'—so they called him, for he was very young and had light hair—with one shock broke through the French, at this at the very moment when their centre was flying under the fire of Kemp's skirmishers from the Puerto de Vera."—*Napier*.

\* "According to all the information which the Commander of the Forces has received, outrages of all descriptions were committed by the troops in presence even of their officers, who took no pains whatever to prevent them.

"The Commander of the Forces has already determined that some officers so grossly negligent of their duty, shall be sent to England, that their names may be brought under the attention of the Prince Regent, and that his Royal Highness may give such directions respecting them as he may think proper; as the Commander of the Forces is determined not to command officers who will not obey his orders."—*Gen. Order, 8th October, 1813.*

camp of Lord Wellington the fox-hounds were unkennelled, and he and his officers took the field twice a-week, when he associated with them more as their equal than as their Commander-in-Chief.

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## CHAPTER XX.

The Battle of the Nive—Investment of Bayonne—Passage of the Adour—Battle of Orthez—Retreat of the French—Lord Wellington's Advance on Bordeaux—State of Affairs in France—Battle of Toulouse and Defeat of Marshal Soult—Surrender of Bayonne.

THE battles of the Nive equalled those of the Pyrenees in obstinacy and duration. In the latter the French marshal was the assailant; in the former he was the assailed; and though both in his attack and defence he fought under the most favourable circumstances, in both he was signally defeated. In the Pyrenees, the passes were widely separated; the lateral communications indirect; the position extensive, and consequently vulnerable in many points. The shorter lines of Soult's position enabled him to mass troops together with rapidity, and the undulating surface effectually concealed his movements. Hence his attacks were made with overwhelming numbers, and although expected, they could not be distinctly ascertained until the heads of his columns were in immediate contact with the pickets. At Bayonne, the situations of Wellington and Soult were exactly reversed. The Allied general was obliged to operate on both sides of a dangerous river, with bad roads and long and inconvenient lines; while, at the same time, he had to secure St. Jean de Luz from any attempts that Soult might make to gain a post of such importance. The French marshal had the advantage of a fortified camp, a fortress immediately beside him, with a permanent bridge across the Nive, by which he could concentrate on either bank of the river. Among the generals who earned extraordinary renown in these encounters, were Sir Rowland Hill and Sir John Hope.

It was a part of Lord Wellington's general plan that

Bayonne should be invested on the 23rd, according to the arrangements which he had made with Sir John Hope and Admiral Penrose. He had selected the citadel for his point of attack, and determined to force the passage of the Adour, and about two miles and a half below the town to fix a bridge upon the river. At this point the Adour is 300 yards broad, and a bend in its course conceals it in part, from the view of the garrison of Bayonne. The current is rapid, and there is often a heavy swell, so that for pontoons or open boats it became necessary to substitute decked vessels of from thirty to fifty tons. Of such vessels, called *chasse-marées*, there were very many in the ports of St. Jean de Luz, Passages, and Loco. These were collected at Loco; and a good bridge with a flexible boom was also prepared. On the 22nd of February the flotilla put to sea, protected by Admiral Penrose, with the "Porcupine" frigate, "Syren" brig, and five gun-boats. On the 23rd, Sir John Hope marched from his cantonments to direct the passage of the river. Field-guns were moved forward to protect the launch of the boats. At the sight of the troops the enemy's picket retired upon the citadel. Fifty men were rowed to the right bank, and a hawser having been stretched across the river, the five pontoons were formed into rafts, and a detachment of the Guards was ferried over. At this time only six companies of Guards, two of the 60th Rifles, and a small party of the rocket corps, had arrived on the right bank. About five o'clock, a detachment from the garrison of the citadel, 1500 in number, attacked the Allied troops, but were soon driven back. The flotilla appeared off the Adour on the morning of the 25th, and, with the exception of three or four of the *chasse-marées*, reached the land in safety.

The bridge having been now complected, and fresh troops and artillery having passed the river, the citadel of Bayonne was closely invested. The garrison were labouring at an advanced line of defence, but were at once driven in. The position occupied by Soult at Sauveterre was covered by a broad river. Numbers, position, everything was in his favour, and yet was he compelled to retire at every point.

The fortress of Bayonne is about four miles from the sea, at the confluence of the Nive and the Adour. The town stands astride the former river, but altogether on the left bank of

the latter; a citadel, however, occupies the crest of a commanding hill on the northern bank of the Adour, covering the approach on that side. The Adour is nowhere fordable below its junction with the Bidouze. The Nive is also a broad, rapid river; and all the bridges, save those of Bayonne, had been destroyed. An intrenched camp had been established in advance of the walls, capable of protecting a large army. Within these lines lay Marshal Soult, with an army, reduced, it is true, but still amounting to 50,000 men. An attack on such a body, so sheltered, held out but slender promise of success. It became necessary, therefore, to tempt Soult to abandon so advantageous a position. Hazardous as was the undertaking, Lord Wellington perceived that no farther advance into France could be hoped for until Soult had been dislodged from Bayonne, and only awaited a change in the weather to make the attempt. On the 9th December, the Allied army passed the Nive, forcing back the enemy into their intrenched camp; and Sir Rowland Hill, bringing forward his right and placing it on the Adour, shut the enemy in between that river and the Nive. Hope and Allen, having reconnoitred the intrenched camp, drove in the pickets, and with the infantry of the 5th division, penetrated to the margin of the Adour below Bayonne. Soult now saw that the time had arrived for resuming the offensive; and before dawn on the 10th, 35,000 men were on their march to overwhelm the troops left to protect the great road to San Sebastian.

Had Sir Rowland Hill been still a nameless soldier, the battle of the 13th would have established him at once as an officer of high pretensions. On the heights of St. Pierre, he found himself, with 13,600 men, and 14 pieces of artillery; in his front assailed by seven infantry divisions, mustering 35,000 bayonets; in his rear, threatened by the corps of General Paris and the cavalry under Pierre Soult. Never did a general abide a battle against greater odds, and achieve a bolder victory!

The thickness of the morning favoured Soult's order of attack, and his dispositions were, consequently, unobserved. Three infantry divisions, the cavalry of Sparre, and 20 pieces of artillery, marched against Hill's position; Foy's and Maransin's corps succeeded as a support; and a power-

ful reserve was in the rear. "The mist hung heavily; and the French masses, at one moment quite shrouded in vapour, at another dimly seen, or looming sudden and large and dark at different points, appeared like thunder-clouds gathering before the storm. At half-past eight Soult pushed back the British pickets in the centre, the sun burst out at that moment, the sparkling fire of the light troops spread wide in the valley, and crept up the hills on either flank, while the bellowing of 40 pieces of artillery shook the banks of the Nive and the Adour. Darricau, marching on the French right, was directed against General Pringle. D'Armagnac, moving on their left, and taking Old Mogguerre as the point of direction, was ordered to force Byng's right. Abbé assailed the centre at St. Pierre, where General Stewart commanded; for Sir Rowland Hill had taken his station on a commanding mount in the rear, whence he could see the whole battle and direct the movements."\*

Ashworth's Portuguese brigade bore the brunt of the opening attack; and although the 71st, with two guns, and afterwards the 50th, were sent to their support, the whole were driven back, and the rest of the position won. Under the brow of the height the 92nd were formed. Instantly General Barnes led them forward, scattered the light troops who would have checked him, and charged and repulsed the column. But the French guns opened—their horse-artillery commenced a close fire—a second column came forward with imposing steadiness—and the 92nd fell back, and reformed behind the high ground. Happily, a thick hedge covered the front of the Portuguese, and the wood upon the right was occupied by some companies of their *Caçadores* with a wing of the 50th, who held it against every effort of the enemy. The French had already put their grand column in march; and, when the occurrence might have been fatal, two British colonels† compromised the safety of their posts, and withdrew their regiments out of fire! Hill observed that Foy's and Maransin's divisions, after clearing the deep roads which had impeded them, were about to come to the assistance of Abbé, and therefore the battle must be won or lost upon a cast. He quitted the

\* Napier.

† Bunbury, of the 3rd (Buffs), and Peacock, of the 71st.

height where he had been posted; halted the Buffs—sent them again into action—and led back the 71st himself. Promptly employing his reserve,\* he directed one brigade of Le Cor against D'Armanac, and led the other in person against Abbé. In the meantime, the wood was bravely held, and the 92nd again formed behind the village of St. Pierre, and again came on to dare a combat with a column in numbers five times its superior. But, strange to say, the challenge was declined. A mounted officer who headed the enemy, waved his sword, and turned the French about; there was no pursuit; and the column retired across the valley, and resumed the position from which it had originally advanced.†

It was noon—the assault upon the Allied position had failed on every point—Pringle had driven back Soult's right wing—Buchan had repulsed the left; but still there were enough troops disposable to have enabled Soult to have massed them in a column, sufficiently strong to force the Allied centre. Hill, consequently, reinforced it with the 57th—the 6th division, which had been despatched by Lord Wellington to his assistance, now topped the height

\* "From the commanding mount on which he stood, he saw at once that the misconduct of the two colonels would cause the loss of his position more surely than any direct attack upon it; and with a promptness and decision truly military, he descended at once to the spot, playing the soldier as well as the general, rallying the 71st, and leading the reserve himself; trusting meanwhile with a noble and well-placed confidence to the courage of the 92nd and the 50th to sustain the fight at St. Pierre. He knew, indeed, that the 6th division was then close at hand, and that the battle might be fought over again; but, like a thorough soldier, he was resolved to win his own fight with his own troops if he could. And he did so after a manner that in less eventful times would have rendered him the hero of a nation."—*Napier*.

† "How different was the conduct of the British generals, two of whom, and nearly all their staff, fell at this point, resolute not to yield a step at such a critical period; how desperately did the 50th and the Portuguese fight, to give time for the 92nd to rally and re-form behind St. Pierre; how gloriously did that regiment come forth again to charge, with their colours flying and their national music playing, as if going to a review! This was to understand war. The man who in that moment, and immediately after a repulse, thought of such military pomp, was by nature a soldier."—*Napier*.

behind—the 4th division, with Lord Wellington in person, presently appeared—part of the 3rd division succeeded it, and the 7th were coming on in rapid march. But the crisis of the day had passed; and the fresh divisions arrived upon the ground only to witness the glory of their brave companions. Buchan was driving D'Armanac's division from the ridge which it had previously carried—Byng clearing another rising ground of the enemy—the high road was vigorously attacked by the centre—and the French were everywhere deforced, and two pieces of artillery captured. Immediately, Lord Wellington, after congratulating Sir Rowland upon his success, ordered a general advance; and until night closed, the retiring columns were vigorously pursued and sustained a heavy loss. Darkness, and very difficult ground, lessened the casualties which must have been otherwise enormous; and Soult, after taking Foy's division across the Adour, sent two to Marsac, and left Count Drouet in front of Mousseroles.

The action of St. Pierre lasted but a few hours; and on a space not exceeding a square mile, five thousand men were lying, killed and wounded. When Lord Wellington rode up, one rapid glance across the battle-field told how furiously the attack had been made, and with what stern bravery it had been repelled on every point; and seizing his lieutenant's hand, he exclaimed, while his eyes sparkled with delight: "My dear Hill, the day's your own!" Never was a compliment more happily paid to skill and courage. It was delivered upon a field heaped with the corpses of the beaten enemy—the columns of attack were seen receding from a last effort, as vainly made, and as bloodily repulsed, as those desperate trials with which Soult throughout the day had hoped to shake the enduring valour of the Allies; and, prouder honour! it issued from the lips of him on whose breath the fate of battles hung, and whose footsteps victory had attended. The insubordination of some of the Spanish troops had been so outrageous, that Lord Wellington had been compelled to send 25,000 of them to the rear, much as their services were needed, and to keep Murillo's corps under arms. The decision of the British general produced a salutary effect. But the disaffection had not been confined to the Spanish soldiers. The

population of Val de Baygory appeared in arms against their defenders; and it was not until the Commander-in-Chief had published a proclamation, threatening to hang as banditti all that he found in arms against his troops, that the nuisance was abated.

Having left Bayonne closely invested, and made so strong a demonstration upon the front of Soult's line as to engage almost entirely his attention, Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Gave d'Oberon at Villenave and turned his left, a movement which induced the French Commander-in-Chief to transfer his head-quarters to Orthez. Other divisions of the English army having followed Hill, Lord Wellington determined to attack the new position of Soult at Orthez.

At this place Soult had collected all his disposable forces, with the determination to make a firm stand. His position was exceedingly strong. His left, commanded by Clausel, occupied Orthez, which is situated on the side of an eminence overlooking the Gave. His centre, under D'Erlon, was thrown back along the crest of a range of heights overlooking the road to Dan; whilst his right, commanded by Reille, was posted on a hill towards the village of St. Boes. A reserve, composed of the divisions of Harispe and Villatte, occupied an elevated plateau astride the roads to St. Pau and St. Sever. It was scarcely possible to conceive a more advantageous position than that occupied by the enemy.

The left wing of the Allies commenced the battle seriously about nine o'clock on the 27th February, although from daylight a partial fusilade had been kept up between the light troops, occasionally varied by the deeper booming of artillery. While the 3rd and 6th divisions carried the lower grounds against which they had been directed, the 4th had won the village of St. Boes, and endeavoured by desperate fighting, to gain a footing on the open ground behind it.

"Five times, breaking through the scattered houses, did Ross carry his battle into the wider space beyond; yet, ever as his troops issued forth, the French guns from the open hill smote them in front, and the reserved battery on the Dax road swept through them with grape from flank to flank. And then Taupin's supporting masses rushed forwards with a wasting fire, and lapping the flanks with skirmishers, which poured along the ravines on either hand,

forced the shattered columns back into the village. It was in vain that, with desperate valour, the Allies, time after time, broke through the narrow way, and struggled to spread a front beyond. Ross fell dangerously wounded; and Taupin, whose troops were clustered thickly, and well supported, defied their utmost efforts. Nor was Soult less happy on the other side. The nature of the ground would not permit the 3rd and 6th divisions to engage many men at once, so that no progress was made; and one small detachment which Picton extended to his left, having made an attempt to gain the smaller tongue jutting out from the centre hill, was suddenly charged, as it neared the summit, by Foy, and driven down again in confusion, losing several hundred prisoners.”\*

Finding that the left attack had not succeeded, Lord Wellington detached a Caçadore battalion to clear Ross's right flank from the skirmishers that had annoyed it. But the Portuguese brigade was already broken and driven back, and the village cleared of the British troops, and again occupied by the enemy. On every side the attack had failed; for beyond a given point the assailants had never been able to advance—and now, disordered and repulsed, nothing appeared wanting but for the French marshal to push forward his reserves, and seize a decisive victory.†

But the lion was in his path. Wellington had galloped forward to direct the movements of his left wing personally; and now, in the thickest of the fire, he suddenly changed the plan of attack; and with that rapidity of conception, which with him had turned the fortunes of so many fields, he instantly changed his dispositions. Directing Walker's division (the 7th) and Barnard's light brigade against the left of the height, where the French right united with the

\* Napier.

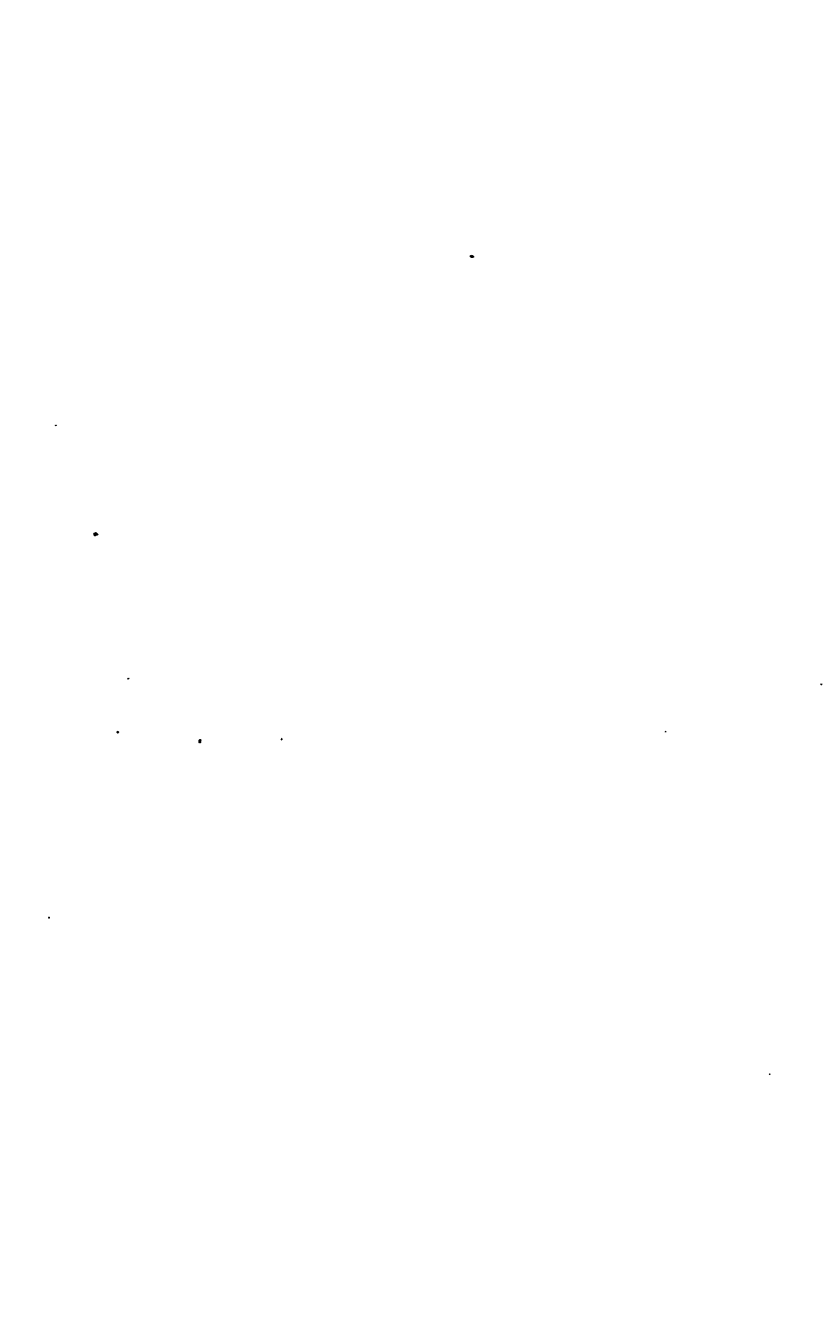
† “As this happened at the moment when the detachment on Picton's left was repulsed, victory seemed to declare for the French; and Soult, conspicuous on a commanding open hill, the knot of all his combinations, seeing his enemies thus broken and thrown backwards on each side, put all his reserves in movement to complete the success. It is said that in the exultation of the moment he smote his thigh, exclaiming, ‘*At last I have him!*’ Whether this be so or not, it was no vainglorious speech: for the moment he was most dangerous.”—Napier.



Painted by A. Cooper. R.A.

Engraved by W. Ashcroft

Charge of the 7th Hussars, at Omdurman



centre, he supported their attack by an advance of the 3rd and 6th divisions, which had previously remained unengaged, until Beresford's operations should be demonstrated. In a moment, "the face of the battle was changed." The furious assault of the light brigade bore down resistance, and gained the crest of the hill. The 52nd pressed right against a French battalion which connected the divisions of Foy and D'Armanac, and at the same time Picton and Clinton were moving on their flank. On both sides the musketry was close and destructive. Two generals, Bechand and Foy, were carried from the field; and troops, so lately confident of victory, as suddenly became shaken and discouraged. Indeed, the storm had so strangely burst from an unexpected quarter—for the march of the 52nd had been hardly perceived save by the skirmishers—that the enemy "got into confusion, and the disorder spreading to Reille's wing, he also was forced to fall back and take a new position to restore his line of battle. The narrow pass behind St. Boes was thus opened, and Wellington, seizing the critical moment, thrust the 4th and 7th divisions, Vivian's cavalry, and two batteries of artillery through, and spread a front beyond."\*

Instantly D'Armanac's position was crowned by a British battery, whose fire swept through the columns exposed to their cannonade, and rent these heavy masses into pieces. In vain the French cavalry charged the English guns. The fire of the 42nd repulsed them—the 3rd division fought with its customary determination—Inglis's brigade charged with the bayonet; and Soult, seeing the ground was not to be recovered, commenced an orderly retreat, although but a brief space before, his movements had indicated the advance that leads to victory.

How rapidly the fortunes of a battle alter! Immediately after he had changed his dispositions for attack, Lord Wellington ordered Hill's corps to force the bridge of Orthez,—an order that was promptly executed. Comprehending in a moment how matters went, Hill, when he crossed the Gave, pushed rapidly forward by a parallel ridge to that by which Soult must retire his beaten army to Sault de Navailles. The French retreat had already commenced, and nothing

\* Napier.

could be more soldierly than the steadiness with which it was conducted, as the whole *corps d'armée* fell back by échelons of divisions, each covering the movements of the other, and holding by turns the different positions which the ground they crossed presented. "In this manner the French yielded, step by step, and without confusion, the Allies advancing with an incessant deafening musketry and cannonade, yet losing many men, especially on the right, where the 3rd division was very strongly opposed. However, as the danger of being cut off at Salespice by Hill became more imminent, the retrograde movements were more hurried and confused: Hill seeing this, quickened his pace, until at last both sides began to run violently, and so many men broke from the French ranks, making across the fields towards the fords, and such a rush was necessarily made by the rest to gain the bridge of Sault de Navailles, that the whole country was covered with scattered bands. Sir Stapleton Cotton then breaking through, with Lord Edward Somerset's hussars, a small covering body opposed to him by Harispe, sabred 200 or 300 men; and the 7th hussars cut off about 2000, who threw down their arms in an enclosed field; yet, some confusion or mismanagement occurring, the greatest part, recovering their weapons, escaped, and the pursuit ceased at the Luy of Bearn."\*

Never did a beaten army escape the worst consequences of a *déroute* more narrowly. Had the British cavalry been enabled to get forward with more celerity, a large portion of the French infantry must have been unavoidably cut off. To another circumstance, also, the comparatively low amount of the French casualties may be attributed. A defeat, complete as that of Orthez, would have most probably entailed upon the vanquished army a terrible disaster, had not Lord Wellington been prevented from following up his success, and pressing his advantages by personal direction. At the very moment when the confusion in the enemy's ranks was increasing, a spent shot struck the pommel of his sword, and caused a painful contusion. Lord Wellington with difficulty kept his saddle, and an intersected country, which otherwise he would have crossed at speed, was therefore slowly traversed. Had he been allowed to urge it on,

\* Napier.

the pursuit would have been ardently and successfully continued; but it ceased at Sault de Navailles, and night closed upon the victors and the vanquished.

The losses sustained on both sides were considerable. On the part of the Allies they fell upon the Anglo-Portuguese alone, for no Spanish troops took share in these sanguinary and brilliant operations. The casualties of the enemy were, however, immensely greater. Besides six guns, Soult lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, at least 5000 men, exclusive of thousands of conscripts, who flung away their arms, and disbanded themselves the moment the rout began. This will account for the high estimate to which the French casualties were raised even by themselves; the total loss having been variously stated,—by some writers at 10,000, by others at 14,000,—an immense number in a single action to be thus placed *hors de combat*. During the night the beaten army fell back to Hagetman, was joined there by the garrison of Dax with two conscript battalions, and, halting behind the Adour, took a position at St. Sever. This, however, was abandoned on the approach of the Allied centre; and the French divisions continued their retreat to Agen,\* breaking down the bridges in their rear. The pursuit was as rapidly continued by the Allies, as bad roads and bad weather would permit.

The easterly line chosen by the French marshal for his retreat, had left the Bordeaux road uncovered, and thus enabled Beresford, with the light division and Vivian's cavalry, to reach Mont de Marsaux, where he captured an immense magazine, while the centre moved on Cazerès, and the right marched on Aire. Early on the 2nd of March. Hill found himself in presence of the enemy, who were strongly posted on a ridge of hills half a league in front of the town, with their right resting on the Adour. He attacked them instantly. The 2nd division advanced by the principal road, and a Portuguese brigade ascended the heights to their left. The columns were commanded by Sir William Stewart, and the Portuguese by General da Costa. The 2nd division, in spite of the strength of the position, carried their point. The Portuguese, although they got

\* Agen is on the right bank of the Garonne, midway between the cities of Bordeaux and Toulouse.

possession of the heights for a short time, were eventually driven back; but the brigade of General Byng, which had been hitherto in reserve, now came forward, and decided the fate of the day. The French, abandoning the position and the town, hastily crossed the Adour in great disorder, and took refuge in the town of Pau.

Soult now conducted his army up the Adour, and on the 3rd of March had again collected all his forces at Plaisance, Maderan, and Maubourget, expecting that Wellington would follow him; but the British Commander-in-Chief finding the road to Bordeaux open, instantly directed his left wing on that important city, thus carrying the war into the very heart of France. Marshal Beresford, with the 4th and 7th divisions, and Vivian's light cavalry, were accordingly ordered to take possession of that city. The attachment of the people of Bordeaux to the Bourbons was well known; and the arrival of the Duke d'Angoulême at St. Lean de Luz two months previously, had created a strong feeling in favour of the legitimate Royal Family; but it was no part of Lord Wellington's object at this juncture to mix himself up with politics; and he, therefore, enjoined the officers to whom he had deputed the duty of occupying Bourdeaux, to take no part in any public demonstrations in their favour. The congress at Chatillon was still sitting, and the question of peace or war was yet to be decided. In the face of a league against him, offensive and defensive, for twenty years, pledging each party to keep on foot an army of 150,000 men, Napoleon had the modesty to demand of the congress the following terms:—He required for himself the whole line of the Rhine, a great part of that of the Waal, and the fortress of Nimeguen—Italy, including Venice, for his son-in-law Eugene Beauharnois: indemnities for that prince, as having been Grand Duke of Frankfort; for Jerome, on the score of his kingdom of Westphalia; for Louis, as Grand Duke of Berg; and for Joseph, not indeed in compensation for Spain, but for Naples; from whence Bonaparte himself had removed him to Madrid! These demands were at once rejected, and the congress was dissolved.

On the 8th of March, Beresford marched on Langou; and on his route he was joined by Vandeleur's cavalry brigade, thus increasing his corps to 12,000 men. On the 12th he

entered the city unopposed, Cornudet, the imperial commissioner, having first burned some ships upon the stocks, and L'Huillier, the commandant, crossing the river with his garrison, and occupying some strong posts upon the right bank of the Garonne, together with the fortress of Blaye. On entering Bordeaux, Marshal Beresford was joyfully received by the inhabitants. The mayor and municipality were in attendance to bid him welcome, and the tricoloured flag gave place to the white banner of the royalists. On the same afternoon the Duc d'Angoulême made his entry, and Louis XVIII. was immediately proclaimed with the customary formalities.

While these occurrences took place, Lord Wellington and Soult remained in mutual observation, each, as after-events proved, in ignorance of the other's force. The marshal was not aware that Wellington had detached a corps to Bordeaux, while the Allied commander received assurances that Soult had been largely reinforced. The loss of his magazines, when Beresford's absence was discovered, prevented the French marshal from taking the offensive at once; and on the 13th, Freire's Spanish corps, amounting to 8000 men, with Ponsonby's heavy dragoons, strengthened Lord Wellington's army and fully restored the numerical balance; at the same time Beresford, with Vivian's light cavalry and the 4th division, was recalled from Bordeaux, leaving the occupation of the city to the 7th division and Vandeleur's brigade, under the command of Lord Dalhousie.

During this state of things in the south of France, Napoleon, with all the troops he could command, was defending the approaches to his capital with a degree of vigour and ability that even in his most fortunate campaigns he had never exceeded. Already had the Allies penetrated to Laon, and had for a time, at least, occupied Soissons. 1,000,000 men, armed by the resentment of all Europe, had been collected, and the limits of the Emperor's circle were diminishing every day. "Wellington, (says Lamartine) had descended from the Pyrenees on the South with the best troops of Spain and Portugal. The armies of Marshal Soult and Marshal Suchet had retired rapidly on France to defend their native soil against the invasion of two long provoked nations. Bubna and Bellegarde, two Austrian

generals, at the head of 100,000 men, held Prince Eugene, Napoleon's viceroy, in check on the Milanese territory, and crossed the Alps to debouch at Lyons by the gorges of Savoy. Bernadotte, the modern Coriolanus, had sold himself to the Coalition, at the price of the crown of Sweden. Against Belgium and the Rhine, he conducted, under our flag, 120,000 men, consisting of all the second-rate nations of the North. Prince Schwartzburg, generalissimo of the Coalition, and Blücher the Prussian general, crossed the Rhine on the 31st of December, and directed about 200,000 men of all nations to the foot of the Vosges. Four columns, of 400,000 combatants, penetrated Germany by four roads, to recruit, with inexhaustible reinforcements, the van of the armies already entered upon the soil of France. The Sovereigns themselves (the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the Kings of Prussia and of Sweden) marched with their troops against these masses recruited by patriotism. Napoleon could only bring against them the exhausted and broken-up remains of his once splendid armies." The march of Lord Wellington on Bordeaux, and the revulsion of public feeling in that neighbourhood at such a juncture, must have added deeply to the mortification of the moment. The time for blustering proclamations and lying bulletins had passed, and Soult's addresses to his army produced little effect, beyond that of betraying his own disappointment and rancour.

In recurring to the operations of the main armies of the contending parties in the South, it becomes necessary to remind the reader, that on retreating from St. Sever, the French army had, in the first instance, taken the road to Agen (a town on the right hand of the Garonne, between Bordeaux and Toulouse), as if undecided whether to abandon the former city, or to give up the support afforded by the Pyrenees, and the chance of effecting a junction with Suchet. The delay in the progress of the Allied troops, occasioned by the necessary operation of destroying the bridges in their rear, afforded Soult the opportunity, and probably suggested the idea, of throwing his army once more upon the intersected country at the foot of the Pyrenees; deeming that he might more readily save Bordeaux by such a course, than by a direct movement to cover that city, or the half-measure he

seems to have first resolved on, of retiring upon Agen. It was but a choice of evils. Doubling back his march, therefore, to the south, and hastening it to avoid being cut off by Hill's corps at Aire, he withdrew from Lord Wellington's front along the right bank of the Adour, expecting thereby to prevent him from detaching a corps to Bordeaux. In this expectation it will have been seen that he was disappointed. The Allies followed him closely from position to position, and on the 19th he had collected his whole army on the right bank of the Adour, his left resting on Tarbes and his right extending in the direction of Ratastens. On the 20th Lord Wellington directed Sir Rowland Hill and the 3rd division, to advance again upon his front, whilst Sir Harry Clinton, with the 6th division, supported by two brigades, should cross the Adour near Vic, and turn his right, a feat which was satisfactorily accomplished. The enemy were driven back at all points, and in the night retired to St. Guandens, on Toulouse, which they entered on the 24th. The Allies, impeded by the state of the weather, and encumbered by a pontoon-train, did not arrive before Toulouse until the 27th. Here Soult had collected every disposable soldier, and occupied a position, the local advantages of which he had carefully improved by fortifying the approaches with skill, and constructing upon it redoubts of considerable strength. On the 28th, Lord Wellington proceeded to lay down his pontoon-bridge; but the water's surface, increased by the recent floods, was found too extensive to be covered by the pontoons. This failure elicited from a staff-officer the remark, that until the river fell a passage would not be effected. Lord Wellington replied immediately, in a tone of strong decision:—"If it will not do one way, we must try another, for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook."

On the 31st the pontoons were laid down, and Hill crossed the Garonne; but, from the state of the roads, it was found impossible to reach Toulouse in that direction; and consequently the right wing countermarched and recrossed to the left bank of the river. A better situation was found for laying the bridge, and on the 4th of April it was removed, and thrown across a bend of the Garonne, half a league above Grenade. Beresford crossed immediately, with the 4th and

6th divisions and a cavalry brigade; but a sudden rising of the river prevented the light divisions and Freire's Spaniards from following, for the pontoons were obliged to be taken up, to prevent their being swept away by the flood, and, consequently, Beresford's position was isolated, and open to an overwhelming attack. Soult, however, did not avail himself of the advantage that accident had placed in his way; and on the 8th, the flood had sufficiently abated to allow the bridge to be replaced, and Freire crossed and joined Beresford. On the 9th the pontoons were carried up the stream to Ausonne, and on the 10th, the 3rd and light divisions passed the river at daylight, and Lord Wellington formed his division for the attack.

The town of Toulouse is surrounded on three sides by the canal of Languedoc and the Garonne. On the left of that river, the suburb, which the enemy had fortified with strong field-works in front of the old wall, formed a good *tête-de-pont*. They had likewise a *tête-de-pont* at each bridge of the canal, which was besides defended by the fire, in some places of musketry, and in all of artillery, from the wall of the town. Beyond the canal to the eastward, and between that and the river Ers is a height which extends as far as Mentraudran, and over which pass all the approaches to the canal and town from the eastward, which it defended. In addition to the *têtes-de-pont*, the enemy had fortified this height with five redoubts, connected by lines of entrenchment, and had with extraordinary diligence made every preparation for defence. They had destroyed all the bridges over the Ers, by which the right of their position could be approached. The roads from Arrière to Toulouse being impracticable, no alternative presented itself but to attack the enemy in this formidable position.

No sooner did Lord Wellington arrive on the right bank of the Garonne than he directed a general movement of the army towards the Ers, when the 18th Hussars, led by Colonel Vivian, made a most gallant attack on a superior body of the enemy's cavalry, commanded by Pierre Soult, and drove it across the river, with the loss of 100 prisoners. The passage of the Ers was thus secured, and his Lordship's meditated operations against Mount Calvinet importantly facilitated. The necessity for removing the pontoon-bridge

higher up the Garonne, however, compelled Lord Wellington to postpone his attack on the enemy until the 10th, on the morning of which day the light division also crossed to the right bank, leaving only the 2nd British and General Le Cor's Portuguese divisions, and a brigade of cavalry under Sir Rowland Hill, in front of the enemy's works, covering the faubourg of St. Cyprien. The heights on the left of the enemy's position, called La Pujade, were guarded by two divisions of infantry, having in their front a brigade of horse. Those of Mount Calvinet on the right centre were occupied by one division of infantry, and those of Montaudran on the extreme right, were held by one brigade of infantry, with a strong body of cavalry in their front, on the road to Bordes. Heavy columns of reserve were posted on the rear of the heights. The canal, from the rear of the La Pujade to its junction with the Garonne, was guarded by strong bodies of infantry. The suburbs of St. Cyprien were occupied by a division; that of St. Etienne, on the eastern side, by another; and various posts in the fauxbourgs, and on the walls, were defended by reserve conscripts, and national guards.

Marshal Beresford opened the battle by crossing the bridge of Orcade, and carrying the village of Montblanc. He then marched up the left bank of the Ers in three open columns, in the most perfect order. When he had arrived at the extreme right of the enemy's position, he formed his lines of attack, and advanced steadily upon it. Meanwhile, General Freire led the Spanish foot in front of Croix d'Orade in two lines of attack. A battery of Portuguese artillery, on a neighbouring height, covered their movements, General Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry forming their reserve. The right and left of the heights, occupied by the enemy, were now assaulted at the same moment. The Spaniards drove in the first brigade of the French they encountered, but were somewhat disordered by the deadly fire of grape that was opened upon them. The second line of the Spaniards did not advance with much alacrity, and the French, seeing their hesitation, rushed upon them with such vigour, that, with the exception of a single regiment, the Spanish force broke, and was driven back on the Ers with heavy loss. General Freire exerted himself most nobly to rally the fugitives, but with indifferent success.

Lord Wellington, who seemed on such occasions to be ubiquitous, rallied a small body of them himself, at an important point. The light division saved the Spaniards from being pursued, and the bridge over the Eres was preserved. The right of the enemy's position was already in the hands of Marshal Beresford; whilst General Clinton's division, having advanced up the steep height of Mount Calvinet, had carried the redoubt which covered the right flank of the hill, and established themselves most gallantly in the enemy's line. General Coles' division, in like order, but with smaller loss, marched up the heights on the enemy's extreme right, formed upon the summit, and held their ground in spite of the brigade of infantry in their front. At this moment, 10,000 of the Allies were drawn up on the range of heights opposite the enemy; and Marshal Beresford only awaited the arrival of his artillery to follow up his success. The enemy still occupied, in great strength, a formidable line of entrenchments, two fortified houses, and four large redoubts. In the absence of the only means of dislodging them, therefore, all further attacks on the enemy were of necessity suspended. Meanwhile, Soult was not idle. He reinforced strongly his cavalry on the heights of Montaudran, and brought from the faubourg of St. Cyprien and the canal, as many troops as could be spared, to form reserves in the rear of Calvinet. By the repulse of the Spaniards, the French had obtained a great advantage, and a check given to Picton's division before the *tête-de-pont* of the Pont Jumeau, afforded them a new ovation. Sir Rowland Hill, on the left bank of the Garonne, was more fortunate. He had driven the enemy from the first line of works covering the faubourg St. Cyprien; but the second line, formed by the ancient wall of the city, could not be carried by a *coup-de-main*; and this limitation of their line of defence enabled Count Reille to send one of his divisions to the assistance of Marshal Soult. The cause of Picton's check had been excess of zeal, and a deviation from his instructions. He had been directed to make a false attack on the canal bridge nearest to the Garonne, but had in fact committed his division in a real attack on a formidable work which defended that bridge, and which, by the nature of its wide ditch, was found unassailable. When he discovered

his error he withdrew, but not without very serious loss. Lord Beresford got his guns up about noon, and continued his movements along the ridge at the head of two divisions—the 6th, under Sir Henry Clinton, led; the 4th, under Sir Lowry Cole, followed; and both advanced upon the enemy's redoubts in line. Soult met them with all his strength, advancing, indeed, where the fire from their redoubts could render them no help. The struggle was now terrific, but the British bayonet prevailed. General Taupin, who commanded one of the French divisions, was killed, and his men driven back in confusion on their works. The two principal redoubts, and the fortified houses, were next carried by a brigade of the 6th division under General Pack. This tremendous struggle took place within sight of the inhabitants of the town, many of whom were looking on. The French made desperate efforts to recover their redoubts, but in vain. Soult endeavoured to re-establish the battle, but was repulsed with great loss, and the 6th division now took the works of La Pujade without a struggle. By five o'clock P.M., the whole of the works of Mount Calvinet were in the hands of the British, and the whole city at the entire mercy of their artillery. Soult occupied the rising ground in the faubourg St. Etienne until dusk, when he, too, retired behind the canal. The loss of the Allied army was very severe; 595 killed and 4,046 wounded, of whom 2,124 were British, 1,928 Spaniards, and 607 Portuguese. Very few prisoners were made, and only one gun captured. But the formidable works left in the victor's hands were more important trophies than a whole park of artillery would have been. By the capture of the heights of Calvinet, the Allied troops had closed Toulouse on three sides; the narrow space between the Garonne and the Canal of Languedoc alone remaining open to the enemy; and the road to Carcassone, which leaves Toulouse on that side, affording their only means of escape. Lord Wellington sent the light cavalry to cut off the communication, but this was not accomplished. Soult had expressed his determination to "bury himself and army under the ruins of Toulouse rather than suffer himself to be driven away." But he did nothing of the sort. On the 11th, he hurried to

Carcassone, leaving behind him three general officers and 1,600 wounded men.

Lord Wellington was received in Toulouse with loud acclamations. The white flag was hoisted, and the inhabitants hailed him as their liberator and friend.

Some very silly French writers have claimed the victory of Toulouse for Marshal Soult; and a few years ago the French Government voted a sum of money "in aid of the monument to be raised in honour of the battle of the 10th of April." The claim is really too absurd for argument. After losing almost every post, retiring in double-quick time from their ground, and giving up the possession of the city to the British, the notion of the French,—either that they won the day, or that the battle was a "drawn" one,—is really preposterous. Soult was not only driven from all his works, but clean out of sight.

Lord Wellington, unwilling to destroy so important and populous a city, deferred adopting a course which would have compelled Soult to cut his way through the Allied army, or adopt the alternative he had purposed to himself, until all other means of accomplishing his purpose had been resorted to. Of this Soult was perfectly aware; so took French leave, whilst the door of escape lay open to him. Louis XVIII. was now proclaimed at Toulouse, and indeed, in every town not under the domination of Napoleon's soldiery. The important news of the capture of Paris by the Allies reached Toulouse on the afternoon of the day on which Lord Wellington entered the city, and greatly added to the general joy which had been created by his triumph. An English officer, despatched from Paris by Sir Charles Stewart, was the bearer of the gratifying intelligence. He was accompanied by a French officer, charged by the Provisional Government to make the same communication to Marshal Soult, with whom they came up at Castelnaudry on the following day. The marshal declined, however, to acknowledge the Provisional Government; but proposed to Lord Wellington a suspension of hostilities, in order to afford him time to obtain more authentic information. This proposal was declined by Lord Wellington, who, considering the conduct of Marshal Soult as indicative

of a desire to foment a civil war, moved forward his army in pursuit of the French towards Castelnau-dry. Suchet, however, unhesitatingly acknowledged the Provisional Government; and Soult, finding that he was standing out alone, sent an officer to conclude a convention for the cessation of hostilities, which was effected on the 18th.

It was with feelings of deep regret that, whilst these negotiations were in progress, Lord Wellington received Major-General Colville's report of a sanguinary action which had been fought in front of Bayonne. On the morning of the 14th of April, the governor of Bayonne made a fierce sortie upon the invading corps, and succeeded in breaking through the Allied line, and carrying the village of St. Etienne; but the advanced pickets being promptly and vigorously supported, the besiegers recovered their positions, with a loss to the enemy of 900 men placed *hors de combat*, and to the Allies of 600 killed and wounded, and 236 prisoners. In this cruel and unnecessary sacrifice were included General Hay, who commanded the outposts, who was killed; and General Sir John Hope, who whilst bringing up reinforcements, was made prisoner. Sir John's horse was killed under him, and being wounded himself, he could not be extricated in time to save him from falling into the hands of the enemy. In this affair, General Stafford also was wounded. If the general belief that Thevenot, the French governor, had received intelligence of the abdication of the Emperor, was correct, his conduct was most unwarrantable. He ought under such circumstances to have remained entirely on the defensive. The siege had not commenced, for neither stores nor artillery had been brought forward; there could, therefore, have been no immediate cause for apprehension. The affair was one of purely gratuitous slaughter, in which the French, who lost a general, suffered the heavier loss. By an accident which looks almost like retribution, Thevenot's casualties were many of them occasioned by the indiscriminate fire of his own guns.

Formal notice of the convention entered into between Lord Wellington and Soult was received by the governor of Bayonne on the 20th; notwithstanding which, he hesitated to acknowledge the Provisional Government for several

days; but so soon as the white flag was hoisted on the walls of the fortress, the operations of the siege were of course suspended. It is a remarkable coincidence that the last blood shed in this unprincipled and aggressive war of six years' duration, should have been spilled upon the spot on which Napoleon's infamous project for the invasion of Spain was begun and matured.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Advance of the Allies on Paris—Termination of the Peninsular War—Return of Louis XVIII—The Duke of Wellington appointed Ambassador to France—Napoleon banished to Elba—State of France—Escape of Napoleon—Progress to Paris—Appointment of the Duke of Wellington to the Command of the British Army in the Netherlands—Departure of Napoleon for the Frontier—Strength of the Respective Armies.

WE have already described the extremity to which Napoleon had been reduced, and the enormous power that was arrayed against him. Alarmed by the masses that were crowding down upon him, he had retreated to Arcis-sur-Aube, where he unexpectedly came in contact with the army of Schwartzburg. A sanguinary battle ensued, in which, although he fought with all the energy of desperation, he was thoroughly beaten, and his army reduced to 70,000 men: the force opposed to him numbered 150,000 men; yet he managed to throw himself with the main body of his army, in rear of the Allied troops on the Marne on the 22nd. The congress of Chatillon had broken up on the 19th, and Napoleon's minister had brought him its ultimatum. Determined to astonish the generals of the Allies by the boldness of his manœuvres, he marched on Vitry and St. Dizier. The decision of the Great Powers engaged them not to lay down their arms until the continent should have returned to the limits which France had overstepped in 1792. The Allies replied to his last act of madness by following Napoleon with their cavalry; and rapidly concentrating

their forces at Châlons, they marched on Paris. The feeble corps of Marmont and Mortier were accordingly driven back upon the capital; and on the 29th of March, Paris was invested on its northern side by the main armies of the Allied sovereigns. Marmont had some 15,000 troops in Paris, and the National Guard and retired military would have doubled that number. On the 30th, however, after a short combat, the Allies established themselves on the heights of Belle Vue, and the Regent having abandoned his authority, Paris capitulated the same evening. The ensuing day, the Allied sovereigns entered Paris, and were received with such demonstrations of enthusiastic satisfaction as clearly showed that the French considered that they had had quite enough of war and "glory." On the arrival of the Emperor within ten miles of the capital on the 31st, he found it in the hands of the enemy, and hastening back to Fontainebleau, collected on that point all the troops he could muster. On the 3rd, he would again have advanced towards Paris, but he here learned that by a decree of the senate his crown had already been disposed of.

Immediately on the commencement of hostilities throughout Europe, Lord Castlereagh repaired to Paris as the representative of Great Britain, at the Congress of Sovereigns and Ministers which had been convened for the purpose of discussing the steps to be adopted for securing the final peace of Europe; and one of his first acts was to recommend the Prince Regent to appoint the Marquis of Wellington ambassador at the court of France, an office which he at once accepted, leaving Toulouse on the 30th April. Lord Wellington arrived in Paris on the 4th of May, where he was greeted by the monarchs and illustrious men who were there assembled, with the distinction due to his pre-eminent talents and distinguished services. It was at the same time announced to him that he had been elevated to a dukedom; and having already been decorated with the grand crosses of all the principal orders of European knighthood, may be said to have attained the summit of worldly fame and glory. The Duke of Wellington's stay in Paris was necessarily brief; and from the French capital he proceeded to Madrid, where his presence was ardently expected. The country was threatened with a political con-

vulsion, which Ferdinand's early display of unamended despotism and cruelty seemed calculated to hurry to a crisis. From the commanding influence which the Duke possessed over every party, it was considered possible that the spirit of the contending factions might be sufficiently moderated to lead to such practicable alterations as might restore national tranquillity ; and, anxious for its accomplishment, he reached Madrid on the 24th of May.

On the 10th of June, the Duke rejoined the army at Bordeaux, and peace having been signed by the Allied powers, nothing remained but to break up the armies, and dispatch the troops under orders for service in America, to their destination, with the least possible delay. On the 14th, accordingly, he took leave of his army in a general order, in which he thanked them for their good conduct, discipline, and gallantry, in his own name and in that of the country at large. On the 23rd, he reached Dover, in Her Majesty's ship, "Rosario," where he was greeted with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause, and conveyed to his hotel upon the shoulders of the people. The Allied Sovereigns had preceded him to England, on their memorable visit to the Prince Regent; and the whole of them having assembled at Portsmouth to witness a naval review, the Duke set out the next morning to pay his respects to the Prince. Whatever may have been the failings of George IV., a want of appreciation of the character and services of the Duke of Wellington was not among the number. On his return to town, he received the thanks of the House of Lords in person, and his wife and venerable mother were present during the ceremony. Besides the thanks of the House of Commons, 10,000*l.* per annum was unanimously voted to him out of the consolidated fund, along with 100,000*l.*, in addition to the former grant of 200,000*l.*, making in all a sum equivalent to half a million sterling. Singularly enough, Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Ponsonby, by whom in the earlier part of his career he had been so often assailed, were among the members of the House of Commons who suggested that the amount of the grant originally proposed was inadequate to his claims upon the country, and who suggested the additional 100,000*l.* Parliamentary grants were also conferred upon his gallant associates in

arms, Generals Hope, Graham, Cotton, Hill and Beresford, all of whom were elevated to the peerage. His Grace attended in person to receive the thanks of the House of Commons, wearing his uniform of Field Marshal, the ribbon of the Garter, and various decorations: nothing could be in better taste than his replies to both Houses of Parliament.

By a liberal arrangement of the Allied Sovereigns, Napoleon had assigned to him, as his future kingdom and place of retreat, the small island of Elba, which was secured to him as an independent sovereignty; and he was accompanied thither by a few of his most intimate friends and devotees. Everything which the most sanguine expectations could have anticipated had been achieved. The standards of Northern Europe were planted in the squares of Paris. The British flag was waving in the market-places of Bordeaux and Toulouse; and the banners of Portugal and Spain were floating over the plains of Southern France.

Five years before, the Duke of Wellington had left England under every possible discouragement, and in that brief interval how truly herculean had been the task he had performed, and how unparalleled the triumphs he had achieved and the honours he had won. He left England trembling for her safety, and returned to find her, what he had assisted to make her,—the most powerful nation upon earth. Desirous of assuming the duties of his new office, the Duke would only permit himself to remain a few days in England; and leaving London on the 8th August, returned to Paris, by the Netherlands, where the army under Lord Lynedoch was still cantoned, for the purpose of inspecting the Belgian frontier on the side of France, and estimating its means of defence. After making a rapid survey, in the course of which he decided on the necessity that existed for restoring some of the fortifications which had fallen into a state of dilapidation, he passed on to Paris, where he arrived on the 22nd August. He shortly afterwards addressed a memorandum to the British Government, in which he described the position as one affording "great military advantages," of which, a year afterwards, he showed how well he could avail himself.

There were, at this time, scattered throughout France vast numbers of retired officers, and disbanded sol-

diers, who had fought from time to time under the imperial standard, and who were anxious to be employed again. These men had acquired considerable booty in the late campaigns, and a corresponding portion of glory, of roving and reckless habits; they could neither brook their altered circumstances, nor the stationary, uneventful life, to which they now seemed committed. With such portions of the old army as were embodied in that of the restored monarchy, the feeling was not very different. They looked upon the ex-Emperor as the soldier's friend,—the architect of their fortunes; and despised his peaceful and unambitious successor. They detested the inactivity and monotony of a peace-establishment, and longed for events that would invest them with their former importance. All this order of men were prepared for any change that augmented the chances of advancement in their favour.

Whoever has acquired and maintained his regal authority by means of an army, can only continue to preserve it by flattering the habits and prejudices, and ministering to the interests, of his supporters. However pacific his own disposition may be, he must find employment for the enormous man-power he has created. He must have a war somewhere; happy, indeed, should a single escape-valve prove sufficient to preserve this great and terrible machine from an explosion. The offer of the island of Elba to Napoleon (said to have been the sole act of the Emperor of Russia) was an ill-judged and short-sighted arrangement. It was too near the scenes of his former triumphs and associates not to suggest to his restless and dissatisfied mind, the idea of resuming his old position. The Imperial rank, which was still continued to him, and his position at Elba, kept him in constant view of these perturbed spirits, and allowed him a constant intercourse with his partizans. A military country, like France, differs essentially from our own. In one, the sword is readily turned into a ploughshare, for most of the soldiery have in earlier life been engaged in manufacturing or agricultural pursuits. In the other, are thousands whose trade is war,—and war conducted upon principles which unfits the soldier, in peaceful times, from adopting any honest alternative. By the sudden reduction of the war-establishment of France, in 1814, this dangerous

portion of the community was flung loose upon the country, and the result was inevitable.

Such was the feverish condition of France at the opening of the year 1815, that in February the Duke of Wellington left Paris for Vienna, to replace Lord Castlereagh, whose presence was so imperatively called for in the British parliament, that although Congress was still sitting, he was compelled to absent himself from its deliberations, and nominate a successor. Months passed: the reconciliation of the different and often conflicting interests of the several European powers demanding the gravest and most elaborate consideration. The attitude of the continent, meanwhile, was that of alarmed peace; each state, that of France excepted, maintaining a war-establishment, and seeming rather to be preparing for future destruction than seeking to repose from the battles of a quarter of a century. This delay in resuming a pacific position was most fortunate; for the world was soon afterwards electrified by the news that Napoleon had escaped from Elba.

The ex-Emperor quitted Elba with all his court and military officers, and 1200 troops, on the 26th February, and landed at Cannes on the 1st of March. This event was communicated by the Duke of Wellington, to whom it had been announced in a despatch of Lord Burghersh, to the Emperors of Austria, Russia, and the King of Prussia; and they were unanimous in the expression of their determination to unite their efforts to support the system established by the Peace of Paris. In this spirit, they forthwith placed their respective forces at the disposal of the King of France.

On the 13th of March, a declaration was signed and promulgated by the Austrian, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Russian, Prussian, and Swedish Plenipotentiaries, denouncing Napoleon Buonaparte as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world; and intimating the determination of those Powers to maintain entire the Treaty of Paris, to employ all their means, and unite all their efforts for this object.

The details of Napoleon's escape are already known, and could have only a collateral interest for our readers, did our limits permit us to repeat them. Immediately after his landing at Cannes, he attempted to gain possession of An-

tibes, but failing in his object, moved towards Grasse. The final decision of the Congress was, that if Napoleon should succeed in making head against the King of France, to assemble against him three large armies; one consisting of 150,000 Austrians in Italy, where Murat had assumed a menacing attitude; a second on the Upper Rhine, to be composed of Austrian, Bavarian, and other German troops, to the number of 200,000; and the third on the Lower Rhine, to be formed of Kleist's Prussian corps (then cantoned between the Rhine and the Meuse), the British Hanoverians in Flanders, and some other troops collected on the Moselle. A grand reserve of 200,000 Russians was at the same time to be directed on Wurzburg. Of the corps collected on the Lower Rhine it was proposed to the Duke of Wellington to take the command, but he declined to be an attaché to the staff even of a King. "I had rather," he said, "carry a musket." The exposed situation of the Netherlands, in whose preservation England was, of course, of all the Powers, most deeply interested, occasioned some anxiety, and the Duke of Wellington accordingly urged upon his Government the necessity of pouring a large body of British troops into that country with all possible expedition, and to assist the other nations with pecuniary means to put their vast armies in motion.

Meanwhile, Napoleon prosecuted his march to Grenoble, but without that display of enthusiasm which he had anticipated, in his progress. As he approached that city, however, the aspect of his affairs underwent a most favourable change, occasioned by the unanimous defection of Labedoyere's regiment from the royal cause. Marshal Ney, too, who had volunteered to seize the usurper, and carry him in a cage to Paris, no sooner came within sight of his old master, than he declared in his favour. Thenceforth, "*l'aigle Impériale vola de clocher en clocher jusqu'aux tours de Notre Dame*;" and on the 20th of March, Napoleon entered Paris at the moment that Louis XVIII. was quitting the city on the other side for Lille. Undismayed by the knowledge of the determination of the Allies, Napoleon began to organize his army; and, by the most untiring diligence, aided by the services of most of his old generals, he succeeded in collecting a formidable force; greatly augmented by the vast

numbers of prisoners of war who had returned to France from all parts of Europe! In the first instance, he announced himself as the lieutenant of his son; but at Lyons he addressed the people in his own name, heading a manifesto "By the grace of God," by which he pronounced everything null and void which had been done since his abdication; abolishing all orders and appointments, and convoking a general meeting of the authorities, to re-establish a constitution, giving to this extraordinary assembly the title of Champ de Mai.

On the 28th of March, the Duke of Wellington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange having resigned the chief, and accepted a subordinate, command under the Duke. Early on the morning of the 5th April, the Duke reached Brussels; and startling events, each in itself a history, followed in quick succession.

The military arrangements of our Allies were, as we have seen, on a scale worthy the occasion. But in England, the government treated the whole affair with extraordinary *non-chalance*. Bound by the treaty of Chaumont to increase her forces on the Continent, and urged to fulfil their compact by the Duke of Wellington, ministers were more than usually supine; whilst in Parliament the declaration of the Allies was stigmatized as a document which "encouraged assassination." The opposition, as usual, was dismayed that it could not secure impunity for the "assassinations" of its cherished hero. The man whose insatiate ambition had caused the slaughter of millions, had once more become an object of sympathy in their eyes. The Duke defended the declaration with great ability, and showed clearly that it was fully justified by the occasion. They had asserted that *vin-dicte publique* meant "public vengeance;" but he insisted that it meant "public justice," and that if it had been susceptible of the interpretation they had given it, it did not imply that Bonaparte was to be delivered over to the dagger of the assassin. "When," he shrewdly inquires, "did the dagger of the assassin ever execute the vengeance of the public?" In regard to his having been proclaimed "*hors de loi*," the Duke justified the expression as perfectly applicable to the case. As he could not entirely suppress this declaration, Napoleon made an attempt to justify his enterprise. He

saw, however, clearly enough, what its end must be ; and renewed his endeavours to obtain a cessation of hostilities, that might supply a recognition of his power. He addressed a letter personally to the different monarchs, but the Allies knew him too well to place any faith in his pacific proposals. The British cabinet returned the letter addressed to the Prince Regent unopened, and at Vienna it elicited from the Congress only a fresh declaration of hostility. "The man," said the Congress in reply, "who now offers to sanction the treaty of Paris, and pretends to substitute his guarantee for that of a sovereign whose loyalty was unstained, and benevolence unbounded, is the same who for fifteen years has ravaged and convulsed the earth to find food for his ambition ; who has sacrificed millions of victims, and the happiness of a whole generation, to a system of conquest, which truces, little entitled to the name of peace, have only served to render more oppressive and more odious ; who, after having by his wild enterprises wearied even Fortune, armed all Europe against him, and exhausted all the resources of France, has been compelled to renounce his projects, and abdicate his power, in order to secure the wreck of his existence : who, at a time when the nations of Europe indulged in the hope of enjoying permanent repose, has meditated fresh catastrophes, and by an act of double treason to the Powers who too generously spared him, and to a government which he could attack only through the blackest treachery, has usurped a throne which he had renounced, and which he had occupied only to inflict misery on France and on the world. This man has no other guarantee to propose to Europe but his word ; but after the fatal experience of fifteen years who would be rash enough to accept that guarantee ? Peace, with a government placed in such hands, and composed of such elements, would prove only a perpetual state of uncertainty, anxiety, and danger. No power could really disarm ; nations would not enjoy any of the advantages of a true peace : they would be crushed by inevitable expenses. As confidence would nowhere revive, industry and commerce would everywhere languish ; as there would be no stability in political relations, gloomy discontent would sit brooding over every country, and agitated Europe would be in daily fear of fresh explosions."

It was therefore now clear to him that the sword was drawn and the scabbard thrown away. In vain was the *Moniteur* daily occupied with the most exaggerated accounts of his preparations. The aggregate was vauntingly computed at 2,000,000 of men, but not more than a tenth of that number ever took the field. The Imperial Guard was re-established, and consisted of eighty infantry regiments, amounting in number to some 40,000 men. Unceasing exertions were made to provide a powerful artillery; and that they were successful, was proved by the number of cannon abandoned at Waterloo. Napoleon wished also to fortify Paris, and asked Carnot how much time and money the operation would cost. "Two hundred millions and three years," replied the minister; "and I would ask only 60,000 men, and twenty-four hours, to demolish the whole."

While thus occupied, Napoleon had the mortification to learn that Murat, deaf to his remonstrances, had consummated his previous folly, by an advance upon the papal territories. On the 4th of April, with one wing of his army, he defeated Bianchi on the Tanaro, and entered Modena, but his left wing was totally defeated by Count Nugent. Finding that Naples was threatened by the British fleet, Joachim commenced a retreat, and proposed an armistice that was refused. On the 26th, the Austrian vanguard reached Rimini; and on the next day, Count Nugent entered Rome. On the 28th Murat was wounded in an affair near Gambia—but the fatal blow was struck on the 3rd of May. On the 2nd, the Austrians crossed his line of march near Tolentino; and on the next morning, their reserve having come up, the Neapolitan army was defeated and dispersed, and so totally disorganized, that when Murat reached his capital, his escort was reduced to four lancers. On the 21st, he sailed for France; and on the 23rd, the Austrian advanced guard entered Naples, and the restoration of the deposed king (Ferdinand) was effected without bloodshed. Such was the brief history of an attempt which, if better timed and more ably concerted, might have seriously embarrassed the Allies, and caused a powerful diversion in favour of Napoleon.

"History does not record an instance of a confederacy so numerous and so gigantic, linked together by such perfect

unanimity and concord. One common spirit impelled and regulated the whole. No petty jealousies, no disheartening doubts, no separate interests, were permitted to prevail. The vast machine moved onwards with portentous energy. Army after army traversed the plains of Germany, and hovered upon the confines of France, waiting the appointed moment when they should rush to battle, and spread over that devoted land fire, and carnage, and desolation. Renowned generals appeared on either side, and nothing could be hoped from negligence or mischance. A fierce and sanguinary struggle between the bravest troops, guided by the most experienced commanders, could alone decide the issue. It might also be called a war of heroes; for never, perhaps, were such disciplined veterans opposed to each other. Bravery was the distinction of none, where all had been nurtured in warlike habits, and had stood the shock of many a stubborn field. Slight exceptions cannot destroy this characteristic of the whole. The warriors who emancipated Europe in 1814, were again embattled in the same cause. Those banners were once more unfurled which had waved in triumph before the walls of Dresden, Leipsic, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Paris. Could it be feared that victory would now desert them? The motive, the will, the instruments were the same: and, without presumption, reason might presage the result would correspond."

On the 12th of May, Napoleon quitted the French capital before daylight, and on the 14th joined the army collected on the frontier. Ere sunrise the next morning, he was dressed and on horseback. His *corps d'armée* was already on the march; the Prussian outposts driven in, and his last campaign opened.

In strength and composition the hostile armies differed essentially from each other; and the numerical estimates given by military writers are so irregular and conflicting, that a careful examination of their various statements is required, before an accurate conclusion can be arrived at.

Of the three armies collected on the French frontier, that commanded by the Duke of Wellington was the weakest and the worst. It was, with few exceptions, a "green army," formed of a mixed force, comprising British, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops, with the contingents of Nassau

and Brunswick Oels. Its effective strength on the 15th of June was 78,500 men, of whom 53,000 only were British, Germans, and Hanoverians. On the 18th, its numbers were considerably reduced: for by that morning's returns, the grand total of the force under the immediate order of the Duke of Wellington was only 74,040 men.

The general distribution of the army, previously to the commencement of hostilities, was as follows; the right wing, under Lord Hill, was near Ath; the left, under the Prince of Orange, at Brain-le-Comte and Nivelles; a strong corps of cavalry, under the Marquis of Anglesea, was quartered near Grammont; while a reserve, of all arms, occupied the city and vicinity of Brussels, where the Duke had fixed his head-quarters.

The Prussian army was considerably stronger than that termed British; and on the 27th of May it was fully concentrated on the Meuse; the 1st corps, commanded by Von Ziethen, being at Charleroi; the 2nd, under Von Pirch, at Namur; the 3rd, under Thielman, near Ciney; and the 4th (Bulow's) at Liege. Its total strength was returned at 115,000 men.

The French army, previous to the opening of hostilities, comprised the five grand corps which formed the armies of the North and the Moselle; and amounted, on a low calculation, to 150,000 men. The 1st corps was commanded by Drouet (Count d'Erlon); the 2nd, by Reille; the 3rd, by Vandamme; the 4th, by Gerard; and the 6th, by Lobau.\* To these were attached four divisions of cavalry, under Pajol, Excelmans, Valmy, and Milhaud; the whole forming a distinct corps, commanded by Marshal Grouchy. There were, besides, two divisions of the Guard, under Friand and Morand, making, according to a French return, a grand total of 154,370 men; of whom 24,750 were cavalry, 7520 artillery, and 122,100 infantry, with 296 pieces of cannon.

While the French army exceeded the Duke of Wellington's in number, in its composition it was still more superior. The elements for its construction were ready for Napoleon's use—for the country was overrun with soldiers

\* "The respective strength of these five corps, including infantry, cavalry, artillery, &c., was as follows:—the 1st corps, 25,640; 2nd corps 30,840; 3rd corps, 24,250; 4th corps, 17,700; 6th corps, 17,840,"

—men, according to Davoust's term, "whose trade was war, and whose battles were as many as their years." From the moment the return of the Emperor was announced, these veterans hurried to his standards. To organize a practised soldiery was comparatively an easy task; and hence the army with which Napoleon crossed the frontier, as far as numbers went, was equal to any that he had ever directed on a battle-field. That commanded by Lord Wellington was formed of very different materials. A mixed force, hastily collected, and imperfectly put together, what unity of operation could be expected in the hour of trial, from men whose languages were unknown to each other—whose dresses were unfamiliar to the eye—whose efficiency was untried—and whose courage and fidelity were doubtful? The greater portion of the Peninsula soldiers had been unfortunately removed beyond recall. The Duke would have been glad of a proportion of Portuguese troops, to be paid by England, but the authorities ungratefully refused to sanction the measure. Half the regiments in Belgium were, therefore, second battalions, composed of militia-men and recruits; and of the contingent troops, many were but recently embodied, and few had ever been under fire; and yet, with this indifferent army, inferior in numbers, in discipline, in equipments, and in artillery, did the Duke of Wellington accomplish a triumph, unparalleled even in the series of his own great achievements.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

Battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo—Official Despatch of the Duke of Wellington.

NAPOLEON had already directed the initial movements of the detached corps which were to compose his Grand Army. Early in June, the 1st corps was at Valenciennes, the 2nd at Maubeuge, and the head-quarters at Laon. On the 5th and 6th, the army of the Moselle broke up from its cantonments round Metz, and advanced by Philipville, while the army of the North united itself to that of the Ardennes, at Beau-

mont, on the 13th. On his arrival at Avesnes, Napoleon found his whole force in line, and perfectly disposable to launch against that point of the frontier which might appear to him the most assailable. As yet his plans were as little known to his own officers as to those of the Allies; but on the 14th, the publication of a general order partially disclosed his intentions; and his last address was made to the last army he was destined to command.

Always on the *qui vive* for clap-traps, he dated his address on the anniversary of the battles of Marengo and Friedland. It was conceived in the accustomed vein,—phrenzied and bombastic. At daylight on the 15th, Napoleon commenced hostilities, when, his 2nd corps having crossed the Sambre, and driven in Ziethen's outposts, the fighting on both sides became determined. Charleroi was obstinately maintained, and although vigorously pressed by the French cavalry, Ziethen retreated with perfect steadiness. That evening Napoleon's head-quarters were at Charleroi, the 3rd corps of his army having been left on the road to Namur, and the 2nd at Gosselines. The night of the 15th was employed by the Emperor in passing his remaining divisions across the Sambre, and by Marshal Blücher in selecting a position on which he might accept battle. The 1st Prussian corps was posted at St. Amand; the 3rd, at Brie; the 4th, at Ligny; and the 2nd in reserve. The attack on Ziethen was communicated to the Duke of Wellington at Brussels, at half-past four in the afternoon; but it was merely intimated that a sharp affair of outposts had occurred—for as yet the more serious operations of Napoleon were wrapped in mystery—and whether he would actually become assailant or not was uncertain. Convinced that the Emperor was determined to enter Belgium, the Duke of Wellington made the necessary dispositions to concentrate his army on the extremity of a position immediately connecting his own left flank with the right wing of the Prussian army. The point on which Wellington's detached corps were directed to unite, was a hamlet called Quatre Bras, standing on the intersection of the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, by that running from Namur to Nivelles. The village is small: and the adjacent country presents a surface in which woodlands and corn-fields are intermixed. The Bois de Bossu is close to

the hamlet ; and its distance from Brussels is about twenty English miles.

The prudence of Napoleon's attack has been, and will ever be, a doubtful question. If judged by military rules, it was a dangerous experiment ; and the whole operations appear to have been conceived rather in the spirit of desperate adventure than under the sounder calculations which should influence the decision of a commander. His plans were beyond his power. One battle he might have delivered with effect ; for two his means were totally insufficient. His success at Ligny had therefore no results ; and his repulse at Quatre Bras left him in a worse position than when he commenced hostilities. Finally, the issue proved that he dared much—did much—risked a desperate game—failed—and was ruined irretrievably.

More important events than those transacted between the 15th and 18th of June were never crowded in the page of history. All require separate details. But as the victor's despatch conveyed a general and faithful summary, it is here given, as addressed to Earl Bathurst :—

“Bonaparte, having collected the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army, and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry, on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobbes, on the Sambre, at daylight in the morning.

“I did not hear of these events till in the evening of the 15th ; and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to their left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

“The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day ; and General Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi, retired upon Fleurus ; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombref, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny.

“The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroi towards Bruxelles ; and, on the same evening, the 15th attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands,

under the Prince de Weimar, posted at Frasné, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road, called Les Quatre Bras.

"The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division, under General Perponcher, and in the morning early, regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Bruxelles, with Marshal Blücher's position.

"In the meantime I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras; and the 5th division, under Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at about half past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

"At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blücher with his whole force, excepting the 1st and 2nd corps, and a corps of cavalry under General Kellermann, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatre Bras.

"The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bülow, had not joined; and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself; and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

"We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery. He made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner.

"In this affair, his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-Generals Sir James Kempt and Sir Denis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieut.-General Charles Baron Alten, Major-General Sir C. Halkett, Lieut.-General Cooke, and Major-Generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The

troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42nd, 79th, and 92nd regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

"Our loss was great, as your Lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops.

"Although Marshal Blücher had maintained his position at Sombref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and as the 4th corps had not arrived, he determined to fall back and concentrate his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night, after the action was over.

"This movement of the marshal rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part; and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo, the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

"The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blücher. On the contrary, a patrol which I sent to Sombref in the morning found all quiet; and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrol advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, except by following, with a large body of cavalry brought from his right, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

"This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their *débouche* from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his Lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

"The position which I took up in front of Waterloo crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and gardens of Hougoumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in the front of the left centre we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blücher at Wavre,

through Ohain; and the marshal had promised me that, in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

"The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the 3rd corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blücher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning, and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Macdonell, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

"This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry, occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these the enemy carried the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the German Legion, which occupied it, had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

"The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry, but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful; and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and 1st Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

"These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and, having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bülow's corps, by Frischermont, upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect,

and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blücher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line, by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point: the enemy was forced from his positions on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands.

"I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blücher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning, that he had taken 60 pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c., belonging to Bonaparte, in Genappe.

"I propose to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

"Your Lordship will observe, that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss, and I am sorry to add that ours has been immense. In Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Picton His Majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service; and he fell gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was repulsed. The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through this arduous day, received a wound by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive His Majesty for some time of his services.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct, till he received a wound from a musket-ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

"It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your Lordship that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of Guards, under Lieut.-General Cooke, (who is severely wounded), Major-General Maitland, and Major-General Byng, set an example which was followed

by all; and there is no officer not description of troops that did not behave well.

"I must, however, particularly mention, for his Royal Highness's approbation, Lieut.-General Sir H. Clinton, Major-General Adam, Lieut.-General Charles Baron Alten (severely wounded), Major-General Sir Colin Halkett (severely wounded), Colonel Ompteda, Colonel Mitchell, (commanding a brigade of the 4th division), Major Generals Sir James Kempt and Sir D. Pack, Major-General Lambert, Major-General Lord E. Somerset, Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, Major-General Sir C. Grant, and Major-General Sir H. Vivian, Major-General Sir O. Vandeleur, and Major-General Count Dornberg.

"I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all former occasions.

"The artillery and engineer departments were conducted much to my satisfaction by Colonel Sir George Wood and Colonel Smyth; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant-General, Major-General Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quartermaster-General, Colonel De Lancey, who was killed by a cannon shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to His Majesty's service, and to me at this moment.

"I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to His Majesty's service.

"General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction; as did General Tripp, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry in the service of the King of the Netherlands.

"General Pozzo di Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Müffling, and General Alava, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo di Borgo received a contusion.

"I should not do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blücher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bülow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and, even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

"Since writing the above, I have received a report that Major General Sir William Ponsonby is killed; and, in announcing this intelligence to your Lordship, I have to add the expression of my grief for the fate of an officer who had already rendered very brilliant and important services, and was an ornament to his profession.

"I send with this despatch three eagles, taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness. I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's protection."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have to inform your Lordship, in addition to my despatch of this morning, that we have already got here 5,000 prisoners, taken in the action of yesterday, and that there are above 2,000 more coming in to-morrow. There will probably be many more.

"Amongst the prisoners are the Comte de Lobau, who commanded the 6th corps, and General Cambronne, who commanded a division of the Guards.

"I propose to send the whole to England, by Ostend."

The limited extent of official despatches obliges a commander to restrict himself to a general summary of operations and their results. Those of the Duke of Wellington are distinguished for clearness and simplicity—the story of his battles are plain unvarnished tales, in which success is neither over-coloured, nor failure extenuated or concealed. His victories are briefly detailed—his reverses as candidly admitted. Anxious only to put the country which confided in him in possession of the events as they really occurred, Wellington's correspondence is remarkable for nothing but

brevity and truth. In a few sentences, the important consequences of skill and daring were communicated—and it was left for the pen of history to elucidate those “crowded hours of glorious strife,” which conferred undying fame upon him who had achieved them.

Many circumstances united to give additional interest to the commencement and the close of the Belgic campaign. Never did the events of a few days produce more important consequences; and, till the storm burst, nothing but conjecture could point out the quarter, on which, with characteristic impetuosity, Napoleon would precipitate his masses.

Brussels, from its immediate contiguity to the frontier, and its being the head-quarters of the Commander in Chief, was at this period filled by an influx of strangers. On the 15th, no unusual excitement was discernible—the streets were crowded; and although it was believed that Napoleon had joined the army, and consequently was within a few marches of the city, the capital of Belgium appeared gay and undisturbed, as if that dreaded man had still remained an inmate of the Tuileries. The day passed, and rumour was busy; but until the arrival of the Prince of Orange in the evening, nothing was known beyond there having been an affair between the outposts. The Duke, after receiving his illustrious visitor, resumed his place at the dinner table; when shortly afterwards, General Müffling, the Prussian general attached to the British army, “came into the room, with evident marks of haste, when a chair was reached, and he was placed next to his Grace, with whom he entered into close conversation, and to whom he delivered some official despatches. The Duke occasionally addressed himself to Sir T. Picton. The movements of the enemy created no surprise—all was quiet and regular, the decisive moment for action was not yet come.

“The second courier arrived from Blücher before twelve o’clock on the night of the 15th, and the despatches were delivered to the Duke of Wellington in the ball-room of the Duchess of Richmond. While he was reading them, he seemed to be completely absorbed by their contents: and after he had finished, he remained for some minutes in the same attitude of deep reflection, totally abstracted from

every surrounding object, while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to mutter to himself—‘ Marshal Blücher thinks,’ —‘ It is Marshal Blücher’s opinion ;’—and after remaining thus abstracted a few minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear and concise orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room, and was again as gay and animated as ever :—he staid supper, and then went home.”\*

But before the ball had ended, the strains of courtly music were drowned in the louder “ note of preparation.” The drum had beat to arms, the bugle sounded “ the assembly,” and the Highland bagpipe added its wild and martial summons to the field. All were already prepared, all were promptly under arms ; and the 5th division filed from the Parc with the corps of Brunswick Oels, and directed their march through the forest of Soignies.

Eight o’clock pealed from the steeple clocks ; all was quiet : the brigades, with their artillery and equipages, were gone ; the crash of music was heard no longer ; the bustle of preparation had ceased ; and an ominous and heart-sinking silence succeeded that noise and hurry which ever attends a departure for the field of battle. While Napoleon with his right and centre was attacking the front of the Prussian position, Grouchy manœuvred by the Namur road upon its flank, and simultaneously the 1st and 2nd corps, with four cavalry divisions, were turned against the British positions.† When Blücher, on the evening of the 15th, had been deforced at Charleroi, the advanced corps of the Prince of Orange had also been driven back from Frasnes ; but a fresh brigade was promptly moved up, and before the morning of the 16th, the greater portion of the ground had been recovered. Early in the afternoon, Ney’s attack

\* Booth’s Narrative.

† “ To the left wing, under Marshal Ney, was assigned the dangerous honour of encountering the British. The words ‘ *Nous marchons contre les Anglais* ’ passed uncheered along the column, when its destination became known. The ill-omened sounds checked not indeed the spirits of the brave, but it was associated with too many fatal recollections to elicit even a single shout of anticipated triumph from the most sanguine of that enthusiastic host.”—*Campaign of Waterloo.*

was made with the vigour and determination which superior numbers encourage, and it was gallantly and successfully repulsed. But physical force gradually prevailed; the Hanoverians fell back; the Bois de Bossu was occupied by the enemy; and when the leading regiments of the 5th division reached Quatre Bras, with reduced strength the Prince of Orange was bravely but feebly opposing assailants, encouraged by success, and whose superiority could no longer be resisted. A march of more than twenty miles, executed in sultry weather, and over a country where little water was procurable, had abated the vigour of the British brigades, but their spirit was indomitable. The Duke of Wellington had overtaken the column in its march; and when he reached Quatre Bras, he saw at a single glance the critical position of the day, and instantly directed that the Bois de Bossu should be regained.

Ney, whose infantry doubled that of his opponent, sustained by a proportionate artillery, and the fine cavalry division under Exelmans, was pushing his advantages to their crisis. Checked, however, by the arrival of the British battalions, he strove to crush them before they could deploy; and, under a withering fire of artillery, to which the weak Hanoverian batteries ineffectively replied, he launched his cavalry against the regiments as they reached their battleground. All was in his favour; his horsemen were in hand; the rye-crop, reaching breast high, covered their advance; and the charges were made before the regiments were established. But English discipline and courage rose superior to the immense advantages which circumstances conferred upon their assailants; and in every effort the enemy was roughly repelled. Lancers and cuirassiers were driven back with desperate slaughter; while whole squadrons, shattered in their retreat, and leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying, proved with what fatal precision the British squares had sustained their fusilade.

“The efforts of the French to break the squares were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon these unflinching soldiers a storm of grape; and when an opening was made by the cannon, the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English—nothing could shake their steadiness.

The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell, and the square momentarily diminished, it still presented a serried line of glittering bayonets, through which lancer and cuirassier vainly endeavoured to penetrate.

"One regiment,\* after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly, and on three different sides, assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence; and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard. It was their colonel's,† who called upon them to be 'steady.' On came the enemy! the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet; while on every side of the devoted band, the corn bending beneath the rush of cavalry disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance blades approached the bayonets of the kneeling front rank; the cuirassiers were within forty paces; yet not a trigger was drawn. But, when the word 'Fire!' thundered from the colonel's lips, each face poured out its deadly volley; and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a stream of musketry from the British square carried death into the retreating squadrons."‡

But numbers were certain to prevail. The regiments fought with devoted heroism; and though miserably reduced, they still held their ground with a desperate tenacity. Greatly overmatched, the result was tottering in the balance; and nothing but the bull-dog courage of English soldiers could have resisted the desperate pressure. "The contest was at its height—the incessant assaults of the enemy were wasting the British regiments, but, with the exception of the Bois de Bossu, not an inch of ground was lost. The men were falling by hundreds—death was busy everywhere—but not a cheek blanched, and not a foot receded! The courage of these undaunted soldiers needed no incitement—but on the contrary, the efforts of their officers were constantly required to restrain the burning ardour that

\* Twenty-eighth.

† Sir Philip Belson.

‡ Victories of the British Armies.

would, if unrepressed, have led to ruinous results. Madened to see their ranks thinned by renewed assaults, which they were merely suffered to repel, they panted for the hour of action. The hot blood of Erin was boiling for revenge, and even the cool endurance of the Scotch began to yield; and a murmur was sometimes heard of, 'Why are we not led forward?'

"At this juncture, the division of Guards, under General Maitland, arrived from Enghien, and after a march of fifteen hours, without anything to eat or drink, they gallantly advanced to the charge, and in half an hour completely cleared the wood.\* Though they became masters of the Bois de Bossu, they found difficulty in emerging from its shelter. As often as they attempted to come out, a tremendous fire of round and grape shot was opened by the French batteries, followed by a charge of cavalry. When they retired, and the enemy endeavoured to penetrate the wood, they were received in turn with a steady and well-directed volley of musketry, which compelled them also to return. These alternate attacks continued for nearly three hours. At one time, the enemy was furiously encountered by a square of Black Brunswickers, while the British, rapidly lining the ditches, kept up a most destructive fire—but the loss was very severe, and the men found great difficulty in forming line again. The undismayed gallantry of the Guards was the more remarkable, as they were composed

\* "The Guards, indeed, came up at a fortunate crisis. The Bois de Bossu was won; and the *tirailleurs* of the enemy, debouching from its cover, were about to deploy upon the roads that it commanded, and thus intercept the Duke's communications with the Prussians. The 5th division, sadly reduced, could hardly hold their ground—any offensive movement was impracticable, and the French *tirailleurs* were issuing from the wood. But on perceiving the advancing columns, they halted. The 1st brigade of Guards having loaded and fixed bayonets, were ordered to advance—and, wearied as they were with a fifteen hours' march, they cheered and pushed forward. In vain the thick trees impeded them, and although every bush and coppice was held and disputed by the enemy, the *tirailleurs* were driven in on every side. Taking advantage of a rivulet which crossed the wood, they attempted to form and arrest the progress of the Guards. That stand was momentary—they were forced from their position, and the wood once more was carried by the British."—*Victories of the British Armies.*

chiefly of young soldiers, and volunteers from the militia, who had never been in action. Some of these noble fellows were so overcome with fatigue, that when they entered the wood, they sunk down, and had only sufficient strength to cheer their comrades to the onset. The carnage was dreadful—the conflict obstinately maintained on either side—the French, from their superiority in cavalry and artillery, committing a slaughter which was well repaid by the terrible fire of the British musketry.

“Evening was now closing in; the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler; a brigade and heavy cavalry and horse artillery came up, and, worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack, and the 5th division with the 3rd and the Guards took up a position for the night on the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this bloody day.

“Ney fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon-shot were heard after daylight had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured, were furnished to the harassed soldiery; and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British, and their brave Allies, piled arms, and stretched themselves on the battle field.”\*

The failure of the French attack on Quatre Bras, made by veteran troops in very superior numbers, and directed by one of the best and boldest generals of the age, seems unaccountable; and Ney’s apology for what all must admit to have been a defeat, is not maintainable. The *corps d’armée* he commanded was, according to the organization practised by Napoleon, perfect in every arm; and in artillery and cavalry it was immensely superior. The force assailed was generally composed of raw soldiers—and being twenty miles in advance of its reserve, the supporting troops reached the ground after the key of the position had been carried. That support consisted merely of infantry; for, from the distance of their cantonments from the field, it was six in the evening before the British batteries and cavalry were able to get up.†

\* Stories of Waterloo.

† “Exhausted by heat and fatigue, they halted at Nivelles, lighted fires, and prepared to cook their dinners. But the increasing roar of

'To complain that the 1st corps "was idly paraded" between Ligny and Quatre Bras "without firing a shot," when its presence could have decided the fate of either battle, throws a slur upon Napoleon's generalship, but presents a sorry excuse for Ney's discomfiture.

"There is no doubt, that if he could have brought his 1st corps into action, with the addition of 25,000 men, he might have gained 'a very glorious triumph;' but it is affirmed, that he complained unjustly of the absence of that corps. On the 16th, at noon, he had personally surveyed the position at Quatre Bras, and perceiving but few troops collected, concluded that the English were at too great a distance to arrive in any strength during the day. This opinion he communicated to Napoleon, who, confiding in it, very naturally employed the 1st corps of his army, where he thought it might decide the success of his own attack against the Prussians. Besides, in what respect could Ney consider that corps as a reserve, ready to act upon any sudden exigency? It was in the rear of Frasnes, above three miles from the field of battle, a distance which must have precluded it from co-operating in any movements necessary to repel urgent and immediate danger. In fact, the marshal was beaten by a superior bravery which did not enter into his calculations; and that part of his querulous epistle to the Duke of Otranto may be considered as the fallacy of a man more anxious to disguise than reveal the truth.

"The loss sustained by the British and their Allies in this glorious and hard-contested battle amounted to 3,750 *hors de combat*. Of course the British suffered most severely, having 316 men killed, and 2,156 wounded. The Duke of Brunswick fell in the act of rallying his troops, and an cannon announced that the Duke was seriously engaged, and a staff officer brought orders to hurry on. The bivouac was instantly broken up—the kettles packed—the rations abandoned—and the wearied troops cheerfully resumed their march again.

"The path to the field of battle could not be mistaken; the roar of cannon was succeeded by the roll of musketry, which was every step more clearly audible; and waggons, heaped with wounded British and Brunswickers interspersed, told that the work of death was going on."—*Victories of the British Armies.*

immense number of British officers were found among the slain and wounded. During an advanced movement, the 92nd, after repulsing an attack of both cavalry and infantry, was retreating to the wood, when a French column halted and turned its fire on the Highlanders, already assailed by a superior force. Notwithstanding, the regiment bravely held its ground until relieved by a regiment of the Guards, when it retired to its original position. In this brief and sanguinary conflict, its loss amounted to 28 officers and nearly 300 men.

"The casualties, when compared with the number of the combatants, will appear enormous. Most of the battalions lost their commanding officers; and the rapid succession of subordinate officers on whom the command devolved, told how fast the work of death went on. Trifling wounds were disregarded, and men severely hurt refused to retire to the rear, and rejoined their colours after a temporary dressing."

Like that at Quatre Bras, the conflict at Ligny only closed with daylight. For five hours the struggle had been obstinately continued. Men fell by hundreds, and 200 pieces of artillery were turned against the devoted villages, for whose possession Napoleon and Blücher were contending. Both generals pushed their reserves freely into action; and as soon as one battalion was destroyed, another came forward, and mounting over the dead and dying, charged through the blazing houses of Ligny and St. Amand.\* At four o'clock the fortune of the day was so doubtful, that Napoleon hastily called up the 1st corps, whilst Ney had also despatched an aide-de-camp to hurry it to his assistance at Quatre Bras. Night came on—no decisive advantage had been gained—and Blücher, like a wounded lion,† although with feebler strength, seemed to fight with additional ferocity.

\* "A French regiment of infantry, 800 strong, retired from the conflict with only 80 men—every wall, every fence, every hedge, was so obstinately and fiercely defended."—*Giraud*.

† "In one of these charges, Blücher nearly closed his illustrious career. Heading a regiment of cavalry, which failed in its attack, his horse was wounded, and galloped furiously forward, till it dropped down dead. The

Darkness, however, enabled Napoleon to carry a village which he had assailed throughout the evening so frequently, and furiously, but in vain. In the gloom, a division of French infantry, by a circuitous march, gained the rear of the Prussian corps, while a mass of cuirassiers forced a road at the other side of Ligny. These movements obliged the Prussians to fall back; and they retired leisurely towards Tilly, repelling every attack, and leaving nothing to the enemy but a ruined village, some wounded men, and a few disabled guns, which the state of the roads prevented them from removing.

At daybreak of the 17th, the whole of the Allies were up and ready to accept battle; but as the Duke of Wellington had been apprised during the night that Blücher had retreated to unite himself with his 4th corps, and concentrate his army on Wavre, it was necessary for the Allied Commander to maintain his communication with the Prussians, and make a corresponding movement; and accordingly he determined to fall back on a position already chosen, in front of the village of Waterloo.

Napoleon was mistaken in supposing that Blücher intended to rally his *corps d'armée* round Namur, for the marshal, with a sounder judgment, took a line of retreat parallel to what he considered must be that of the Duke of Wellington, who he knew would fall back from Quatre Bras on ascertaining the regressive movements of his Prussian ally. Uncertain as to the route which Blücher had selected, Grouchy's corps, with the cavalry of Pajol and Excelmans, were detached in pursuit, while Napoleon in person hastened his march to bring Wellington to action, and reached Frasnes at nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th.

marshal fell under it, and could not be immediately extricated, for the enemy were pursuing. The last Prussian horseman had passed him, as he lay senseless on the ground; but his aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel Count Nostiz, gallantly determining to share the fate of his general, cast himself by his side, and covered him with his military cloak, that he might not be recognised. The French cuirassiers rode rapidly by; the flying Prussians suddenly rallied, attacking their pursuers, and they again passed him in their retreat. The opportunity was instantly seized, and the veteran hero, mounting a dragoon horse, escaped from his imminent peril."—*Mudford*.

The non-arrival of the 6th corps and reserve, however, obliged Napoleon to delay his intended attack until the whole of his corps were on the ground—and his able opponent was in the interval eluding a combat which he had determined to refuse, and retreating leisurely to the position on which he had resolved to accept a battle. This operation in open day was difficult, as the Dyle was in the rear of the Allies, and the long and narrow bridge at the village of Genappe the only means by which the *corps d'armée* could effect its passage. Wellington disposed some horse-artillery and dismounted dragoons upon the heights, and leaving a strong rear-guard in front of Quatre Bras, he succeeded in masking his retreat until, when discovered, it was too late to offer any serious interruption to the regressive movement of the Allies.

Napoleon had already made the necessary dispositions, and his columns were formed for attack, when from the heights above Frasnes, he discovered that nothing was in front but a rear-guard. His cavalry were instantly ordered to pursue; and at Genappe the rival horsemen came in contact. The 7th Hussars and some squadrons of the 11th and 23rd Light Dragoons charged without success. Lord Uxbridge, however, repeated the attack with the Life Guards, and the French cavalry were so roughly repelled, that, with the exception of a partial cannonade, too distant to produce effect, the Allied columns fell back to their position without farther interruption.\*

\* The autograph of his Grace, the Duke of Wellington, inclosed in the frame which follows, was written on the field of Waterloo, on the eve of the battle, under the following circumstances:—About 8 o'clock in the evening of the 17th of June, 1815, as the British army took up its position, the Duke of Wellington called from amongst his staff Sir John Elley, the Deputy Adjutant-General, and inquired the force of cavalry in the field. The amount having been generally stated, his Grace asked for paper. Sir John tore off the back of a return and presented it to the Duke, who, sitting down on the wet ground, and taking pen and ink furnished from the holster of an orderly dragoon, wrote down the numbers of the several corps of cavalry, drawing a line between the British forces and the Hanoverians and the Brunswick Oels Hussars. The Belgians, in number 2000, were separately computed. This document Sir John Elley carefully preserved; and, in the year 1824, when in the command of the South Western District of Ireland, gave it,

Throughout the day, rain had fallen heavily at times; and as evening closed, the weather became wild and stormy. The wind was violent, the rain increased, thunder rolled, and lightning flashed vividly; and a more cheerless bivouac than that of the Allies was never occupied by an army before a fearful conflict.

While the troops reposed on the battle-field, the Duke of Wellington, with his general officers and their respective staffs, occupied the village of Waterloo.\* On the doors of certified in his own handwriting, to Dr. John Jebb, bishop of Limerick, who, having previously obtained the Duke of Wellington's consent, presented it to the British Museum by the hands of Sir Henry Halford, Baronet, one of the trustees, London, January, 1828.

<i>The Duke's Handwriting.</i>	Hussars .....	1000	
	Vandeleurs .....	1000	
	Wm. Ponsonby's .....	1000	
	Grant's .....	1000	
	Household .....	1000	
	Legion.....	3091	
			8000
	Hanoverians .....	1016	
	Hanoverians lately arrived .....	750	
	Brunswick Hussars .....	750	
		10,500—	2000

[Cavalry, 18th June, 1815.

The above computation, in the Duke of Wellington's handwriting, was given by his Grace to Sir John Elley, Dy. Adjutant-General, previous to the battle of Waterloo.]

*Sir John Elley's  
Handwriting.*

\* " Napoleon passed the night of the 17th in a farm-house which was abandoned by the owner, named Bouquean, an old man of eighty, who had retired to Planchenoit. It is situated on the high road from Charleroi to Brussels. It is half a league from the chateau of Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, and a quarter of a league from La Belle Alliance and

the several cottages the names of the principal officers were chalked; and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there long after many of those whom it designated had ceased to exist.

The position which Wellington took up was most judiciously selected. It extended along the front of the forest of Soignies, near the point where the Brussels road is intersected by that from Nivelles. At this point stands the hamlet of Mont St. Jean; and at the debouche of the forest, the village of Waterloo is built. The French adopted the former as their designation of the battle of the 18th of June; the latter, however, was chosen by the conqueror, to give a name to his last, and his most glorious victory.

Early in the morning the dispositions of the Allies were completed. The British right reclined on a ravine near Merke Braine, and the left appuied upon a height above Ter la Haye. The whole line was formed on a gentle acclivity, the flanks partially secured by small hollows and broken grounds. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in front of the left centre, was defended by a Hanoverian battalion; and the chateau of Hougomont, in advance of the right centre, was held by a part of the Guards and some companies of Nassau riflemen. Wellington considered this to be the key of his position, and great attention was bestowed upon its defence. In addition to its natural advantages, the walls were crenelated to afford perfect facility for the musketry and rifles of its defenders.

Behind this chain of posts the first line, composed of Wellington's finest battalions, was formed. The second was rather in a hollow, and partially sheltered from the enemy's artillery. The third, composed of cavalry, was in the rear, extending nearly to Ter la Haye.

At the extreme right, the British army obliqued to Merke Braine, and defended the road to Nivelles. The extreme

Planchenoit. Supper was hastily served up in part of the utensils of the farmer that remained. Bonaparte slept in the first chamber of this house: a bed with blue silk hangings and gold fringe was put up for him in the middle of this room. His brother Jerome, the Duke of Bassano, and several generals, lodged in the other chambers. All the adjacent buildings, gardens, meadows, and enclosures, were crowded with military and horses."—*French Detail.*

left was in communication with the Prussians by the road to Ohain, leading through the passes of St. Lambert. A corps of observation, under Sir Charles Colville, comprising a large portion of the 4th division, was stationed at Halle, to defend the British right, if attacked, and cover Brussels if it should be turned.

Cooke's division (the Guards) occupied a rising ground beside Hougoumont, with its right resting on the Nivelles road. Alten's division was formed behind La Haye Sainte, with its left on the road to Charleroi. The Brunswickers were partly in line with the Guards and partly in reserve; and one of their battalions was extended in the wood of Hougoumont, *en tirailleur*.

On the left, Picton's division, Lambert's brigade, a Hanoverian corps, and some Dutch troops, extended along the lane and hedge which traverse the undulating ground between Ter la Haye and the road to Charleroi; and the village itself, that of Smohain, and the farm of Papelotte, adjoining the wood of Frischermont, was garrisoned by Nassau troops, under the command of the Prince of Weimar.

No part of the Allied position was remarkable for natural strength; but where the ground displayed any advantages, they had been made available for defence. The surface of the field of Waterloo was perfectly open—the acclivities of easy descent—and the whole had an English appearance of unenclosed corn-fields, in some places divided by a hedge. Infantry movements could be easily effected, artillery might advance and retire, and cavalry could charge. On every point the British position was assailable; and the island soldier had no reliance but in "God and his Grace," for all else depended on his own stout heart and vigorous arm.

The morning of the 18th was wet and gloomy, but as the day advanced, the weather gradually improved. From the Allied position the French were distinctly seen as they came up, forming columns, and making the other preparatory dispositions for a battle. The British divisions were equally exposed to the enemy's view; and when the different brigades were discovered getting into battle-order, Napoleon exhibited mingled feelings of satisfaction and surprise, exclaiming to one of his staff:—"Ah! je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!"

About nine o'clock the French dispositions were commenced, and at half-past eleven they were completed. The 1st corps (D'Erlon's) were formed in front of La Haye Sainte, its right extended towards Frischermont, and its left resting on the Brussels road. The 2nd corps, leaving its right on D'Erlon's left, extended itself in the direction of Hougoumont with a wood in front. Behind these corps was the cavalry reserve of cuirassiers; the grand reserve, consisting of the Imperial Guard, occupying the heights of La Belle Alliance. The 6th corps, under Count Lobau, with the cavalry of D'Aumont, were left in the rear of the French right, to observe the Prussians in the event of their debouching by the Ohain road, through the defiles of Saint Lambert.

Napoleon's own position was with his reserve.\* There, with his hands behind him, he paced backward and forward, issuing orders, and observing the progress of his attack. "As the battle became more doubtful, he approached nearer the scene of action, and betrayed increased impatience to his staff by violent gesticulation, and using immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance; and in the evening, just before he made his last attempt with the Guard, he had reached a hollow close to La Haye Sainte. Wellington, at the opening of the engagement, stood upon a ridge immediately behind La Haye, but as the conflict thickened, where difficulties arose and danger threatened, there the Duke was found. He traversed the field exposed to a storm of balls, and passed from point to point uninjured; and on more than one occasion, when the French cavalry charged the British squadrons, the Duke was there for shelter."†

\* "The eminence on which Bonaparte was while he gave his orders during the battle, is part of the territory of Planchenoit. It is called the Field of Trimotio, and is the property of several individuals: it is not far from the farm of Caillou. Bonaparte retired to this house for a moment during the battle. After he had lost it, endeavouring to avoid the crowd in the great road, he threw himself into the orchard opposite this farm-house to get the start of the mass of fugitives. A part of these being closely pursued, sought refuge in the buildings of the farm; they were set on fire, and several of them reduced to ashes."—*Letters of a French Officer.*

† Victories of the British Armies.

The strength of the British and French armies has been variously and very differently stated. The former, including its corps of observation, which was non-combatant on the 18th, with the Brunswickers, Belgians, and Nassau contingent, amounted to 74,400. The force of the latter (French), from the contradictory statements, is difficult to be determined with accuracy; probably 90,000\* would be nearly its amount. Taking its original strength at 145,000, deducting 10,000 *hors-de-combat* in the battles of the 15th and 16th, and reckoning Grouchy's corps at 45,000, we shall find that 90,000 Frenchmen were on the field of Waterloo. Certainly Bonaparte was equal in men, and very superior in artillery; the French parks amounting to 296 pieces, while the British and Belgian guns did not exceed 150.

From daybreak, occasional shots had been interchanged between the light troops; but when two mighty armies, and each commanded by the "meteors of an age," were preparing for a terrible and decisive contest, a desultory fusilade scarcely attracted attention. At noon, Joseph Bonaparte directed the 2nd corps to advance against Hougoumont. The British batteries opened on the French masses as they debouched; their own guns covered their advance, and under the crashing fire of 200 pieces of artillery—a fitting overture for such a field—Waterloo opened, as it closed, magnificently!

After a careful *reconnaissance*, Napoleon determined that the centre of the Allies was the most vulnerable point of the Allied position; and he directed his 2nd corps to advance and carry the important post of Hougoumont.

This place, destined to obtain a glorious celebrity, was an old-fashioned country house, and had once been the residence of a Flemish nobleman. It stood on low ground about three hundred yards in front of the right centre of the Allied line, and close to where it leaned upon the road leading from Nivelles to Waterloo. On one side there was a large farm-yard and out-buildings; on the other, a garden, surrounded by a high brick wall. An open wood, covering an area of some three or four acres, encircled the chateau; but as it was free from copse, and the trees stood apart from each other, it only masked the post without adding much to

\* Other statements reduce it to not quite 70,000.

its strength. In this wood some Nassau riflemen were stationed. The house and garden were occupied by the light companies of the Coldstreams and 3rd Guards. A detachment of the 1st battalion was posted in the wood upon the left; and the remainder on a small eminence immediately in the rear of the chateau, as a support to the troops which garrisoned the house and defended the enclosures. The whole force to which the key of the Duke's position was entrusted, did not exceed 1800 men, of whom 300 were Nassau sharpshooters. The troops in the house were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell; and those in the wood by Lord Saltoun.

Shortly before eleven o'clock, the enemy's columns were put in motion against Hougoumont, and the battle of Waterloo began.\* Comprising three divisions, nearly 30,000 strong, the French attack was made in close columns, supported by the fire of numerous batteries, and the effect was grand and imposing beyond description. As the heads of the enemy's masses rose above the hollow ground which had hitherto concealed their movement, the British artillery opened with round and case-shot; and the French and Nassau light troops commenced a sharp and rapid fusillade. But the latter was forced to yield to numbers—the wood was carried—and the chateau and its dependencies were vigorously and resolutely assaulted.

But the defence was able, as it was obstinate. On the French masses the fire of the English musketry fell with rapid precision; and the perseverance of the enemy only produced a bloodier discomfiture. The French gave ground—the Guards charged from the enclosures—part of the wood was recovered—and the fire of the British howitzers† cleared

\* Sir George Wood states that "the action commenced about half-past ten, or a quarter to eleven. There had been skirmishing before, all the morning. A column of the enemy was advancing against Hougoumont, and the first gun that was fired was from our lines against that column. I gave the order, by the command of the Duke. The gun did immediate execution, and killed six or eight. This column then retired, and went round the wood."

† "The imposing approach of the howitzer troop encouraged the remainder of the division of the Guards, who were lying down to be sheltered from the fire. The Duke, observing what was intended, made some

the remainder of it from the enemy. The repulse of Joseph's corps was followed by a tremendous cannonade,—for on both sides every gun, which would bear, had opened. The fire was furiously continued. Heavy bodies of cavalry were seen in motion; and it was easy to foresee that this terrible cannonade would be followed by more desperate and more extended efforts. On perceiving the French cavalry displayed, the Duke ordered his centre divisions to form squares by battalions; but as this formation exposed them to the fire of the French artillery, they were retired to the reverse of the slope, and there found shelter from cannonade still fiercely kept up, and as fatally returned from the Allied batteries, whose service all through that trying day was remarkable for its precision and rapidity.

The French attacks were again renewed against Hougoumont—but they were as unavailing as they had proved before. Their artillery fire, however, had become too oppressive to be sustained; the Duke ordered fresh batteries forward to keep it under;\* and every new effort of the enemy increased the slaughter, but failed in abating either the spirit or the obstinacy of the defence.

At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house; the old tower of Hougoumont was quickly in a blaze; the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, there

remarks upon the delicacy of the service, as it regarded the correctness of the howitzers, part of the wood being held by our troops, and part by the enemy; his Grace explaining at the same time, in the clearest and most calm manner, the situation of affairs. The Duke being satisfied that every dependence might be placed upon the men and guns, orders were given, the troop commenced its fire, and in ten minutes the enemy were driven from the wood.”—*Artillery Operations*.

\* “Two batteries of 8-pounders, and heavy howitzers, were brought to bear on two guns which were detached from the brigade, under Captain Napier, for the purpose of flanking the wood of Hougoumont, to prevent the enemy from attacking the right side of the same; the heavy loss sustained by these guns, induced the general to order the other guns of the brigade to assist them, together with Lieut.-Colonel Webber Smith's troop of horse-artillery and Major Sympher's, which opened such a fire of shrapnell shells and round shot on them, that in less than a quarter of an hour they had not a gun to bear on us, and a great number of the enemy with the cannon were destroyed.”—*Ibid*.

perished miserably. But still, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shot ploughed through the shattered walls and windows, the Guards nobly held the place, and Hougoumont remained untaken.

While these terrible attacks were continued against the right centre, the left of the Allied position was also furiously assailed. The recession of the English regiments behind the crest in front of which they had been previously formed, appears to have misled Napoleon; and a movement intended only to shelter the infantry from the French guns, was supposed to have been made with an intention of retreating. Under this belief Napoleon ordered his 1st corps forward, to fall on that part of the position extending between La Haye Sainte and Ter la Haye.

Shortly before two, Drouet advanced, drove a Belgian brigade roughly back, and the head of his columns reached the broken hedge that partially marked the 5th division. After repulsing the cavalry, Picton formed line, and moved Kempt's and Pack's brigades forward to meet the anticipated attack. The heads of the enemy's columns were already within forty yards, when the musketry of the 5th division delivered a rolling volley that annihilated the leading sections and produced a visible confusion. Picton saw and seized the crisis, and thundered the word "Charge!" It was the last he uttered, for the next moment a musket bullet perforated his forehead, and he dropped from his saddle a dead man.\*

The division, however, obeyed the order of their fallen chief, charged through the hedge, and routed their assailants.

\* "But alas! like most military triumphs, this had its misfortune to alloy it. Picton fell! but where could the commander of the gallant 5th meet with death so gloriously? He was at the head of his division as it pressed forward—he saw the best troops of Napoleon repulsed—the ball struck him; and as he fell from his horse, he heard the Highland lament answered by the deep execration of Erin; and while the Scotch slogan was returned by the Irish hurrah, his fading sight saw his favourite division rush on with irresistible fury. The French column was annihilated, and 2,000 dead enemies told how desperately he had been avenged. This was, probably, the bloodiest struggle of the day. When the attack commenced—and it lasted not an hour—the 5th division exceeded 5,000 men; when it ended, they reckoned scarcely 1,800!"

It was one of those moments which a battle presents, and which, when seized on, restores the fortunes of a doubtful field, and not unfrequently, snatches an unexpected victory. The 2nd cavalry brigade was immediately behind the 5th division, forming a line of 1300 broadswords. Lord Anglesea observing that the French cuirassiers and lancers were preparing for a flank attack upon the British infantry, led on the heavy cavalry; and the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, charged with a vigour and effect that bore down every opposition. In vain mailed cuirassier and formidable lancer met these splendid horsemen. They were overwhelmed; and the French infantry, already broken and disorganized by the 5th division, fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English dragoons. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of 2000 prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant exploit.

In cavalry encounters, whether success or defeat attend the charge, to a greater or a less degree the assailants must be disorganized; and acting as the 2nd brigade did at Waterloo, against an arm immeasurably superior, the splendid onset of the British dragoons was eventually repulsed; and in turn, they were obliged to yield to the attack of horsemen whose order was unbroken. Many gallant officers and soldiers fell, and none more regretted than their chivalrous leader, Sir William Ponsonby. Having cut through the first column, he passed on to where Colonel Dorville was so hotly engaged, and found himself out-flanked by a regiment of Polish lancers, in a newly-ploughed field, the ground of which was so soft, that the horse could not extricate itself. He was attended by only one aide-de-camp. At that instant, a body of lancers approached him at full speed. His own death he knew was inevitable, but supposing that his aide-de-camp might escape, he drew forth the picture of his lady, and his watch, and was in the act of delivering them to his care, to be conveyed to his wife and family, when the enemy came up, and they were both speared on the spot. His body was afterwards found lying beside his horse, and pierced with seven wounds. It is said, however, that he did not fall unrevenged, for the brigade he commanded had an opportunity, before the battle ceased, of again encountering the Polish lancers, almost every one of whom was cut to pieces.

and, however, obtained possession of the pass, which he must pass; and after a vain attempt to force it, he was obliged to turn northwards, and to descend the steep, gaining the gorges of the Pyrenees, with the loss of all his artillery, the baggage, and some of his troops. The fortress of Estella, held out until the 2nd of July, when it was taken by the British, and the stores and arms of this place, with the stores and arms of the fortress, the *coup de grâce* to the combined French and Spanish armies against Lord Wellington. On the 1st of July the head-quarters of the British army were established near Pampeluna, which was the intention to have besieged had the British had the necessary means and appliances. On that day the British army, between Burgos and Miranda, was the Spanish army, the garrison consisted of 10,000 men. The French also evacuated Castile, driving off their garrisons in boats. Thus, on the 1st of July, the fortified posts were evacuated. On the 6th of July, Marshal Suchet evacuated Valencia, and on the 7th, the last division of the French army was driven beyond the Pyrenees. Sir John Ross followed them the whole way to Pampeluna, and he was with them whenever they halted; whilst Lord Dalhousie's division had menaced their right. By the 1st of July, Lord Wellington had become master of the passes of San Estevan, Donna Maria Magdalena, and the passes of the Pyrenees. In forty-five days from the opening of the campaign, he had led the Allied army from the frontier of France to the French border; marching 500 miles, and had defeated the combined forces of the French and Spanish armies in a general action, taking all their artillery, and driving them from one strong post to another, till, with the loss of all their booty, the usurper king was hunted to Bayonne.

That hour must have been a proud one for the British army, when, after driving 120,000 veteran troops from the summit of the Pyrenees, and driving them to Bayonne. The plan of the campaign had been carried out under his own eye. The campaign of 1808 was a most mortifying one: the

quently reinforced by 200 more. At one o'clock, and continued above us were brought to bear upon the fort, which was chiefly maintained by massive walls which advanced with such fury, that they beat the rifles of the besieged as they fell from the loopholes. Four successive attempts were made three times the assailants were gallantly repulsed, the enemy succeeded in setting fire to a building, contiguous to the main building; but it was fortunately extinguished. The number of men, however, began to diminish, many were wounded, and at the same time their ammunition was exhausted. It became impossible to supply the fort with other, for there was no practicable communication with the rest of the army. The men, however, each, were enjoined to be not only brave but to aim well. A fourth attack was made, stronger than either of the previous ones, but was soon perceived that the garrison was determined. Emboldened by this discovery, the assailants moved forward, and burst open one of the windows, and resistance was still made with the bayonets and embrasures. They fired from the windows and roof, whence they securely fired upon the assailants. This unequal conflict could not last long, after an heroic defence the post was surrendered, and the French sacrificed to the British whom they found in the place. It was found that some individuals were most bravely exposed to a shattered and dilapidated state of the fort, conspicuously evinced the furious assault made for its possession, and the gallantry displayed in its defence. The door was riddled with shot-holes; the roof destroyed by the balls; there was scarcely the vestige of a wall left; and the whole edifice exhibited a scene of complete ravage and desolation. Yet, when the British considered the advantage commensurate to the loss of the fort, they purchased; for the artillery, on an occasion, was used to pour down such a destructive

An attack had been simultaneously made by part of D'Erlon's division on the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which had been repelled by the Germans under Baron Alten; and they, in turn, were charged by Milhaud's cuirassiers. But forming square, steadily and rapidly, their assailants galloped on without breaking a battalion, and suffered a heavy loss from the musketry of some regiments diagonally placed, whose fire was closely and coolly delivered.

Passing the intervals between the squares, the French cuirassiers topped the crest behind the British infantry. This chivalrous act was recompensed by nothing but its daring; for, before a splendid charge of the Life-Guards, Blues, and 1st Dragoon Guards, that celebrated cavalry, whose prowess had turned the tide of many a doubtful field, gave way; and in the *mêlée*, hand to hand, steel helmet and cuirass proved no protection against the stalwart arm of the English trooper. The conflict was short and severe, and Milhaud's cavalry were deforced and driven into the valley. Further to the left, an opportunity of charging an unsteady regiment of French infantry was seized by Colonel Ponsonby. With the 12th light dragoons and a Belgian corps, the attack was gallantly made; but in turn, these regiments were assailed by the French lancers, and driven back with serious loss.

Another and more determined attack was made about this period of the battle upon Hougomont—but the Duke had reinforced the weakened garrison—and, favoured by the cover which the houses and inclosures afforded, the fresh assault failed totally. The obstinacy with which Napoleon endeavoured to win this important post may be best estimated by the terrible expenditure of life his repeated attacks occasioned: 8000 men were rendered *hors de combat* in these attempts; and when evening and defeat came, the burning ruins were still in the possession of those gallant soldiers who had held them nobly against so many and such desperate attacks.

It was strange, that throughout the sanguinary struggle, but one success crowned the incessant efforts of Napoleon—the temporary possession of the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. Its defence had been intrusted to Colonel Baring, with a detachment of the German legion, amounting to

about 300 men, subsequently reinforced by 200 more. The attack began at one o'clock, and continued above two hours. Several guns were brought to bear upon the house; but the conflict was chiefly maintained by massive columns of infantry, which advanced with such fury, that the men actually grasped at the rifles of the besieged as they projected through the loopholes. Four successive attempts were thus made, and three times the assailants were gallantly beaten off. Twice the enemy succeeded in setting fire to a barn or out-house, contiguous to the main building; but both times it was fortunately extinguished. The numbers of the garrison, at length, began to diminish, many were either killed or wounded, and at the same time their ammunition was failing. It became impossible to supply the one, or reinforce the other, for there was no practicable communication with the rest of the army. The men, reduced to five cartridges each, were enjoined to be not only sparing of their fire, but to aim well. A fourth attack was now made, by two columns, stronger than either of the preceding, and the enemy soon perceived that the garrison could not return a shot. Emboldened by this discovery, they instantly rushed forward, and burst open one of the doors; but a desperate resistance was still made with the sword-bayonet, through the windows and embrasures. They then ascended the walls and roof, whence they securely fired down upon their adversaries. This unequal conflict could not long continue, and after an heroic defence the post was surrendered. It is affirmed that the French sacrificed to their revenge every man whom they found in the place. It is at least certain that some individuals were most barbarously treated. The shattered and dilapidated state of the house, after the battle, conspicuously evinced the furious efforts which the enemy made for its possession, and the desperate courage displayed in its defence. The door was perforated by innumerable shot-holes; the roof destroyed by shells and cannon balls; there was scarcely the vestige of a window discernible; and the whole edifice exhibited a melancholy scene of ravage and desolation. Yet, when obtained, it offered no advantage commensurate to the loss with which it had been purchased; for the artillery, on an adjacent ridge, continued to pour down such a destructive

and incessant fire, that Napoleon could make but little use of the conquest to promote his subsequent operations.

Still the situation of the Allied army became every moment more critical—its own glorious efforts exhausting its strength, and every noble repulse rendering it less capable of continuing what seemed to prove an endless resistance. Though masses of the enemy had fallen, thousands came on anew. With desperate attachment, the French army pressed forward at Napoleon's command; and while each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley; and, mounting the ridge with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" exhibited a devotion which has never been surpassed. Wellington's reserves had gradually been brought into action; and the left, though but partially engaged, dared not, weakened as it was, send assistance to the right and centre. Many battalions were miserably reduced, and presented but skeletons of what these beautiful brigades had been when they left Brussels two days before. The loss of individual regiments was prodigious. One\* had 400 men mowed down in square without drawing a trigger: it lost almost all its officers; and a subaltern commanded it for half the day. Another,† when not 200 men were left, rushed into a French column and routed it with the bayonet; a third,‡ when nearly annihilated, sent to require support: none could be given, and the commanding officer was told that he must "stand or fall where he was!"

"No wonder that Wellington almost despaired. He calculated, and justly, that he had an army which would perish where it stood; but when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of an enemy who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted, and that he prayed for night or Blücher?"§

Never did a battle demand more stoical courage than Waterloo from its commencement to its close. Nothing is more spirit-sinking to a soldier than the passive endurance of offence—nothing so intolerable as to be incessantly assailed, and not permitted, in turn, to become the assailant. The ardent struggle for a hard-fought field differs immeasurably

\* Twenty-seventh.

† Ninety-second.

‡ Thirty-third.

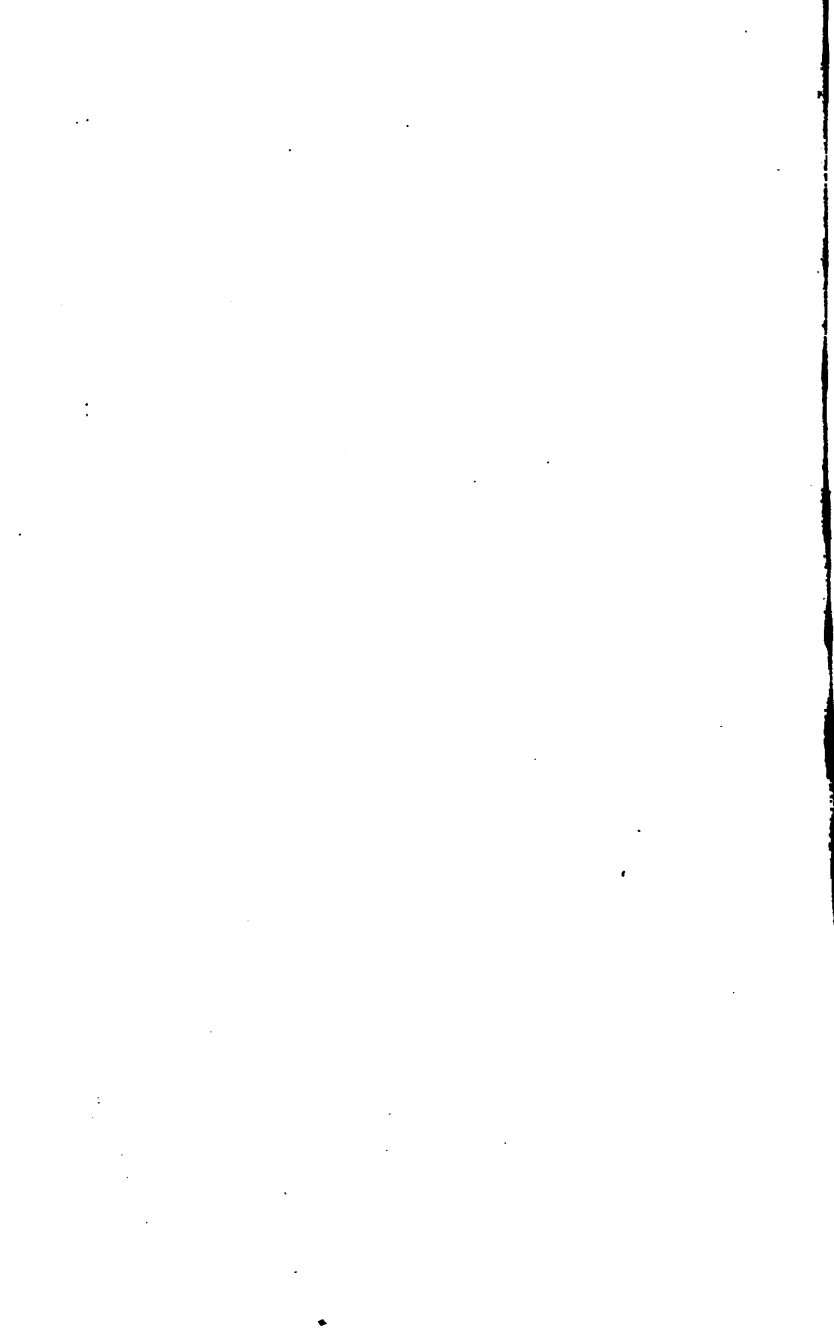
§ Stories of Waterloo.



L. Wright, R.A.

The decisive charge at Waterloo

From the original



from the cheerless duty of holding a position, and repelling, but not returning, the constant aggressions of an enemy.

"In an attacking body there is an excited feeling that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thoughts of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order, 'Close up! close up!' marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and as the day wore later, when the remnants of two, and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and 'feed death,' inactive and unmoved, exhibited a calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of one, to whom war's awful sacrifices were familiar.

"Knowing that, to repel these desperate and sustained attacks, a tremendous expenditure of human life was unavoidable, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that 'feeble few' showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken—no wonder that his admiration was expressed to Soult—'How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way.'"

Evening came, and yet no crisis. Napoleon, astounded by the terrible repulses which had attended his most desperate attacks, began to dread that the day would have an unfavourable issue; and that Soult's estimate of the stubborn endurance of the English infantry might prove fatally correct. Wellington, as he viewed the diminished numbers of his brave battalions, still presenting the same fearless attitude that they had done when the battle opened, felt that to human endurance there is a limit; and turned

\* Stories of Waterloo.

his glass repeatedly to that direction, from which his expected support must come. At times, also, the temper of the troops had nearly failed; and particularly among the Irish regiments, the reiterated question of "When shall we get at them?" showed how ardent the wish was to avoid inactive slaughter, and, plunging into the columns of the assailants, to avenge the death of their companions. But the "Be cool, my boys!" from their officers was sufficient to restrain this impatience—and, cumbering the ground with their dead, they waited with desperate intrepidity for the hour to arrive when victory and vengeance should be their own! At last, the welcome sound of distant artillery was heard in the direction of St. Lambert, and a staff officer reported that the head of the Prussian column was already in the Bois de Paris. Advised, therefore, that his gallant ally would presently come into action, the Duke made fresh preparations to repel what he properly anticipated would be the last and the most desperate effort of his opponent. Satisfied that his right flank was secure, Lord Hill was directed to send Clinton's division, with Mitchell's brigade, and a Hanoverian corps from the extreme right, towards the centre, which the reinforcement of Hougoumont, by the removal of Byng's brigade, had weakened. Chassé's Dutch division was also moved to the lower ground from Braine la Leud as a support to the right of the position; and subsequently, the light cavalry of Vandeleur and Vivian were both brought forward; and where danger was apprehended, care was taken to have a sufficient force in hand to meet the storm which was presently about to burst.

It is said that Napoleon felt assured that the cannonade which announced Blücher's advance, was only the fire of Grouchy's guns, who, in obedience to his repeated orders, had reached the battle ground alone, or was advancing *pari passu*, and holding Bülow's corps in check. This intelligence was rapidly conveyed along the line; and, to a soldiery easily exhilarated, victory appeared certain, and preparations were made for what was believed to be a final and triumphal attack. But the illusion was brief. The Prussians debouched from the wood at Frischermont—and half Napoleon's right wing was thrown back, *en potence*, to

check their attack, while his last grand movement should be executed against the Allied army in his front.

While Napoleon directed that great effort which he anxiously hoped might prove decisive, the British infantry, which held the threatened point, were laid down on the reverse of the crest they occupied, to obtain shelter from the enemy's artillery. With its proverbial intrepidity, the Imperial Guard, in close column, came on to the assault—and nothing could be more imposing than the steadiness with which they ascended the slope of the position, although the fire of the English guns fell upon their dense masses with ruinous precision. Presently, the Guards moved forward to the crest of the height; and the finest infantry in the world confronted each other at the distance of fifty paces. The cheers of the French formed a striking contrast to the soldierlike silence with which the English received the attack; and shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* were only answered by a rolling volley. The first steady fire of the British Guards disorganized the crowded column—and the fusillade was rapidly and steadily sustained. Vain efforts were made by the French officers to deploy, and the feeble fire of their leading files was returned by a stream of musketry that carried death into ranks in close formation, and every moment increased their disorder. The word to charge was given—the Guards cheered, and came forward—but the enemy declined the contest, and the shattered column hurried down the hill, with the precipitate confusion attendant on a heavy repulse. After routing their opponents, the victorious infantry halted, re-formed, fell back, and resumed their former position.

Nor was the attack of Napoleon's second column more fortunate. After repelling the attack of the first column of the Imperial Guard, Maitland's brigade brought its left shoulders forward to meet the second column, which was now advancing, while Adam's brigade, pivoted on its left, moved its right wing rapidly on, having Bolton's troop of artillery in the angle, where the right of the Guards touched the left flank of the light brigade. Undismayed by the repulse of the first column, the second topped the height in perfect order, and with a confidence which bespoke the cer-

tainty of success. But the musketry of Maitland's left wing smote the column heavily in front; and the fire of the light regiments fell, with terrible effect, on the flank of the mass, already torn and disordered by the close discharge of grape and case shot from the English battery. The ground in a few minutes was covered with dead and wounded men—the confusion increased—the disorder became irremediable. To stand that intolerable fire was madness—they broke—and, like the first column, endeavoured to reach the low ground, where, sheltered from this slaughtering fusilade, they could probably have reorganized their broken array. But this was not permitted. Pressed by the Guards—charged by the 52nd—retreat became a flight, and Wellington completed the *déroute* by launching the cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur against the mass, as it rushed down the hill in hopeless disorder.

This, indeed, was the crisis of the battle. The Prussian demonstration, slight at first, had latterly become more dangerous and decided. The whole of the 4th corps had now got up, with Pirch's division of the 2nd; and Ziethen's column appeared on the right flank of the French, and rendered Count Lobau's position still more critical. The discomfiture of Ney's attack had produced over the French corps a general unsteadiness; and before it was possible to rally and renew the fight, one grand and general attack decided the doubtful field, and consummated the ruin of Napoleon.\*

\* The irremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bülow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed, as, closing his telescope, he commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed: and forming four deep, on came the British. Wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten, as with their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge; but when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens, pealed from their proud array, as they pressed on to meet the enemy.

"With the 42nd and 95th, the British leader threw himself on Ney's flank, and rout and destruction succeeded. In vain their gallant chief attempted to rally the recoiling Guard; and driven down the hill, they were intermingled with the Old Guard, who formed at the bottom in reserve."—*Stories of Waterloo.*





*The Retreat from Waterloo*

Engraved by John G. Thompson

As the French right gradually receded, the Allied line, converging from its extreme points at Merke Braine and Braine la Leud, became compressed in extent, and assumed rather the appearance of a crescent. The marked impression of Blücher's attack; the débouche of Ziethen by the Ohain road; and the bloody repulse inflicted on the Imperial Guard;—all told Wellington that the hour was come, and that to strike boldly was to secure a victory. The word was given to advance. The infantry, in one long and splendid line, moved forward with a thrilling cheer; the horse artillery galloped up, and opened with case shot on the disordered masses,\* which, but a brief space before, had advanced with such imposing resolution. Instantly, the Allied cavalry were let loose; and, charging headlong into the enemy's columns, they turned retreat into rout, and closed the history of one of the bloodiest struggles upon record.

For a short time, four battalions of the Old Guard, comprising the only reserve which Napoleon had left unemployed, formed square, and checked the movements of the cavalry. But, panic-stricken and disorganized, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with the equipage, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten. Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck. His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout!"

"Night came: but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon; and the moon rose upon the 'broken host' to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of their flying

\* "When the Imperial Guards, led on by Marshal Ney, about half-past seven o'clock, made their appearance from a corn-field, in close columns of grand divisions, nearly opposite, and within a distance of fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns, orders were given to load with canister shot, and literally five rounds from each gun were fired with this species of shot; before they showed the least symptom of retiring. At the twenty-ninth round, their left gave way."—*Letters of an Artillery Officer.*

enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives—and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood, (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance,) and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed, and between Rossomme and Genappe it ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillou and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry halted one mile further on, abandoning the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary Allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge; the memory of former defeat, insult, and oppression now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *væ victis!* was pronounced, and thousands beside those who perished in the field fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blücher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit, and destroyed the discipline, of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.”\*

It was a singular accident, that near La Belle Alliance the victorious generals met; for thither, Blücher, on forcing the French right, had urged forward his columns in pursuit. Comparatively fresh, the Prussians engaged to follow up the victory; and the Allies left the great road open, and bivouacked on the field.

By moonlight, Wellington recrossed the battle-ground, and arrived for supper at Brussels—an honour which Napoleon had promised to confer upon that ancient city. The excited feelings which such a victory must have produced, are said to have suffered a reaction, and given way to deep despondency, as he rode past “the dying and the dead.” God knows, it was “a sorry sight;” for on a surface not exceeding two square miles, 50,000 dead or disabled men and horses were extended.

\* Stories of Waterloo.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## Remarks on the Battle of Waterloo.

MANY of Wellington's victories were as decisive, but he had never inflicted a defeat so terrible, as that of Waterloo. At Salamanca, after the dispersion of Marmont's rear-guard on the heights of La Serna, scarcely a prisoner was made; but in a few days, every French soldier, save those left upon the battle-field, had returned to their colours; and the army, re-organized anew, was ready for immediate service. At Vittoria, the enemy were utterly *dérouted*, and not a gun or equipage was saved; but the men and horses, which constitute the most valuable portion of a *parc*, escaped—the scattered soldiers rallied in the rear; and Soult's subsequent operations gave a convincing proof how rapidly his losses had been replaced, and his army had been made effective. But at Waterloo, the disaster went beyond a remedy. That matchless corps,\* whose prowess had decided many a doubtful day, was almost annihilated—the cavalry completely ruined—the artillery abandoned;† and if the number be computed, including those left upon the battle-ground, sabred in the pursuit, captured on the field, or made prisoners by the Prussians, with the still greater portion of

\* “What Napoleon's feelings were when he witnessed the overthrow of his Guard—the failure of his last hope—the death-blow to his political existence, cannot be described, but may be easily imagined. Turning to an aide-de-camp, with a face livid with rage and despair, he muttered, in a tremulous voice—‘*A présent c'est fini !—sauvons-nous ;*’ and turning his horse, rode hastily off towards Charleroi.”

† *Artillery taken at Waterloo, 18th June, 1815.*

12-pounder guns	.	.	.	.	.	.	35
6-pounder guns	.	.	.	.	.	.	57
6-inch howitzers	.	.	.	.	.	.	13
24-pounder howitzers	.	.	.	.	.	.	17

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Total cannon 122

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fugitives who disbanded themselves on entering France, and returned to their respective homes, the total losses sustained by Napoleon, and consequent on his defeat at Waterloo, could not, in round numbers, have amounted to less than 40,000 men.

Never was a falser statement hazarded than that which ascribes the victory to chance. The success attendant on the battle of Waterloo can be referred only to the admirable system of resistance in the general, and an enduring valour, rarely equalled, and never surpassed, in the soldiers whom he commanded. Chance, at Waterloo, had no effect upon results. Wellington's surest game was to act entirely on the defensive; his arrangements with Blücher, for mutual support, were thoroughly matured—and before night the Prussians must, he knew, reach the field. Bad weather and bad roads, with the conflagration of a town in the line of march, which, to save the Prussian tumbrils from explosion, required a circuitous movement;—all these, while they protracted the struggle for several hours beyond what might have been reasonably computed, only prove, that Wellington in accepting battle, under a well-founded belief that he should be supported in *four hours*—and when single-handed he maintained the combat and resolutely held his

## SPARE GUN-CARRIAGES.

12-pounder . . . . .	6
Howitzer . . . . .	6
6-pounder . . . . .	8

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Total 20

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12-pounder waggons . . . . .	74
6-pounder waggons . . . . .	71
Howitzer waggons . . . . .	50

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Total 195

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Forage waggons . . . . .	20
Waggons of Imperial Guard . . . . .	52

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Total 72

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Grand Total, 409.

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ground during a space of *eight*,—had left nothing dependent upon accident; but, providing for the worst contingencies, had formed his calculations with admirable skill.

The apologists for Napoleon lay much stress on Ney's dilatory march on Quatre Bras, and Grouchy's unprofitable movements on the Dyle. The failure of Ney upon the 16th will be best accounted for by that marshal's simple statement. His reserve was withdrawn by Napoleon; and when the Prince of Moskwa required, and ordered it forward, to make a grand effort on the wearied English, the corps was "idly parading" between Quatre Bras and Ligny; and during the arduous struggles at both places, that splendid division had never faced an enemy nor discharged a musket. Ney's failure in his attack was therefore attributable to Napoleon altogether; for had his reserve been at hand, who can suppose that the exhausted battalions of the Allies, after a march of two-and-twenty miles and a long and bloody combat, must not have yielded to fresh troops in overpowering masses, and fallen back from a position no longer tenable? To Grouchy's imputed errors, also, the loss of Waterloo has been mainly ascribed both by Napoleon and his admirers. But neither was that marshal's conduct obnoxious to the censure so unsparingly bestowed upon it; nor, had he disobeyed orders and acceded to the proposition of his second in command, would a movement by his left have effected anything beyond the delay of Napoleon's overthrow for a night. By following Gerard's advice, and marching direct on Waterloo, the day would have ended, probably, in a drawn battle; or even Wellington might have been obliged to retire into the wood of Soignies. But in a few hours Blucher would have been up; in the morning the Anglo-Prussian army would have become the assailant, and with numbers far superior, who will pretend to say that Napoleon's defeat upon the 19th, would not have been as certain and as signal as his *déroute* at Waterloo, upon the fatal evening that closed upon a fallen empire and a last field?

That the disastrous result to a battle so confidently delivered, should bring with it a national irritation never to be assuaged, may be readily conceived; and in seeking for a balm to be ministered to wounded pride many apologies have been made to palliate this dreadful failure. The commonest

were the excuses generally adopted: and to undervalue the talents of the victor, and to ascribe the fruits of military skill and moral courage to accident and treachery, have been customary alternatives with the vanquished. If the statements imputed to Napoleon in his exile—and there is no reason to question the truth—comprise the grounds upon which Wellington's generalship is to be impugned, it is an easy task to examine them *seriatim*, and determine how far they are capable of being disproved or sustained. The gravest charges made by Napoleon against his successful opponent are, that in the first place he was surprised, fought afterwards in a bad position, and eventually delivered a battle which he should have declined. The causes to which he attributes his own defeat are generally, errors in some officers, treachery in others, and apathy and indifference in the whole. Let us now see how far these allegations can be supported.

That Wellington was surprised, is nothing but an idle fabrication. A reference to his correspondence will show that for weeks he had penetrated Napoleon's intentions, and had made deliberate arrangements for rendering them unavailing. That the French were concentrating—that they would cross the Belgic frontier, and most probably make a rush upon the capital, every drum-boy in Brussels was assured; and that a system of combined operations between Wellington and Blücher had been matured, subsequent occurrences established. The Allied army was consequently, so cantoned, that when Napoleon's demonstrations should be sufficiently developed, its divisions might be promptly united. To conceal his point of attack to the last moment, and be able to take the initiative by some hours, was on Napoleon's side an important advantage, and on Wellington's, no fault. Was the latter, on the first rumour of the emperor's advance, to mass his army together, and leave the country beyond the space it covered, open to the undisputed march of the French army? That, indeed, would have been a convenience to Napoleon, and a course he would have undoubtedly approved; but his able antagonist was neither to be alarmed nor diverted, and he waited with the coolness of a great general, until the movements of his rival enabled him to act with safety and success.

With regard to Napoleon's assertions, that Waterloo was

a bad position on which to accept a battle, it unfortunately happened that he was never enabled to prove its defects, by forcing the Allies into the forest in its rear.\*

From the inconclusive results of the Prussian defeat at Ligny—the bloody repulse inflicted upon Ney at Quatre Bras—and the relative positions of his own army and that of Blücher, Wellington was not only justified in receiving battle, but he had every reason to expect that he should have been reinforced several hours before the Prussians actually came up; and that Waterloo would have terminated at three o'clock, as decisively as it closed at seven. That Bonaparte never calculated on the enduring courage of British infantry is certain, but Wellington did, and the result proved how correctly the latter estimated the qualities of the troops whom he commanded. When, therefore, in his conversations at St. Helena, Napoleon gravely declared that Murat alone was wanting to have enabled him to have broken those squares, which for a long day had remained unshaken by reiterated attacks, one is tempted to smile at the effect which he imagined the white plumes of him of Naples would have produced upon the island infantry. The chances are, that at Waterloo he whose melancholy fate, with all the weakness of his character, must as a soldier be regretted, might there have found a nobler grave; and instead of perishing like a bandit, Murat would have died a warrior's death, charging, sword in hand, at the head of that splendid cavalry which he had so often led to victory.

We have examined the different charges preferred by Napoleon and his admirers against the Duke of Wellington when questioning his claims to the character of a great commander. More serious ones, however, have been made against his accuser; and, unlike the faults imputed to his rival, these can be neither justified nor denied.

To others, Napoleon ascribes his reverses; but we shall inquire what portion of his misfortune was solely attributable to himself. That the "treason" he pretends to have existed in his camps was altogether confined to the desertion of a general officer,† may be inferred from the fact, that no information could be obtained by the Allies of his

\* Jomini, *Précis de l'Art de la Guerre*.

† Bourmont.

movement until their outposts were driven in; and yet, with an army fully concentrated, his attack upon the Prussians was delayed until late in the afternoon, which had it been made, as it ought to have been, in the morning, must have necessarily succeeded, as until noon Blücher had only two corps in position. Nor is it certain that even then his dispositions were correct. According to the statements of a Prussian authority of high character, "Bonaparte's attack upon Ligny was the worst plan he could have adopted. That upon St. Amand was better; but the correctest movement was, to march with the whole army (including the Guards, consisting of six corps) in two columns, so as to separate the English army from the Prussian, and then to attack that, promising the easiest victory. In this case, he ought to have marched to Mallet and Wagnele. At all events, he ought to have attacked the right wing of the Prussian army; it was only by that means that he could hope for victory. The French were too weak to engage with both armies at once."\*

At Quatre Bras, also, the impunity with which Wellington was permitted to retire leisurely and without loss, by a solitary bridge, has been already noticed. But at Waterloo more serious mistakes were committed by Napoleon, and his obstinate perseverance in attempts upon Hougoumont† have been freely and fairly condemned. Sarrazin asserts that "Napoleon ought to have masked the post, and proceeded to the principal attack, which should have been against the left wing, to separate it from the Prussians, and at the same time approximate the French army to the corps of Grouchy.

\* Victories of the British Armies.

† "Within half an hour 1,500 men were killed in the small orchard at Hougoumont, not exceeding four acres.

"The loss of the enemy was enormous. The division of General Foy alone lost about 3,000; and the total loss of the enemy in the attack of this position, is estimated at 10,000 in killed and wounded.

"Above 6,000 men of both armies perished in the farm of Hougoumont; 600 French fell in the attack on the chateau and the farm; 200 English were killed in the wood, 25 in the garden, 1,100 in the orchard and meadow, 400 near the farmer's garden; 2,000 of both parties behind the great orchard. The bodies of 300 English are buried opposite the gate of the chateau; those of 600 French have been burnt at the same place."—*Booth's Narrative*.

By this operation, Napoleon might have been master of the position of Mont St. Jean, and avoided the battles at Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte."

Waterloo, as a battle, has no striking event to distinguish it from other actions, and no grand military conception marked a field devoid of scientific display. Napoleon's plan was to weary out the endurance of the English infantry; and at what expense, appears to have been with him a very secondary consideration. "When evening came, no doubt he began to question the accuracy of his 'military arithmetic,'—a phrase happily applied to his meting out death by the hour. Half the day had been consumed in a sanguinary and indecisive conflict; all his disposable troops but the Guard had been employed, and still his efforts were foiled; and the British, with diminished numbers, showed the same bold front they had presented at the commencement of the battle."\* Nor when attacked by that Guard, whose advance into a doubtful fight had hitherto wrested victory from the most obstinate, did the fortunes of the day waver. Surrounded and on every side assailed, not a square gave way. "In this terrible situation, neither the bullets (*boulets*, cannon-balls) of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point-blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age."

The endeavour made to shift the cause of his failure upon those who had always served him so devotedly, will be

\* "You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding-match. Both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."—*Wellington to Beresford.*

adduced as a trait of meanness in Napoleon's character, and totally unworthy of its greatness. Never did the French army in their palmy days fight with more determination. Never were they more heroically led on, nor were their officers more distinguished for their gallantry. If the chroniclers† of Napoleon when in exile can be credited, all were nevertheless included in one sweeping condemnation. But facts are stubborn things; and to these must be opposed the querulous complaints of a fallen man, whose last days were embittered by the memory of what he had been, and outraged by a coarse-minded individual, and by the imposition of unnecessary restrictions. If, at Quatre Bras, his first corps were non-combatant, and Ney failed in an attack, which, with D'Erlon's assistance, must have proved, *quantum valeat*, successful, was it not by Napoleon's special instructions that the 1st corps was withdrawn from the point where it was required, and "idly paraded" towards Ligny, where it remained unemployed? Was Grouchy censurable for obeying orders, which were not countermanded until Waterloo was lost? Was Soult wanting in duty, when he communicated the results of his own experience, and assured the Emperor that he was wasting his superb cavalry in idle efforts to de-force infantry which would never give way? What, after Waterloo was won, and hope had ended—what even then was the conduct of Napoleon's generals? Grouchy's retreat was an admirable operation; and many instances could be adduced to prove that a chivalrous spirit actuated the French officers, and every personal feeling gave way before the calls of duty.\*

\* General Vandamme having been obliged to have Wavre evacuated, after being informed of the loss of the battle of Waterloo, remained constantly with the rear-guard: it was under these circumstances that he was severely wounded in the belly, by a ball; but notwithstanding his pain and loss of blood, he still remained on horseback. When he reached the village where the army had just halted, he dismounted from his horse—his breeches were full of blood. A surgeon offered to dress his wound:—'Let me alone,' said he, 'I have something else to do.' He immediately began to examine the map, and to write his orders. The surgeon remarked to him, that he was losing much blood, and that in a quarter of an hour he might not even be able to continue his march, if he would not suffer himself to be dressed, and that he would do his duty without disturbing him: 'Well then,' replied he, 'on that condition only.'—*Moniteur*.

To impute to Napoleon any want of courage and intrepidity would be to make a charge falsified by the actions of a daring and adventurous career; but certainly, at Waterloo, he appeared to attach an importance to his personal security, which, though correct in an abstract view, was not in keeping with the bearing of a soldier, staking "his life upon a cast." A charge of an opposite description might be made against "the iron Duke," for he as recklessly exposed himself. Had the issue been otherwise—had a bloody and decisive defeat closed the history of a bloody day, we have little doubt but Wellington would have done what Napoleon ought to have done—died at the head of the last battalion which, with desperate fidelity, still presented its front to the enemy!

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

Movements of the Duke of Wellington, from the period of the entry of the Allies into Paris to the withdrawal of the Army of Occupation from France—His return to England, and administration of Public Affairs.

HAVING annihilated the army of Flanders, the Allied commanders determined to push on to Paris. Before we follow them, a few words on the operations of Grouchy would seem to be indispensable to the completeness of our narrative. Detached by Napoleon, in pursuit of Blücher, on the 17th he halted at Gembloux, and the next morning continued his advance on Wavre. On the 18th, he drove the Prussians from the right bank of the Dyle, but wasted the day in vain attempts to cross that river, which was resolutely held by Thielman. Well aware, from the canonnade in the direction of Waterloo, that the Emperor was hotly engaged, the Marshal made a strenuous attempt to force a passage, believing that the whole Prussian army was in his front. At Limale, however, he passed the Dyle, and bivouacked on the left bank of the river. On the 19th, he was attacked by Thielman, who was repulsed and driven back;

but the tidings of the terrible disaster at Waterloo reached both generals early in the day, when Grouchy retired, crossed the Sambre, and marched upon Dinant, closely pursued by the Prussians. The Marshal's retreat was very ably effected, and he reached Paris on the eighth day, after sustaining but little loss save in artillery. The army of Marshal Blücher entered France by Charleroi, and Beaumont and that of the Duke of Wellington moved by Nivelles to Bavay, the main bodies of both armies crossing the frontier on the 21st of June.

In passing through Nivelles, on the 20th the Duke issued a general order to his troops, reminding them that the Allied Sovereigns were in alliance with the King of France, and that the country they were about to enter ought to be considered a friendly one. He, therefore, directed that nothing should be taken from the inhabitants without payment. On entering the French territory he put forth a proclamation, to the effect that he did not come as an enemy, excepting to "the usurper"—"the common enemy," to whom neither truce nor peace would be granted; and he assured the inhabitants that if they would remain peaceably at their homes they would receive protection, whilst those who should absent themselves, or continue to serve the usurper, would be treated as enemies, and their property applied to the subsistence of his army.

The fortresses on the northern frontier of France being garrisoned chiefly by invalids, or national guards, offered little resistance to the progress of the Allies. Avesnes surrendered to the Prussians on the 21st, and Blücher left troops to blockade Landrecy and Maubeuge; whilst a portion of the force under Prince Frederick of the Netherlands remained to observe Le Quesnoi and Valenciennes. The Duke of Wellington's army, now reinforced by the *corps d'armée* under Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, and the troops of Saxony, pressed on towards Paris. Meanwhile the wreck of Napoleon's army had reached Laon, but in no condition to offer any resistance to the progress of the victors. Grouchy's corps, which was also directed on Laon, and the 3rd, under General Rapp, posted near Strasbourg, were the only effective troops towards which Bonaparte could

look for immediate support. The citadel of Cambray surrendered on the 25th, to which place the King of France, who had quitted Ghent, and followed in the rear of the Anglo-Allied army, proceeded. On the 25th, Peronne was attacked, and captured the same afternoon; and garrisons were left in both places. At Peronne, the Duke had another narrow escape of his life. The commandant having consented to capitulate, the Duke, who was anxious to obtain immediate possession of the fortress, proceeded in person to one of its gates, to wait until it should be opened. Directing his staff to get under shelter in the ditch of an occupied outwork, he posted himself in a sallyport of the glacis. A staff officer having a communication to make to his grace, and believing that he had already entered the place, came suddenly upon him, and thus drew the enemy's attention to his presence, when a howitzer loaded with grape was treacherously discharged in the direction of the spot on which he stood, which shattered the wall beside him, "making," to use the words of one of his staff who saw him immediately after its discharge, "his blue coat completely red." The enemy attacked Marshal Blücher's corps at Villers Cotterets on the 28th, but the main body coming up, they were driven off with the loss of 6 pieces of cannon and 1000 prisoners. They were subsequently attacked by General Bülow, who took from them 500 prisoners, and drove them across the Marne. The advanced guard of the Allied army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, crossed the Oise on the 29th, and was followed by the whole corps on the 30th, which immediately took up a position with its right upon the height of Rochebourg and its left in the Bois de Bondy. Blücher, having taken the village of Aubevilliers on the 30th of June, moved to his right, and crossed the Seine at St. Germain immediately afterwards, placing his right on Plessis Piquet, his left at St. Cloud, and his reserve at Versailles. Meanwhile, the enemy had fortified strongly the heights of Montmartre and the town of St. Denis; inundating, by means of the small rivers, Rouillon and La Vielle Mer, the approaches on the north side of the town. The heights of Belleville were also fortified. Having collected in Paris all the troops remaining after the battle of the 18th, Napoleon was supposed to have at his disposal, for the

defence of the city, from 40,000 to 50,000 troops of the line and Guards, besides the national guards, a new levy called the "*tirailleurs de la garde*," and the "*fédérés*." \*

Blücher was strongly opposed in taking his position on the left of the Seine, and especially on the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon; but he soon surmounted every obstacle, and succeeded in establishing himself on the hill of Meudon and in the village of Issy. The French attacked him again at the latter point on the 3rd of July, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Finding that Paris was now open on its vulnerable side; that a communication had been established between the two Allied armies by a bridge at Argenteuil; and that a British force was moving on the left of the Seine towards the Pont de Neuilly; the enemy sent a flag of truce to request that the firing might cease on both sides of the river, with a view to the negotiation at the Palace of St. Cloud of a military convention between the armies, under which the French army should evacuate Paris. To this the Duke of Wellington gave his assent, and a convention was agreed to accordingly, and was ratified by the Duke and Marshal Blücher on one side, and the Prince of Eckmühl on the other; the chief obstacle to a suspension of hostilities having been removed by the departure of Napoleon on the 2nd July, for Rochefort. The chief stipulations of the armistice were—1st, that the Allies should halt in their present position; 2nd, that the French army should evacuate Paris and cross the Loire, and 3rd, that the city should be held by the national guards until the king should order it otherwise. On the 4th, St. Denis, Neuilly, and other posts held by the enemy, were given up to the Allies, and the French army having commenced its march to the Loire, the barriers of Paris were delivered over to the Allied armies on the 6th. On the following day the white replaced the tricoloured cockade, and Louis XVIII. made his public re-entry into Paris.

Although we do not profess to be writing the life of Napoleon, a brief account of his flight from Waterloo, and subsequent movements, may not be unacceptable. Passing hurriedly through the wreck of his ruined army, he reached

\* The Duke of Wellington's Despatch to Earl Bathurst, of the 2nd July, 1815.

Genappe at half-past nine. Here his flight was so materially impeded by the mass of fugitives, carriages, and cannon which had accumulated in apparently inextricable confusion, that his chance of escape was at one time very remote. Having at length struggled through these obstructions, he hastened on to Quatre Bras, where, by a misapprehension of his guide, he again narrowly escaped capture. At Gosselies, he seems to have recovered his tranquillity, and dismounting from his horse, proceeded on foot to Charleroi, passing on without delay until he reached the meadow of Marcenelle, where he halted with a portion of his staff.

His attendants pitched a tent upon the green, and lighted a fire. A sack of corn was loosely thrown on the ground, and the jaded horses of the fugitive group were permitted to refresh themselves. Wine and food having been procured, Napoleon partook of both; and this was the first nourishment he had received since he had breakfasted at eight o'clock at the farm-house of Bossu. "From the moment he left his last position in front of La Belle Alliance till he rested at the bridge of Marcenelle, he preserved a gloomy silence. About two in the morning he called for his horse, and Count Bertrand having procured a guide, the whole party followed the route to Paris, where they arrived after dark on the 20th. He repaired with his companions at once to the Palais Elysée, where they consumed the night in fruitless consultations, and in framing a bulletin of the battle."\* In vain did Napoleon demand men and money: he had exhausted his resources of every kind. With 60,000 disciplined troops he was now to meet the shock of confederated Europe; for at Waterloo he had only encountered their advanced guard. His only alternative was abdication; and on the 22nd of June he formally renounced the throne in favour of the King of Rome, and a provisional government composed of Fouché, Caulaincourt, Carnot, Grenier, and Quinette. This conditional resignation was, however, repudiated by the Chamber of Peers; and finding that the Allies were at the gates of Paris, and would listen to no terms to which he was to be a party, he at length consented to withdraw it. Several days having been consumed in idle attempts to evade the British cruisers, he gave

\* Nuits de l'Abdication de l'Empereur Napoleon.

himself up to Captain Maitland, of the "Bellerophon," who immediately sailed to England with his Imperial captive. In a short time the French army gave a reluctant submission to the King's authority, and the whole kingdom became tranquillized. Such were the great results of the battle of Waterloo.

The same sense of justice which had uniformly characterised the conduct, public and private, of the Duke of Wellington, still continued to influence all his relations with the French government. In regard to the final disposition of the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, he insisted that it should be determined by common accord; "Blücher" said his Grace, in an official letter to a personal friend, "wishes to kill him, but I have advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction: if the Sovereigns wish him to be put to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me." His Grace was equally strenuous in his opposition to the proposal for a levy of one hundred millions of francs on the city of Paris, which had emanated from the same quarter. Blücher wished to revenge on Napoleon and on the French nation the injuries which had been inflicted on his countrymen; but the Duke of Wellington would listen to no measure which was not dictated by the necessities of public justice. It was, indeed, altogether at his instance, that the conquered country was permitted to make as favourable terms with its victors as it did. Neither would he allow any of the public monuments of Paris to be defaced. He insisted that the proposed destruction of the bridges of Jena and Austerlitz, and the contemplated levy on Paris, were wholly at variance with the promises held out by the convention; and had little difficulty in bringing the Allied powers to his own way of thinking, so far as the destruction of the two bridges was concerned. Whatever might have been his private opinion of the policy of the extreme measures adopted towards Labedoyere and Marshal Ney, he declined on the same principle any official interference in their behalf, although the confession was wrung from him that the terms of the convention afforded them no protection. "The object of the 12th article," says he, in this memorandum on this subject, "was to prevent the adoption of any measures of severity under the military authority of those

who made it, towards any persons in Paris, on account of the offices which they had filled, or their conduct or political opinions; but it was never intended, and could not have been intended, to prevent either the existing French government, or any French government that might succeed it, from acting in this respect as it might deem fit." The stipulations of the convention were altogether as between the Allies and the inhabitants, but did not in any way commit the King or his government; indeed it expressly declared for itself and and its authors, that "it touched nothing *political*." The French government underwent a total change in the month of September, and the more moderate of the King's advisers had ceased to take any part in the administration of public affairs. Had Talleyrand remained in office, many measures of severity vindictively adopted towards the followers of Bonaparte would have been averted. We learn from the testimony of Lamartine, that the clamour of the Parisians themselves for the execution of Marshal Ney was all but universal. The spirit which led to the assassination of Marshal Brune at Avignon, and the execution of Cæsar, Constantine and Faucher, and other Napoleonists at Nismes, Avignon and Toulouse, existed in equal strength in Paris. The King and his adherents appear to have forgotten that a restoration should ever be accompanied by an amnesty. No sooner had Labedoyere, Lavalette, and Ney been delivered into the hands of justice, than the journals and saloons of Paris forestalled their sentence by imprecations which called for blood. "Some females of the highest rank," says Lamartine, "were implacable in their demands for vengeance: high birth, great fortune, and literary education, did not preserve the ladies of the aristocracy of Paris and of the court, from that thirst for blood which women of the most abject condition had exhibited under the Reign of Terror at the doors of revolutionary tribunals." The peers of France had, by a majority of 138 to 22, recorded against Marshal Ney a verdict of guilty, and had sentenced him to death. Of this very small minority only one had voted for a verdict of not guilty; whilst the people of Paris were almost unanimous in their demand for his blood. It was, therefore, the height of hypocrisy in the French journalists to charge the Duke of Wellington with a complicity in his death.

Notes were addressed by the government to all the foreign ambassadors, and they were all unanimous in declaring as the Duke of Wellington had already done, that the convention did not, and was never intended to, touch such cases as that of Marshal Ney. Madame Ney sought an interview with the Duke and claimed his interposition as a right, but it appears to be clear from his memorandum of the 19th November, 1815, that he had no jurisdiction in the matter. Had Ney ever conceived that the convention afforded him any protection, it would not have been necessary for him to have obtained from the Duke of Otranto a passport under a feigned name. The Duke of Otranto was at the head of the provisional government, under whose authority Davoust had signed the convention; and must, therefore, have been fully aware that it could not throw the shield of impunity over Ney. If a want of clemency be a crime, the government, the peers, and the people of Paris, generally, shared it with the King. That Ney was to all intents and purposes a traitor to his sovereign, no dispassionate person can deny; but that his offence was not unattended by extenuating circumstances, is equally certain; the King would, it was believed, have been induced to listen to the appeal on his behalf, but for the pressure from without of those who sought his death. "Ladies of the highest rank, young, beautiful, and rich, loaded with gifts, favours, titles, and court dignities, (says Lamartine) forgot their families, their ease, and their amours, quitted their houses at day break, ran about and intrigued all night, to gain over a voice among the judges from the side of indulgence to that of punishment. In the saloons of the aristocracy, the King's ministers were actually mobbed and intreated to give his blood as a personal favour to the applicants." No one had better opportunities of making himself acquainted with the state of public feeling in Paris than the Duke of Wellington, and he must therefore have been well aware that any private interposition to rescue the unhappy culprit from the consequences of his crime, would have been ineffective. It is, however, far from certain that he did not exercise his influence in some shape or other in his behalf, although we have no record of the fact. The general inference is that he did. The mode in which Ney's sentence was carried out

shows that there was no intromission of the vindictive feeling with which he had been pursued by his own countrymen to the last moment of his life. He was shot in front of a black and fetid enclosure midway between the railing of the Luxembourg and the Observatory; "thus striking him down" says Lamartine, "like some unclean animal." The misrepresentations of the press, both in Paris and London, in reference to the Duke of Wellington's imputed stoicism was the means of drawing much temporary unpopularity on his Grace; for the fickle people of Paris had no sooner shot their victim than they began to regret that they had done so, and to condemn the King and his government for having complied with their desires.

In spite of the anti-Bonaparte feeling by which Paris was characterised at this period, the presence of the Duke of Wellington, even as the representative of the British Court, was regarded with some jealousy; and the measure which he adopted to obtain from the King of the Netherlands the restoration of the paintings and objects of *vertu*, of which his museums had been plundered, rendered him still more unpopular. The receiver of stolen property is seldom willing to forego his ill-gotten acquisitions. The reclamations of Blücher from the Museum of the Louvre, do not seem to have been limited to those works of art only, which had really belonged to his country; for when asked, "if *all* the Prussian works of art had been recovered," he answered laconically, "*at least!*" The minister of the King of the Netherlands, finding that he could obtain no satisfactory reply to the demand of his master, requested the aid of the Duke of Wellington, to obtain the restitution of the paintings that belonged to those countries. Prince Talleyrand was of opinion that there could be no pretext for withholding them, and applied to the King of France for his decision in the matter. With his accustomed timidity, however, Louis declined to give any orders on the subject, leaving the Duke to arrange with M. Denon, the director of the Museum, as he saw fit. That functionary, as might have been expected under such circumstances, declined to give up any works of art deposited in the Louvre, without the authority of his Majesty. The Duke replied, that such being the case, he should send his troops the next day and

remove them by force. This measure was however rendered unnecessary, by the presence in the gallery of a Prussian guard, who assisted in removing the pictures. This enforced recovery of stolen property was denounced by the Parisians, as a breach of the treaty under which the capital had surrendered. The answer to this pretext was simple enough. The French Commissioners had introduced into the original draft of the Convention, an article having for its object the reservation of these spoils; but Blücher would not listen to it; observing, that many pictures had been taken from Prussia, which Louis XVIII. had promised to restore, and that he should exact to the uttermost the fulfilment of this pledge. This he did not fail to do; and his example was followed by all the other Powers who had property to reclaim. "They were not regarded as property," says Lamartine, "but as the spoils of war. Impartial equity could not legitimately accuse the former proprietors of these *chefs d'œuvres*, for carrying back to their capitals and countries the treasures which had been ravished from them. The sword had been the only title; and in turn, it had produced, not a retaliation—for French property and national monuments were respected—but the violent restitution of the spoils."

The Duke of Wellington had no direct interest in the matter, for England was almost the only nation opposed to the French, that had not had works of art wrested from its galleries, for the public and private museums of the French capital. Unlike Soult, who had carried off from Madrid and other cities of Spain, those magnificent works of the Spanish painters, of which he managed to retain possession until his death, and which have lately been disposed off for enormous sums of money, the Duke of Wellington brought home with him no picture or statue which he had not purchased at the price demanded by its possessor.\* He did, however, complain, in an early stage of the business of resumption, of the manner in which it had been carried

\* The only exception is the colossal statue of Napoleon, by Canova, presented to the Prince Regent by the King of France, and subsequently presented by his Royal Highness to the Duke of Wellington. Had this magnificent work of art been opened in Paris at the time of its arrival, it would have been broken to pieces by the people.

out, and declared that if the English troops were to be retained in Paris, reinforcements would be required to restrain the resentment of the inhabitants. On this, as on all other occasions during his sojourn in Paris, he acted as a mediator between the French and the more violent of the Allies. The Prussians treated France as a bandit, deserving of capital punishment for her crimes. The Duke looked upon her as a prodigal, whom it was alike the policy and the interest of her neighbours to conciliate and reclaim. In spite of these good offices, however, the Duke was continually held up to the execration of the people of Paris, by the republican prints of the day.

During the period of the Duke's residence at the Elysée, a captain's guard of honour was always mounted before his palace. This ordinary circumstance was perverted into a preparation for firing on the people. Yet, some protection was shown to be necessary, by the fact of more than one resolute attempt to assassinate him.

His Grace continued to reside in the palace of the Elysée Bourbon until the 29th of June, 1816, when he quitted Paris for London with a numerous suite, and was received throughout his route on the British shore with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of respect, by all orders of persons. The alleged cause of his departure from France was delicacy of health, for which a course of Cheltenham waters had been prescribed. A few days previous to his departure, he gave a grand entertainment, to which had been invited all the notabilities (including the Bourbon princes of Paris). In the course of the evening, a smoke was observed to ascend from the lower part of the house, and on investigating the cause, it was found to proceed from an oiled rag, which was burning near a large quantity of gunpowder, and between two barrels of oil. It was extinguished and the train removed, when the Duke having been informed of the occurrence, enjoined silence until the company had retired. This atrocious design seems to have been intended to produce a similar tragedy to that which attended the gala given by Prince Schwartzburg, in honour of the marriage of the Archduchess with Napoleon. The attempt, however, proved as futile as those which had preceded it, and its authors do not seem to have been discovered.

During his Grace's stay at Cheltenham, he appeared with the Duchess and his children very much in public, and his presence drew vast numbers of visitors to the place. This brief term of relaxation having improved his health, he returned to London, where he was received as usual with the warmest acclamations. In the autumn of the year, he resumed his duties in Paris. Before he left England, a mortar, taken from the French at Cadiz, had been presented to the Prince Regent, with a request that it might be placed in one of the royal parks of England. In accordance with this desire, his Royal Highness directed that a magnificent carriage should be manufactured for it, and that it should be mounted on the parade of the Horse Guards, as a record of the glorious victory gained at Salamanca, and of the services of the Duke of Wellington and his troops on that occasion. It bears a Latin inscription, which states that it is designed to commemorate the raising of the siege of Cadiz, in consequence of the glorious victory obtained by the Duke of Wellington over the French near Salamanca, on the 22nd of July, 1812.

There can be no doubt that the performance of the duties which devolved on the Duke of Wellington in Paris had been rendered difficult by the breaches of faith of Blücher and his troops, who utterly disregarding the convention, treated France as a conquered country. They did not recognize in it the kingdom of a king, but the spoil of Napoleon, their enemy. They laid their hands on several prefects who had had the courage to resist their exactions, and threw them into prison. An unanimous cry of indignation arose from the people. Lamartine, in his "History of the Restoration," pays a well-merited tribute to the contrast offered by the conduct of the Duke of Wellington. "He preserved (says he) the outside Paris in a strictness of discipline, which respected the dwellings of the citizens and the authority of the king, whom, while re-establishing, he desired to make popular. He acted like an *ally* with Louis XVIII., having acted like a conqueror with Napoleon. He did not offend, but frequently consulted the government of the King, which he sustained against the brutalities of Blücher; but it was not until he had obtained the interference of the Emperors of Russia and Prussia, that he was enabled to restrain the reprisals of the Prussian general." It was at his instance that

the words "temporary occupation" were substituted for those of "permanent occupation," in the treaty with France; and it was through his generous exertions that the Allies were, after a few months, induced to withdraw 30,000 men, or one-fifth of their entire force, from France. The effect of this measure was to enable the French government to negotiate a loan, which relieved for the moment the financial embarrassments of the country. Besides this timely aid, the Duke persuaded the ministers of the Allied Powers to let their claims for the pay of the army stand over until a more convenient opportunity. The plenipotentiaries of the four Powers, in their official note to the Chambers, declared that "the high personal character of the king, and the principles and conduct of his present ministry, together *with the sanction of the opinion of the Duke of Wellington*, were the sole causes of the relief then and in that peculiar manner afforded to France."

It was impossible for the French people to disregard these repeated acts of forbearance and generosity, and, for a time, the Duke's popularity in France appeared to revive, and he readily embraced the opportunity to cultivate the good opinion of the nation by every means in his power. If his popularity fluctuated abroad, however, it continued to increase at home. The Irish, claiming him as a countrymen, because, though of English extraction, he was born in their country, were most enthusiastic in their attempts to do him honour. A subscription having been opened in Dublin for the purpose of erecting a testimonial to perpetuate the glorious achievements of the Duke, a sum of 16,000*l.* was soon collected. This munificent contribution was expended in the erection of a pyramidal granite column (designed by Robert Smirke), on a well-chosen site in Phoenix Park, Dublin: the height of which is 210 feet. The first stone of this edifice was laid on the 18th of June, 1818; but it was not completed until the same day of the year 1821. In Bombay, a Waterloo Fund was collected for the widows and orphans of the brave men who had fallen in his last battle, and was forwarded to the Duke for distribution. Honours flowed in fast upon him, and memorial columns were rising in his honour in many parts of the country. Another opportunity for paying him a well-merited compliment presented itself

in the opening of the new Strand bridge, built after the designs of Mr. Rennie. On the 18th of June, 1817, this magnificent structure, finally called Waterloo Bridge, was first opened to the public, with many impressing ceremonies, at all of which the Duke of Wellington assisted. In the morning of that day, a detachment of the Life Guards, which had been present at the Battle of Waterloo, was employed to keep the bridge; and in the afternoon, a discharge of 202 guns, in commemoration of the number of guns captured from the enemy on that day, announced the arrival of the Prince Regent and the other illustrious personages, who had come in barges from Fife House, the Earl of Liverpool's residence at Whitehall. The royal party landed on the Surrey side, where the procession was formed. It was headed by the Prince Regent, with the Duke of York on his right, and the Duke of Wellington on his left, who were followed by a train of noblemen and gentlemen, ministers and members of both Houses of Parliament. The British Institution about the same time offered a prize of 1,000 guineas for the best picture in commemoration of the Duke's services. The result was a design by Mr. Ward, of which the Directors of the British Institution were so ashamed, that it has remained rolled up in their lumber-room ever since. The subject was the Duke of Wellington in the costume of a field-marshal, treading on a many-headed reptile of very large dimensions, which was understood to be meant for that fabulous animal, the hydra. It was during his short stay in England, on the occasion of the opening of Waterloo Bridge, that Lord Castlereagh suggested that a deputation from the House of Commons should wait upon him, and present him with the thanks of Parliament, as well as with its congratulations on his arrival in England. The motion was carried by acclamation.

On the 16th of August his Grace returned to Paris and resumed his labours as ambassador plenipotentiary from the British Court to that of Louis XVIII. Among the many attacks which had been made upon him by the press, was one in a Flemish journal, which openly charged him with having, by his influence at the Tuileries, succeeded in continuing an individual in the government of a French colony, solely because he had administered that government rather with a view to British interests than those of France. He

prosecuted the author to conviction, and so refuted the libel; but the slanderer was allowed to go unpunished, because his judges were of opinion that "the libel was not calculated to expose the Duke to the consequences of a criminal or a correctional action, or to the contempt or hatred of the public." Of the many virulent and libellous attacks that were made upon his Grace from time to time in England or elsewhere, we remember but one other occasion on which he was induced to resort to the strong arm of the law, to punish his assailant, and then he succeeded in inflicting upon him a heavy fine and a long term of imprisonment. We allude to the case of the "Morning Journal."

Having purchased a mansion in London which had formerly belonged to Lord Apsley, the Duke caused it to be partially rebuilt in a style accordant with his rank and position in society. This task was entrusted to Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, who succeeded in converting the original ill-designed and inconveniently arranged edifice into its present form. The interior of the house was fitted up in a style worthy of its owner; its chief decorations being noble works of art which he had purchased, from time to time, abroad and at home, or which had been presented to him. One apartment, devoted to pictures and statuary illustrative of the great events with which he had been associated, was characteristically entitled the Waterloo Gallery, and here once a year, on the anniversary of his crowning exploit, he gave for many years a splendid banquet to a body of officers, survivors of the battle, who had been present with him on the occasion. A leading ornament of this splendid saloon was the colossal statue of Napoleon Bonaparte. It had arrived in Paris when the star of the ex-Emperor's popularity was in a state of total eclipse. Without even unpacking it, Louis XVIII. directed that it should be forwarded to the Prince Regent of England; who, thinking it would be an appropriate ornament to the Waterloo Gallery of Apsley House, transferred it to the Duke of Wellington.

Whilst the Prince was enriching the Duke's gallery with statuary, the people of England were engaged in providing for him a national home, that might continue an heir-loom to his posterity.

On the 9th of November, 1817, the parliamentary commissioners who had been entrusted with the grateful duty of

purchasing a suitable estate for the Duke of Wellington, concluded an agreement with Lord Rivers for the mansion and demesne of Strathfieldsaye in Hampshire, for the sum of 263,000*l.*; the timber on the estate having been valued at 150,000*l.* This noble property was originally the residence of the Say family, by whose heiress it was conveyed in marriage to Sir Nicholas Dabridgecourt, Knight, who was sheriff of Hampshire in the 13th year of Richard II. The estate remained in the possession of this family until the reign of our first Charles, when it was purchased by Sir William Pitt, comptroller of the royal household, who died in 1739. A schoolhouse was afterwards erected, and endowed with 400*l.* by Miss Pitt. Lord Rivers was fourth in descent from Sir William Pitt, and was raised to the peerage in 1776. The house is situated in a low part of the demesne, and is wholly disproportioned to the beauty and extent of the estate. The patronage of the benefice, a rectory in the diocese of Winchester, passed to the Duke of Wellington, along with the manor and estate of Strathfieldsaye.

On his return to Paris, the Duke of Wellington had enough to do to protect France from the extortionate demands of the Great Powers. Prussia had demanded on her own account two millions and a half sterling; but through the interference of the Duke, the exorbitant claims of the minor states were cut down to one-sixth of their original amount.

On the 25th April, 1818, the negotiation for settling the claims of foreigners upon France was finally concluded, and the treaty was signed by the Duke of Richelieu and the members of the four Great Powers respectively. By this instrument the French government were bound to the Allied Sovereigns (with the exception of the King of England) in the principal sum of 280,000,000 francs. A separate treaty was concluded with Great Britain, which provided for the more speedy discharge of the claims which had been admitted in her favour. By this treaty, France contracted to place at the disposal of the British Commissioners a *rente* of 3,000,000 francs, and to liquidate therefrom, by monthly payments, the principal and interest of the British claims. A few special cases were reserved for a special arrangement. The chief attention of the Duke of Wellington was devoted to the reduction, as far as was possible, of the rapacious demands of

the Northern Powers ; and he acquitted himself in a manner which called forth warm thanks from the Duke of Richelieu for the moderation and impartiality of the document which had been drawn up under his advice. In the month of May, 1818, 8,000,000 of francs had been paid to the Duke in Paris, in part liquidation of 25,000,000 francs granted by Parliament as Waterloo prize-money to the troops under his command.

We have already noticed an attack on the life of the Duke of Wellington, and have now to record a second. As his Grace's carriage was entering his hotel from the Champs Elysées, on the 11th of February, a ruffian started from behind one of the sentry-boxes, and discharged a pistol at him, but with so bad an aim, that it did not even strike his carriage. The guard turned out, and pursued the scoundrel; but throwing away the pistol, he appears to have got clear off for a time. On this occasion the Allied Sovereigns offered their formal congratulations to the Duke, and the Prince Regent addressed him an autograph letter, in which he thanked Providence for having spared a life "so important to the preservation of the general tranquillity of Europe." The police having discovered the offender (a subaltern officer of the name of Marie André Cantillon), he was put upon his trial; but the jury, in the teeth of the strongest possible evidence, thought proper to acquit him. Cantillon had been in the Imperial service, and when Napoleon died, some three years afterwards, it was found that he had left him 10,000 francs, in testimony of his approbation of his dastardly attempt. Always excepting the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, this was the very foulest blot on the character of the ex-Emperor, and would lead to the inference that there had been some complicity on his part in that and the previous attack on the life of the man whom he had failed to conquer.

On the 28th of September, 1818, a Congress of the Allied Sovereigns was held at Aix-la-Chapelle, to discuss the propriety of withdrawing their armies of occupation. France was comparatively tranquil, and had discharged, so far, all her engagements; she had, therefore, a title to the concession. At this Imperial Council, the Duke of Richelieu represented the King of France, and the Duke of Wellington the Prince Regent of England. The Emperors of Russia and Prussia availed themselves of the opportunity

to appoint the Duke of Wellington a field-marshal of their respective armies. During the intervals of the sittings of the Congress, the Duke occupied himself in collecting paintings, and the gallery of Cardinal Fesch being then in the market, he secured many of the finest works of the Italian and Flemish schools which had belonged to that distinguished amateur. During the session of the Congress he expressed a strong opinion in favour of the abolition of the slave trade, and denounced, in severe terms, the barbarity of the Portuguese in refusing to assign any definite date as the limit of their traffic in human beings; suggesting that after the 30th of May ensuing they should abandon it, "or be treated as pirates." It was pending this convocation of princes that the late Sir Thomas Lawrence painted several of those portraits of the Allied Sovereigns which are now to be found in the Waterloo Gallery of Windsor Castle. Returning to England so soon as the Congress had closed its sittings, the Duke of Wellington was, on the 26th of December, 1818, appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, a post which he was peculiarly qualified to fill with advantage to the service. Early in the ensuing year he took his seat in the House of Lords, and was most zealous in support of the vote of thanks proposed to the Marquis of Hastings, for his distinguished services in India.

On the 24th of May, 1819, the Duke of Wellington was invited to attend Kensington Palace on the day on which the Duchess of Kent gave birth to a princess, whom his Grace had the gratification to serve, in various capacities, when, eighteen years afterwards, she became Queen of England.

About this period numerous complimentary testimonials were in progress in various parts of his own country, and several public dinners were given in honour of the Duke; and many splendid presents reached him from the crowned heads of Europe. Among the last-mentioned tributes were a magnificent dessert service from the King of Saxony, of unrivalled beauty, and a magnificent service of plate from the King of Portugal. The Damask Manufactory at Great Schonaw, near Zitta, also presented him with a quantity of superb specimens of their damask.

Of the approval of his Sovereign he was continually

receiving the most substantial proofs. On the 16th of October, he was gazetted in succession to his friend the Duke of Richmond, who had died in Canada, to the appointment of Governor of Plymouth. On the division of the Waterloo prize-money, in June, 1819, the share to which he became entitled was 60,000*l.* The general officers received 1,250*l.* each; field officers, 420*l.*; captains, 90*l.*; subalterns, 33*l.*; serjeants, 9*l.*; rank and file, 2*l.* 10*s.* The Crown had almost exhausted upon him the titles and places of honour at its command; but what it had further to bestow was conferred the instant the respective vacancies occurred. Some of his posts, that of Master-General, for example, were attended both with labour and responsibility; but his methodical habits, early hours, and untiring application, enabled him to get through more business with ease to himself in a day, than some of his brother officials could accomplish in a week. The only service-tenure attached to the national gift of the estate of Strathfieldsaye, was the annual presentation, on the 18th June, of a small tricoloured flag to the sovereign. This symbol, corresponding to a similar token presented by the Duke of Marlborough, is always suspended in the armoury of Windsor Castle, where the entire collection has been deposited in perpetual commemoration of Blenheim and Waterloo. On the 19th February, 1820, the Duke of Wellington was appointed Colonel in Chief of the Rifle Brigade.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

The Duke of Wellington at Home—His Political Administration—Concession of the Roman Catholic Claims, and rejection of the Reform Bill—Decline of his Popularity, and retirement from Office—Ingratitude of the Irish Party—His Death.

ABOUT this time, the Duke began to take a more active part in politics than he had hitherto done. The seeds of those great changes which the political soil of England had been so well prepared to receive, had now begun to germinate. The Tory Cabinet of Lord Liverpool which had subsisted for nearly ten years, with very little modification, had now received an infusion of new blood. The Duke of Wellington was from principle

and education a Conservative of the old school, with a wholesome dread of democratic encroachment, to which, indeed, he attributed the necessity for most of the battles he had fought. Although ostensibly opposed to all reform, he was by no means practically so. In reply to one of the periodical attacks of Mr. Hume on the Duke, Mr. Ward stated to the House of Commons, that in the two years during which his Grace had been Master-General of the Ordnance, he had abolished no fewer than sixty-eight useless offices, with a saving to the public of 14,000*l*. His first enquiry when a post became vacant was, "Can this place be abolished?"

We have already seen that on his first appearance in Parliament, he expressed some degree of sympathy with the Roman Catholics. He was therefore evidently a reformer in a modified sense of the term, without being himself aware of the fact. In those days of unqualified Toryism, however, the accession to the Cabinet of such men as Canning and Huskisson was well calculated to startle him; whilst the feverish state of the country was moreover of a kind to quicken his apprehension of democratic tendencies. The people had been seduced by the artifices of unprincipled demagogues into gross excesses and most extravagant demands, and a plot had actually been formed to assassinate the whole of the Cabinet Ministers, and proclaim a republic. The severity with which these excesses were met, added to, rather than diminished their number. The soothing system had as yet never been tried; and wise and generous as the Duke had proved himself on many occasions, he seemed altogether averse from its application. Had the monarch been favourable to a more liberal policy, it is highly probable that the Duke's adhesion would have been readily given. As Master-General of the Ordnance, he had taken his seat in the Cabinet; had concurred in the proceedings against Queen Caroline; and had let fall some tolerably hard hits on the heads of his old opponents, the Whigs. But he was soon destined to take a still more active part against them.

On the 22nd October, 1822, having assisted at the obsequies of his lamented friend the Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington repaired to Vienna to take part in the Congress of Sovereigns which was to take place in that city, and to which he was the only foreign plenipotentiary

admitted. This was the tenth assembly of the kind which had been held since that of Reichenbach in Silesia, in 1790, and the objects of all of them professed to be the same, namely, the maintenance of the integrity of every European kingdom, and the security of their thrones to their legitimate sovereigns. Mr. Canning had succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry as Foreign Secretary, and the instructions of the Duke had of course been derived from him. One of the questions which the Congress was called upon to consider, was whether or not Ferdinand of Spain should be left uncontrolled, to establish a ferocious despotism. Austria and Prussia sympathised with the enslaved Spaniards. The Emperor of Russia was of a different opinion. The Duke of Wellington, on behalf of England, advocated peace and non-intervention. His advice was tacitly followed; and on the dissolution of the Congress, in the middle of December, his Grace proceeded to Paris to mediate in the matter. The French Court was, in the mean time, pursuing its plans in a most disingenuous manner, with a view to destroy the semblance of liberty in Spain. On the 27th of the month, the large corps which had been assembled on the frontier professedly as a sanitary cordon, to prevent the extension of the fever then raging at Barcelona, was changed by the French minister, M. Vilelle, into an army of observation; and the spirit of the minister's directions was, that if Spain hesitated to alter her political Constitution, France should employ force to disabuse her of her revolutionary tendencies. The French King professed a disposition to be guided by the advice of the Duke of Wellington; but no sooner had he quitted the country on his return home, than, in a pompous speech to the Chambers, his Majesty did not scruple to announce that 100,000 Frenchmen, commanded by the Duke D'Angouleme, were ready to march on Spain for the purpose of "conquering a peace, which the then state of Spain would render impossible." The invasion of Spain for the purpose of putting down the constitutional principle, excited almost universal indignation in this country. The Duke of Wellington declared that he had acted in perfect conformity with his instructions. He had refused, on the part of England, to interfere in the internal affairs of Spain, and does not seem to have had an idea that the French Cabinet would have acted

with so much duplicity and bad faith. This new invasion of Spain, notwithstanding the detestation it had excited, was hastened on by the King; and on the 24th of May, the Spaniards were compelled to accept the degrading and enslaving terms offered by the fatuous and unprincipled Ferdinand.

On the death of the Duke of York, which occurred on the 5th of January, 1827, the Duke of Wellington was appointed General-Commanding-in-Chief, and Colonel of the 1st Grenadier Guards. The terms in which these appointments were conferred, greatly enhanced their value to the recipient. The conduct of the Duke of York to the army at large, had been such as to entitle him to its gratitude. He was, in reality, worthy in all respects of his designation of "the soldier's friend." Shortly after his death, the Duke of Wellington presided at a public meeting, held at the Freemasons' Hall, to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a monument to his illustrious predecessor; and he availed himself of the opportunity to express his deep sense of the services which the noble Duke had rendered to the army.

On the retirement from office of Lord Liverpool, in February, 1827, the King commissioned Mr. Canning to form a ministry; but he found that no fewer than seven of the late administration, including the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, had tendered their resignations; and as the seven letters all reached him within a few hours of each other, he was led to infer that there had been an unfair combination against him. In this impression, and so far as the Duke and Mr. Peel were concerned, he was assuredly in error. Whatever their subsequent tendencies may have been, they were wholly indisposed, at that period, for either the concession of the Roman Catholic Claims, Parliamentary Reform, or Free Trade; all of which measures might fairly be looked for from a Canning administration.

In reply to a statement in the House of Lords, that the King had offered him the Premiership, the Duke of Wellington replied, "that the situation was one for which he was not qualified;" and that "*he should have been worse than mad if he had thought of such a thing.*" It was wholly unnecessary that he should resign both the Horse Guards

and the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance; but he had been so irritated by the caustic tone of Mr. Canning's letter, that he made up his mind so to do. There can be no doubt that the Duke had conceived a personal prejudice against Mr. Canning; an impression which is strengthened by the fact, that the new premier somewhat under estimated the talents of his predecessor in the Foreign Office, who had been the warm friend and zealous ally of the noble Duke.

Exhausted by toil, and persecuted by his opponents in parliament, and still more by the press, Mr. Canning expired of a disease which was evidently the result of mental anxiety, in the fourth month of his office, and left the King and the government in greater difficulty than ever. The contemptible ministry of Lord Goderich succeeded, and expired at the end of the year of sheer inanition. The reform pear was not yet ripe, so that the King had no alternative but to send for the Duke of Wellington; and to the surprise of some of his friends, and the gratification of others, including a large majority of the public, he accepted the seals, and was enabled to form a tolerably strong Cabinet. He was, however, constrained to avail himself of the services of Mr. Huskisson, and four other of Mr. Canning's disciples. His great difficulties were the questions of religious disabilities, reform, and free trade—demands for all of which, in one shape or other, had begun to be entertained by a considerable portion of the public out of doors.

That the Duke of Wellington was at this particular juncture conscientiously opposed to all these measures, cannot for a moment be denied. The motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the natural prelude to the Irish Emancipation Bill, proposed by Lord John Russell, was carried against the government by a majority of forty-four votes; and whatever might have been his private convictions in the matter, the Duke was induced to accept it, and carry it through the House of Lords. A month afterwards, he was persuaded, at whatever sacrifice of his private opinions, to consent to Mr. Huskisson's Corn Bill, and thereby admit, to some extent, the principle of free trade. On the question of parliamentary reform, however, under the guise of a proposal to disfranchise Penryn and East Retford, and

invest Manchester and Birmingham with the electoral privilege in their stead, he made a decided stand.

About this period his perplexities were greatly increased by an open defection in his camp. Mr. Huskisson voted with the liberal party on the corn question, sending in at the same time his resignation, or what he was afterwards pleased to describe as merely his offer to resign should such a step appear to his Grace to be called for. The Duke, however, thought proper to consider his letter in the light of a formal resignation; and when Lord Dudley attempted to show that it was not susceptible of such a construction, the Duke, with his accustomed decision, insisted that "it was no mistake, it could be no mistake, and that it should be no mistake." He was, in all probability, not sorry to be furnished with so convenient an excuse for getting rid of a colleague with whom he had already had several differences, more or less important. He accordingly rejected all the intercessions of Mr. Huskisson's friends, and insisted on his retirement from the cabinet. Lord Dudley and Mr. Charles Grant, finding their interposition of no avail, abandoned office at the same moment. The only member of the Canning administration who remained to the Duke after this misunderstanding, was Lord Lyndhurst; and the places of the dissentients (Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Mr. Lamb, and Lord Palmerston) were immediately supplied by Lord Aberdeen, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir George Murray; all men of first-rate ability, and possessing the material qualification of sympathising altogether with the sentiments of their gallant chief. Immediately after his accession to the premiership, the Duke, feeling that he could not with propriety combine the duties of Commander-in-Chief with those of First Lord of the Treasury, resigned that post in favour of his distinguished companion in arms, Lord Hill. Other changes took place in the course of the year; among which the resignation by the Duke of Clarence of the comparatively useless office of Lord High Admiral of England, was one of the most remarkable. It is supposed that the Duke remonstrated with his Royal Highness on the very great expense which had been incurred in the maintenance of this purely honorary distinction, and that he had taken umbrage at his interference. However this may have

been, the Prince had soon an opportunity of satisfying the people of England that he cherished no resentment on the occasion.

From the earliest moment of the Duke's accession to his high office, he was repeatedly taunted with his former declaration of his unfitness for such a post; but he soon convinced his assailants, in and out of parliament, that the estimate formed by men of genius of their own capacity ought not always to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. If dissimilar in some of his predilections from most of his predecessors, it soon became evident that his habits of business were first rate, and that he possessed many of the higher and more important qualifications for his office. One thing appeared to be certain, namely, that he was the least luxurious First Lord of the Treasury that had ever wielded the destinies of a nation; for we owe to his prying assailants an account of his daily life, which proves that his powers of endurance and application were of no ordinary kind. It was stated in most of the public journals of the time, on what was deemed competent authority, that his Grace slept upon a mattress spread upon an iron camp-bedstead; that he rose regularly at seven o'clock in the morning, breakfasted at eight, and immediately afterwards applied himself sedulously to his official duties; that on the arrival of the post, it was his undeviating practice to append at once to every application, such instructions as would enable his secretary to reply to it with little chance of a misinterpretation of his meaning; and that soon afterwards, he mounted his charger, and proceeded to the Treasury, where he remained engaged in business until five o'clock, unless summoned to attend a privy council or a meeting of the cabinet. The worst part of the business, so far as laggards were concerned, was, that he was accustomed to exact from others some portion of the punctuality he was always prepared to observe himself; and many are the anecdotes that have been related, from time to time, of his attempts to reform the habits of the subordinate civil officers of the crown. One of his characteristics was, that he would not admit of the existence of a difficulty. With him nothing seemed impossible that fell within the scope of his duty. Wishing to get rid of some of the perplexity which encumbered a portion of the

public accounts of the Treasury, and being assured that the thing was impracticable, he is said to have remarked, "Never mind; if *you* cannot accomplish it, I will send you in half a dozen pay-serjeants who will." The menaced incursion was of course averted by the achievement of the impossibility. It was, he was accustomed to assert, to his habits of discipline, applied to matters sometimes trivial in themselves, that he stood indebted for a large portion of his success in life. His mind was like the trunk of the elephant, which can tear up an oak, or can pick up a pin.

It is no part of our object to enter into the political history of the Duke of Wellington's premiership. Such an inquiry would occupy a great deal more space than could here be devoted to events of merely collateral interest; but there are exceptions to our remark, which it would be impossible, with any view to coherence in our narrative, to overlook. The agitation in Ireland, which had been created and fostered by that arch-demagogue, O'Connell, had now reached so menacing a height as to force the affairs of that country on the notice of Parliament in a manner too pressing to be disregarded. The great question of Catholic Emancipation had been discussed in Parliament from time to time, for upwards of a quarter of a century, and the majorities of its opponents had been growing "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," with each succeeding session. Between the years 1805 and 1813, they had fallen from 150 to less than 50; and in 1821, Mr. Plunkett carried a measure of concession, involving the recognition, to a certain extent, of the House of Commons, by a small majority. Mr. Canning, in 1822, and Sir Francis Burdett, in 1825, had been equally successful; and although their Bills were lost in the House of Peers, the majorities even in that House were much smaller than they had ever been before. The alarm occasioned by these comparative successes led, however, to the rejection of a motion for a Committee in 1827. In 1828, Parliamentary opinions on the subject appear to be more evenly balanced. As yet, however, the measures proposed had been little more than small pilot-balloons, sent up to ascertain the capacity of the atmosphere for a larger venture. Alarmed by the menaced alternative of a civil war, and believing most implicitly that

the concession of the Roman Catholic Claims would act like oil upon the troubled sea of Irish agitation, which promised to overwhelm all the most venerated institutions of the country; and having, moreover, tried measures of coercion with no other effect than an exaggeration of the evil; the Duke of Wellington arrived at the determination of giving the full measure of relief which had been claimed at his hands. It demanded all the courage which had distinguished his military career to incur so vast a responsibility, and that, too, in the teeth of all his previous pledges upon the subject; and in spite of an opposition from the friends with whom he had been accustomed to act, more bitter and envenomed than any minister had ever before been called upon to encounter. It is true, as we have already shown, that he had in the very earliest period of his Parliamentary career expressed a marked sympathy with the Irish Roman Catholics; but from all that could be gathered from his later opinions, he had for many years cherished a stern hostility to any such measure of concession as it was now proposed to carry out. Whilst his mind on this question was in its transition state, he appears to have maintained an inviolable silence as to his intentions towards all who might be expected to oppose them, and to have sought advice and confirmation only from those who were to participate in the advantages of the measure. To all his inquiries from Irish Roman Catholic members and Irish Roman Catholic bishops, the answers were such as might have been expected. On the issue of this question depended, he was assured, the alternatives of a bloody civil war, waged with the most unmitigated ferocity, or a state of things so entirely pacific and conciliatory as to present a worthy type of the golden age.

If the noble premier did not expect all the blessed effects which had been predicted for the measure by its Irish advocates, he at least believed that it would allay that furious agitation which had long paralysed the industry of the sister country, and which promised eventually to stimulate the excitability of the national character to rebellion and bloodshed. He had, however, made up his mind that the time had arrived when both justice and policy demanded the concession; and if the result has not been all that could have

been wished, we have no right to question the propriety of his motives or the wisdom of his decision.

In the entire absence of all reservation in the concession of the boon, the Duke must have outstripped the expectations of the most sanguine of the Irish Roman Catholics. His avowed object, indeed, was to grant the emancipation he was about to confer in the most unqualified form possible, so as to satisfy all, and remove the chance of any further feeling of discontent or misgiving on the subject. That he might accomplish this object more completely, he as carefully concealed the details of his measure, as if he had been masking the plan of operation of some great impending battle. With perhaps one exception, he did not even let his colleagues in office into his secret. His Attorney-General knew nothing of the matter a week before it was promulgated in the House of Lords; and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was in pretty nearly the same category. Determined that the assault should be made, he allowed the besieged no time for preparations to resist him. The thing was carried by a *coup de main*, and it is not too much to affirm that no less experienced general than himself could have secured the success of the movement.

On the 5th of February, 1829, the policy of the government was announced in the speech from the throne, and the Duke in the Upper, and Mr. Peel in the Lower House, proposed the measure and boldly defended its expediency. Few people will have forgotten his earnest and memorable declaration: "My Lords, I am one of those who have passed more of my life in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil war too; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." The tempest now burst forth in all its might upon the heads of the Duke and his lieutenant, Mr. Peel, but they were inured to fire and had "filed their minds" to the issue. In little more than a month the bill passed both houses of parliament by large majorities, received the royal assent, and became the law of the land.

As might have been expected, a large body of the Protestant supporters of the Duke forswore their allegiance to

him, and heaped upon him and Mr. Peel, in their speeches and through the press, a torrent of invectives. Lord Winchilsea indeed went so far as to charge the Duke of Wellington, in a letter printed in a public newspaper, with an intention, "under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, to carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and *the introduction of Popery into every department of the state.*" The extravagant absurdity of this charge ought to have deprived it of all sting; but the point was one on which the Duke appears to have been peculiarly sensitive, for he was provoked by it into an act which, considering the high example it supplied for the encouragement of a most pernicious practice, deserves to be regarded as a blot, if but the single one, on his escutcheon. So deeply did he permit this hasty, intemperate, and ridiculous ebullition to provoke him, that having failed to obtain a retraction of the imputation, he was induced to send a challenge to the noble Lord, who, on his part, expressed his readiness to give him the desired reparation. A hostile meeting took place, accordingly, in Battersea Fields, Sir Henry Hardinge officiating as his Grace's second; when the Duke having fired without effect, Lord Winchilsea discharged his pistol in the air. Having thus satisfied his "honor," his Lordship tendered the apology which he had refused to give before the meeting, and the affair terminated. The propriety of the Duke's application to himself personally of an imputation directed against the Minister, setting the moral question of duelling wholly out of sight, was fairly questioned at the time. If Premiers in general were to consider themselves called upon to challenge their political assailants, they ought to possess the invulnerability of Achilles.

The battle of Catholic Emancipation ended, the fact cannot be denied, that whilst the Duke of Wellington had been rewarded with but little cordial gratitude from the Irish Roman Catholics, for a measure which they did not scruple to boast of having extorted from his fears, he had damaged in no slight degree his popularity at home; even in parliament his supporters were gradually falling away from him. Of the three other great questions which were destined here-

after to be carried out in their fullest force, the Duke had got rid, for a time, of two. In the matter of free trade, he had recognised the principle; and in that of religious freedom, he had exceeded the most sanguine hopes of his clients. The question of parliamentary reform still remained to be discussed, and in his opposition to that measure he was resolute and uncompromising. The proposal to substitute Birmingham as a representative city for East Retford, was rejected by a majority of 27. As may readily be conceived, the sweeping measure of concession granted to the Irish Roman Catholics by the Duke of Wellington, had the effect of alienating from him a large majority of the old Tory party, whilst in the newspapers which had been up to this period his warmest supporters, he was assailed from day to day with the utmost virulence. So keenly, indeed, does he appear to have felt these attacks, that he was induced to deviate from what had hitherto been, with a single exception, the rule of his life, and institute an *ex officio* prosecution against one of the offenders. The libel was in many respects obnoxious to censure, and might safely have been left to correct itself. But the Duke thought otherwise, and succeeded not only in mulcting the author in a heavy penalty, but in getting him sentenced to a long term of imprisonment; part of his punishment was, however, remitted at the instance of the Duke, so that his vindictive feelings were not of long duration. His Grace had evidently thoroughly weighed the consequences of his policy, and seems to have believed that if he should alienate from him, by the measure, some of his old friends, he would make many new ones. "The duty I have had to perform," says he, in one of his parliamentary explanations, "has, unfortunately, separated me from many of my friends; but it was a *duty* which imperiously devolved upon me, and from the discharge of which no consideration whatever could have induced me to shrink. I am confident that the results of this measure will be such as to convince even those who are most opposed to it, of its wisdom and necessity, under the existing circumstances of the country." That the people at large could hardly be said to have been favourable to the measure, may be inferred from the fact that 2,520 petitions

against it were presented to the House of Lords, and 2,010 to the House of Commons, whilst the number of petitions presented in favour of the measure was only 1,964.

By nature, strengthened by habit, the Duke of Wellington was possessed of strong bodily activity. He could, indeed, endure a greater amount of fatigue than most young men of his time. The number of official duties he not only undertook, but really performed effectively, was very great; and even then he seemed to have leisure for exercise, visits of courtesy to his friends and acquaintance, charitable and political meetings, and other demands upon his time. It was at this period of great political excitement that the improvements in Windsor Castle, from the plans of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, were commenced. To superintend the erection of these additions and adaptations three commissioners, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Farnborough, and the Duke of Wellington, had been appointed; and the attention which the premier, notwithstanding his many public duties, was enabled to devote to them, was a matter of surprise to all who were acquainted with the number and importance of his avocations. On the opening of spring, he might be seen at seven o'clock in the morning, in either Hyde Park or the enclosure of St. James's Park, enjoying his accustomed walk; whence, after two hours' exercise, he returned to Apsley House. In the afternoon he was frequently to be found at some public meeting, or making what he was accustomed to consider his morning calls. On one occasion, having presided at the City of London Orphan Establishment, he proceeded from its rooms to visit a French play, at the English Opera House, and thence to a party given by the lady of the Dutch Ambassador. Indeed, no grand entertainment was considered to have gone off with *éclat*, if the Duke had not looked in some time or other of the evening. Aware how anxiously his presence was expected, he usually endeavoured to gratify his friends by responding to their invitations, if only for half an hour, and in the exercise of such duties—for in that light he considered them—he has been known to make his appearance at four or five entertainments on the same evening. He rode a good deal on horseback, but does not appear to have been a very careful equestrian, for although never seriously hurt, he was

more than once thrown. In the midst of his many avocations, his own private interests and those of his family were never neglected. Within twelve years of its purchase, he had added the Silchester to the Strathfieldsaye estate, thus increasing its extent many miles. So important were these additions to his territorial property, that the avenue which leads to his mansion at Strathfieldsaye is now upwards of eight miles in length.

The removal of the Marquis of Anglesey from the Viceroyalty of Ireland, for some indiscretions but little consistent with the dignity of a Lord-Lieutenant, appears to have entailed upon the Duke of Wellington the necessity for an elaborate parliamentary explanation; yet, surely, no very voluminous apology was demanded for dismissing from such an office a nobleman who had been so indiscreet as to suggest to the Irish people, seldom in need of any inducement to make the world acquainted with their wrongs, to "agitate, agitate, agitate!" After publicly recommending such a course, the noble Marquis could hardly visit with his disapprobation magistrates who, bedecked with green ribands and other distinctive party emblems, rode about the country for the purpose of stimulating the people to adopt the Lord-Lieutenant's advice. It is hardly necessary to add, that the course adopted towards the gallant Marquis by the Duke of Wellington was fully warranted by the circumstances alleged in its defence. It was to be lamented that any necessity should have existed for his removal, but he was "playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven," during the exercise of his "brief authority," as to render the alternative unavoidable.

The death of George IV., and the accession to the throne of the Duke of Clarence, combined with the shock the cause of order received from the French Revolution of the ensuing month, had a considerable influence on the political affairs of Europe. Unrewarded by the cordial support and gratitude of the party for whom the Duke of Wellington had made such heavy sacrifices; pursued with the most unrelenting hostility by the powerful faction with which he had formerly acted; and unprepared to go the extremes demanded of him by his new allies; the Duke's popularity was now rapidly declining; and it became obvious that he

would not be able to carry on the government much longer. The new monarch, a man of generous disposition, but of no great stability of principle, appears to have had a sincere regard for the Duke as a personal friend, but no great esteem for him as a politician. The public, always on the *qui vive* for new concessions, were now looking for one which the Duke had no mind to afford. The results of his great experiment in favour of the Roman Catholics had opened his eyes to the characteristics of popular gratitude. The golden age had not arrived, nor had the lion and the lamb laid down together, as had been anticipated. On the contrary, Mr. O'Connell and his brother agitators were more rampant than ever. In Ireland, the Anti-union Association distinctly claimed an Irish parliament and a total separation from this country. "May others imitate the French and the Belgians," had become a popular toast in that country with the Roman Catholic party; and at a public dinner in Killarney, Mr. O'Connell declared his belief that "Ireland would never enjoy perfect liberty until the Church was severed from the State." Instead of having earned the gratitude and good opinion of the Irish Roman Catholics, the Duke was rewarded only with insult and obloquy. O'Connell spoke of him as the "stunted corporal," and declared that the Emancipation Bill had been extorted from his fears, rather than conceded by his sense of justice; and that the Irish people regarded it merely as one instalment of a debt, which they meant to be paid in full at the first convenient opportunity. All this was not the less mortifying because it was precisely the result which the Duke's *quondam* Protestant friends had predicted. To these vexations were added disturbances in the English agricultural districts; incendiary fires, destruction of machinery, and other proofs of the discontent and ill-feeling of the humbler classes. The revolutions of France and Belgium gave a fresh impetus to these elements of evil, and rendered an unusual degree of vigilance on the part of the authorities indispensable. The Duke was assured, in vain, that the great panacea for this unwholesome state of things was parliamentary reform. He doubted the fact, and refused to pledge himself to any such remedy. One of the most useful, well-timed, and important measures of the session,

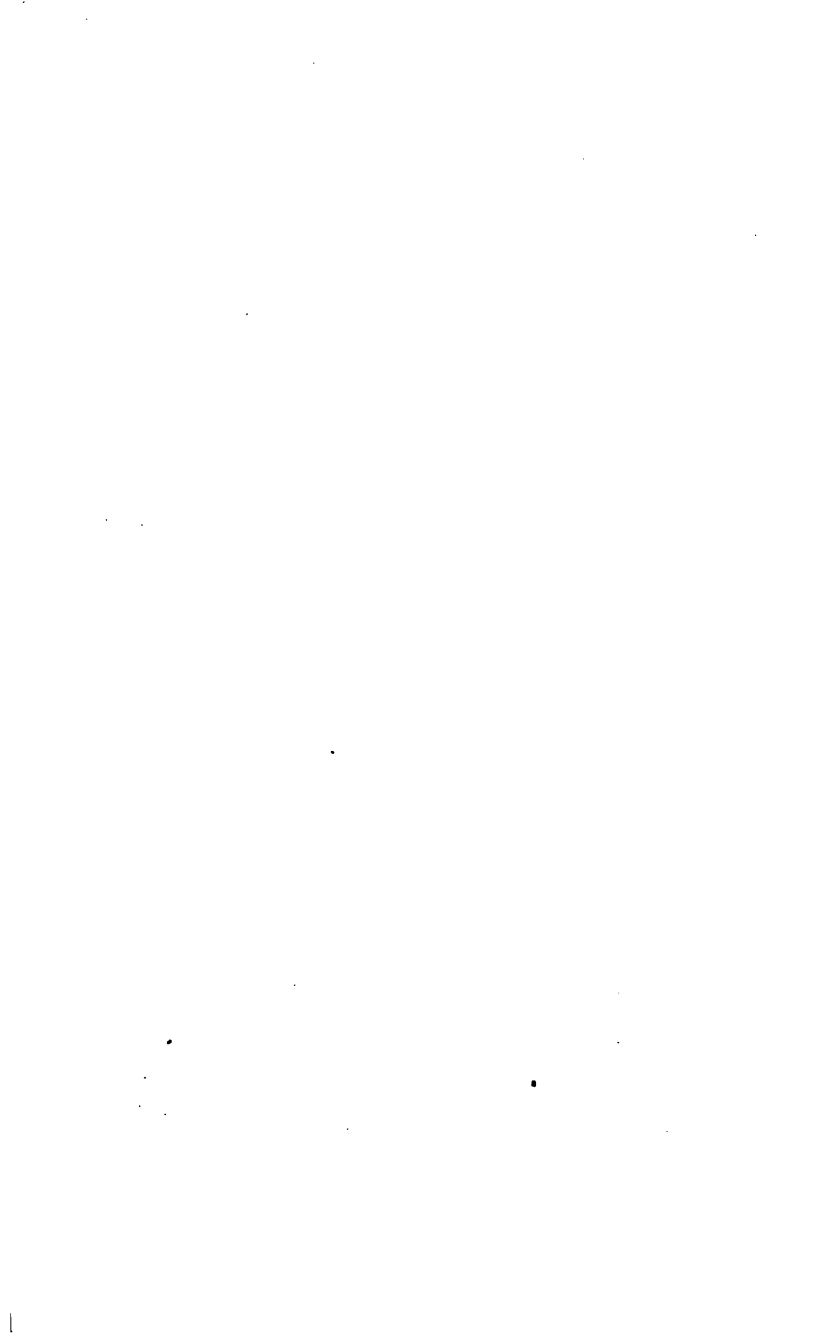
had been the establishment of the new police; but the demagogues who were engaged in the above-mentioned peaceable operations had no desire to have their amusements interrupted by any such interposition. The Duke was accordingly pursued from his residence to the House of Lords, from time to time, with the fiercest execrations, and cries of "No police, no police!" Nay, to such an extent were outrages against his person carried, that he was on one occasion severely hurt by a blow from a stone in his face.

A dissolution of parliament at such a crisis, and a re-election of the national representatives, attended by every species of outrage and intimidation, was not calculated to contribute very materially to the public tranquillity. The reform furor was now at its height. Reform was to make every one happy and independent; bribery and borough-mongering were to be heard of no more; and patriotism of the most disinterested character was to be the order of the day. Unhappily for the opponents of the proposed Bill, it could not be denied that some reform was really called for, and that the refusal of the very moderate instalment which had been demanded in the previous session, had provoked a demand for a very largely increased quantity of the article. But the Duke, on this question at least, was inexorable; but a thorough reform parliament having been elected, it was no longer necessary that the introduction of such a measure should wait upon his will. On this occasion, however, his characteristic foresight failed him; for the Reform Bill, if far from perfect, has produced none of the baneful effects which was looked for from its operation. The new parliament met in November, and at the opening of the session, the Duke of Wellington volunteered his memorable anti-reform declaration, "that the country already possessed a legislature which answered all the good purposes of legislation; that the system of legislation possessed the full and entire confidence of the country; and that he was not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of reform, but would resist any such measure as long as he held any station in the government of the country." This declaration gave the *coup de grace* to his ministry, and appeared to increase the public appetite for the prohibited food. What

was formerly a wish had now assumed the character of a fierce demand, and revolution was threatened as the alternative of the refusal of radical reform; and so insane was the hostility with which this great public benefactor was pursued by a brutal and ungrateful populace, that it was not until many of the windows of Apsley House had been demolished, and a great risk incurred of injury to the treasures of art and *virtu* which it contained, that he was compelled to protect its inmates and its decorations by iron blinds, altogether impervious to the missiles of radical reformers. Nor was the spirit of outrage confined to his town residence alone. After he had quitted Strathfieldsaye to attend to his duties in Parliament, an attempt was made to set fire to the church adjacent to the mansion. Some miscreant, having obtained admission during the night, lighted a fire in the stove of his Grace's pew; but the flame having fortunately attracted the notice of one of his servants, the contemplated mischief was averted. As the doors and windows of the church were found fastened in the usual manner, and the keys had not been out of the possession of the pew-opener during the whole of the preceding day, the object of the persons by whom the fire had been kindled could not be mistaken. Such was the treatment experienced by the hero of a hundred fights at the hands of a people whom he had saved from the domination of foreign despotism; such the reward he received for the sacrifices of political opinion he had made on their behalf.

Nor was the hostility of which he was the object from the lower orders, the only difficulty with which he had to contend. The ultra Tories, who had been alienated from his standard by his concessions to the Roman Catholics, hit upon a notable mode of revenging themselves upon his ministry. Their objection to the proposed measure of parliamentary reform was as invincible as his own; but they suffered themselves to be defeated by a combination of the Whigs and Radicals, in order to throw the Duke out of office, and thus secure the admission of the party which was pledged to the course of policy they professed to abhor! Among the many manifestations of enmity to the ministers which were displayed on this occasion, was one which ought not to be wholly overlooked. The King had accepted an

invitation to dine with the Corporation, on the 9th of November, 1830, and one of the intrigues set in motion to annoy the Duke of Wellington, was, to induce his Majesty to believe that he could not, without risking his personal safety, fulfil his intention. Placards were posted in different parts of the metropolis, professing to set forth the plan of a knot of conspirators to compromise the safety of the Duke and his colleagues; and a silly alarmist, who happened to be the Lord Mayor elect, addressed a letter to Mr. Peel, recommending that his Majesty should refrain from visiting the Guildhall on that occasion. This letter stated, on what authority the public were left to divine, that it was the intention of a set of desperate men to make an attack upon his Grace's person; and it was, therefore, suggested to him that as the city police would not be adequate for his protection, he should come properly guarded. Having consulted with his colleagues, the Duke appears to have considered that as a prevention is at all times better than cure, it would be wiser for him to stay away. Impressed with a belief of the correctness of this rumour, however, and provident of the safety of others, he caused the moat of the tower to be filled with water, and the fortress itself to be put in a state of defence and properly manned. He also directed a cordon of troops to be drawn round the metropolis, the Bank guard to be doubled, and other precautions to be taken, which should defeat any attempt at insurrection. The alarm proved unfounded, but as the King had been deterred from paying his proposed visit to the Guildhall, an opportunity was created of visiting the blame of having advised his Majesty to take this step, upon the Duke and his colleagues, and thereby increasing their unpopularity. To such a height had the blind animosity of the lower orders been excited against the Duke, that his military services to the nation appear to have been altogether forgotten; a feeling of rancorous and ungovernable rage against the anti-reformer overwhelming every other consideration. The repeal of the Test Act, the concession of the claims of the Roman Catholics, and the reform of the criminal law, seem to have been considered as nothing, when compared with the offence of introducing a new police force, and opposing the introduction of a bill for a radical reform





Will

of the House of Commons. In this conjuncture of affairs, the Duke accepted the only alternative which presented itself, and withdrew along with Sir Robert Peel from the government. The accession of Lord Grey, with a *carte blanche* to make as many new peers as the urgency of the case might require, converted the probability of radical reform into certainty. His Lordship having been appointed First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Brougham was elevated to the Lord Chancellorship and the peerage, Lord Melbourne became Home Secretary, and Lord John Russell Paymaster to the Forces. The fate of the question was thus rendered certain. The Marquis of Anglesey was restored to the Vice-Royalty of Ireland, and Lord Hill was continued at the Horse Guards. In addition to their own increased strength, and the close alliance of the Roman Catholic party, who thus availed themselves of the earliest opportunity that presented itself of erecting themselves into the opponents of their illustrious benefactor, the Whigs had formed a close league, offensive and defensive, with the radical reformers, who assisted them most vigorously in doing the out-of-door work of agitation and intimidation. In spite of all these provocations, however, the Duke, although he fell, of course, into the ranks of the opposition, offered no factious hostility to such measures of the government as appeared to him likely to benefit the country. Had he condescended to act vindictively towards its members, their inexperience and rashness would have provided him with abundant means of impeding their movements. So far from availing himself of the temptation, however, he on several occasions came to their rescue, on questions on which they had been deserted by their own friends. On that of the appointment of a committee to revise the arrangement of the Civil List, and separate it from the expenses of the crown, he showed that the revenues of the crown were as much the property of the monarch, as the estate of any landholder was that of its proprietor, and deprecated the peddling reduction which had been proposed of the civil officers of the crown.

In the early part of 1831, the Duke of Wellington was visited by a severe domestic calamity, in the loss by death of his amiable Duchess. The King opened parliament with a reform speech, on the 14th June, and, as if to prove to the

Duke of Wellington that his personal esteem for him had undergone no diminution, presented him on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo with a magnificent sword, decorated with the royal arms, in addition to his own. His Majesty also honoured him with his presence at the Waterloo Banquet that year, sitting there at his right hand.

During the progress through the two Houses of the Reform Bill, the mob everywhere exhibited the most determined hostility to all who declined to take part in the popular movement; and the property of the Duke of Wellington had become once more the object of its attacks. Among other attempts to annoy him, a gang of ruffians, pretending to be poachers, entered his preserves at Strathfieldsaye, and deliberately commenced the extermination of his game; and one of his Grace's gamekeepers was killed in his endeavours to protect his master's property. In London, the mob which formed the tail of the Corporation, when it repaired in procession to present a petition to the Houses of Parliament, resumed their attack upon Apsley House; and had it not been for its iron defences, would in all probability have done irreparable mischief. Having been driven away by the police, aided by the servants of the establishment, they proceeded to the statue of Achilles, in Hyde Park, which they attempted unsuccessfully to injure. With the exception of the houses of the Marquis of Londonderry, the Marquis of Bristol, and of Lord Dudley, no other violence was committed on this occasion. A short time afterwards, Nottingham Castle, the property of the Duke of Newcastle, was burned to the ground by a riotous pro-reform mob.

On the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords, the grossest outrages on property were committed in all parts of the country, and the Birmingham Trades' Union, some 50,000 strong, offered to march to London and place their services at the disposal of the reform party. Night after night, in their passage to and from the house of Lords, the persons of the noblemen who were among the opponents of the bill were outraged in the most disgraceful manner. The Duke of Wellington, however, undismayed by the storm of public indignation, persevered in his opposition to the last, and but for the protection occasionally afforded him by the better classes, might have been seriously injured by

the violence of which he was the object. That the system of action might be complete at all points, a patent of precedence was bestowed upon O'Connell (to the prejudice of a much better lawyer and more respectable man), although he had recently been prosecuted to conviction for sedition. On the re-introduction of the Reform Bill, in 1832, it obtained increased support, and, with the aid of a large number of new Peers pitchforked into the House for the purpose, was carried by a majority of nine.

On the sudden dissolution of the cabinet of Lord Melbourne, 15th of November, 1834, the king again sent for the Duke of Wellington, and requested his advice and assistance in the formation of a new cabinet, when his Grace recommended his Majesty to place Sir Robert Peel at the head of the Treasury. Sir Robert was at that time travelling in Italy; and until his return, the Duke was compelled to discharge the duties of Premier, as well as those of several other offices of the state; but soon after the opening of Parliament, the Whigs resumed office with increased strength, and with the Duke's retirement on this occasion, his ministerial duties ceased altogether.

On the 29th of January, 1834, his Grace was unanimously elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in succession to Lord Grenville, and lost no time in making himself acquainted with the laws and statutes which it had become his duty to administer; nay, is said very lately to have mastered the whole of the voluminous evidence given on the recent investigation into the laws, character, and conduct of the university. He seems to have regarded no appointment, honorary or otherwise, as a sinecure; but at any expense of labour, to have made himself acquainted with all the details which were calculated to aid him in the due administration of its duties. On the resignation of Lord Melbourne in 1839, his Majesty sent for the Duke of Wellington, and at his suggestion, commissioned Sir Robert Peel to form a ministry; but the resignation having been merely a feint, his Lordship resumed office almost immediately, and retained it until 1841, from which date Sir Robert Peel remained in office until the 2nd of July, 1846; when, having carried the great commercial question of free trade, he

once more resigned the reins of government into the hands of Lord John Russell.

On the final resumption of office by Sir Robert Peel in 1841, the Duke lent his hearty support to his government; and in 1843, on the death of Lord Hill, once more accepted the office of General Commanding-in-Chief, which he continued to execute until the day of his death. True to his favourite principle of expediency on occasions on which the great interests of his country were at stake, the Duke finally accepted, and even justified, Sir Robert Peel's Bill for the Abolition of the Corn Laws; and no sooner had the Reform Bill passed into a law, than he observed, that "he not only considered it to be his duty to submit to it, but to endeavour to carry its provisions into execution by every means in his power." During the years which have intervened since 1842, the Duke of Wellington continued to take an active part in nearly all the great questions which came before Parliament. He also devoted much time and attention to the consideration of the best mode of strengthening our coast defences, and seems to have experienced great uneasiness at the supineness which had been exhibited by successive governments in regard to them. To this subject he had frequently directed the attention of the public; and when the Prince de Joinville published a *vade mecum* for the invasion of England, he addressed an elaborate exposition of his views to Sir John Burgoyne, on the state of our national defences. The belief was among his latest impressions, that much remained to be done in the way of strengthening our coasts, ere we should be in a condition to resist a well-devised and vigorously executed attempt to invade our shores. The recent changes in France, the presence in that country of an enormous and well-appointed standing army, and the vigorous efforts which are making to augment its already splendid and serviceable navy, would seem to prove the necessity of making better provision for the defence of our extensive sea-board than has yet been made.

The French revolution of 1848, which drove the Orleans family from the throne and the country, appears to have impressed a comparatively small body of English Chartists

(the dregs of their order) with the notion that they might make a similar experiment in this country with success; and under the tutelage of that crack-brained Irish reformer, Mr. Feargus O'Connor, they endeavoured to persuade the public, through their placards and the press, that they intended to meet 300,000 strong on the 10th of April of that year; thus creating for a time no inconsiderable alarm. True or false, it became indispensable to make provision for the emergency: then it was that the British Commander-in-Chief proved to demonstration that age had in no respect impaired his intellectual energies. Stealthily and unobserved, troops and cannon were stationed at all points of London and the suburbs, where danger seemed likely to arise; and such were the preparations, that had the Chartists persisted in their menaced attempt at insurrection, hardly a man would have escaped. Although the troops under arms were nowhere to be seen, they were known to be at hand in great strength; and so dismayed were the pot-valiant agitators, that it required only the police and the special constables to deal with them, and instead of bringing 300,000 to the field, they could hardly muster ten. Nothing, however, could have been more complete than the military arrangements of the Duke. This completeness was made a matter of reproach by the economists of the House of Commons, but his Grace had put in practice his old maxim, that prevention is better than cure, and that it was better to sacrifice a few thousand pounds in preparations that might prove unnecessary, than incur the risk of a popular outbreak, which might occasion the slaughter of many hundreds of men. Ignominiously defeated in their attempts to fright the isle from its propriety, the Chartists have ever since ceased to excite any alarm. On the occasion in question, indeed, the demonstration was confined almost exclusively to the Socialist Chartists—the very worst samples of the class.

On the 1st of May, 1850, Arthur, Prince of Wales, was born, and the Duke, at the request of her Majesty and Prince Albert, stood sponsor to him; and shortly afterwards occurred the lamentable accident to Sir Robert Peel, which deprived England of the greatest, and we may add one of the honestest statesmen of his age. The eulogium pronounced by the Duke of Wellington on his distinguished friend, will

not readily be forgotten. "In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel (said he), I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw, in the whole course of my life, the smallest reason for suspecting that he ever stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." Great and universal as was the grief of the people of England under this heavy bereavement, there was no one who felt it more deeply than the Duke of Wellington. He had experienced in Sir Robert Peel a zealous and faithful friend, ever willing to co-operate with him in those patriotic objects to which his whole life had been devoted. On the 1st of May, 1851, the Duke assisted at the inauguration of the National Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations, in Hyde Park, on his return from which, he repaired to the palace with an appropriate present for his royal godson; when he arrived, the infant was asleep, but on the return of the Queen from the Crystal Palace, she was no sooner informed of the Duke's visit, than, without waiting to unrobe, she woke him up and placed him in his arms. A beautiful picture by Winterhalter, which has recently been engraved by Cousins, records this touching scene, and will now possess a melancholy interest for the public. The last act of any political importance in the Duke's life occurred on the resignation of Lord John Russell's ministry in 1851. The Queen, at the suggestion of his Grace, sent for the Earl of Derby; but after some consideration he declared his inability to form a ministry at that particular juncture; and at the Duke's suggestion, the Whig Cabinet resumed their seals. They were, however, thrown out shortly afterwards, and were succeeded by Lord Derby and his friends.

The general health of the Duke had, with the exception of a single attack a few years ago, been so good, that notwithstanding his great age and increasing bodily infirmities, no immediate fears were entertained of the loss which the country has since been called upon to sustain. On the 14th September, however, the startling intelligence of his sudden demise reached London from Walmer. He was then in

residence at Walmer, and having dined heartily on venison, had retired to bed in his accustomed health. On the preceding day he had taken his usual exercise in the grounds attached to the castle, and having inspected the stables, had given directions with reference to a journey to Dover, which he had proposed to take on the succeeding day. His appetite was observed to be keener than usual, but not the slightest indication of illness presented itself to those around him.

On Tuesday morning, however, when his valet went to his room to awaken him at his accustomed hour of rising, he found him breathing rather heavily, as was usual with him, and retired. On returning to him in about an hour, his Grace desired him, without mentioning his wish to the family, to send down to Deal for his apothecary, and say that he wished to see him immediately. Mr. Hulke obeyed the summons with all possible expedition. On his arrival, the Duke complained of uneasiness about the chest and stomach. He was then in a state of perfect consciousness, and answered the inquiries of his surgeon collectedly. Some medicine was prescribed; and whilst it was being prepared, his Grace took some tea and toast. Soon after he had left the castle, Mr. Hulke received a second communication, announcing that the Duke was much worse, having had a fit similar to those to which he had been occasionally subject. Mr. Hulke returned immediately to his room, and found him breathing very laboriously, and perfectly insensible. Before Mr. Hulke's arrival, his valet had applied a mustard poultice to his chest,—his master's usual remedy under similar attacks. Dr. M'Arthur arrived soon afterwards, and prescribed a mustard emetic, but it produced no effect. The Duke became very restless, and tried to turn on his left side. Finding, on raising him from an horizontal position, that his breathing was less encumbered, Mr. Hulke placed him in a chair, but was compelled immediately afterwards to remove him to the bed. His pulse rallied for a short time, and then declined; and at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock he breathed his last. So gentle was the transition that it was not until a mirror had been placed before his lips, that it was ascertained that life was extinct. The Duke was attacked in a similar manner on the day of the death of his old friend, Sir Astley Cooper; the fit was supposed in the first instance to

have been epileptic, but has since been pronounced to have been apoplectic. The shock occasioned by the intelligence of the event was most profound; for never did the death of any subject create so universal a feeling of grief before. Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley happened to be in the house, but the attack had overwhelmed the Duke so suddenly, that he lost all consciousness before he could give any directions. Two physicians had been telegraphed from London, but they did not reach Walmer Castle in time to be of any use. The Duke of Wellington expressed his desire, in his will, that his remains should be disposed of as the gracious mistress whom he had served so faithfully should direct; and her Majesty resolved accordingly, that a public funeral, marked by every demonstration of respect which it was possible to display, should be afforded to them. It became necessary, however, to give her Majesty's wishes due significance, by awaiting the authority of Parliament, and that authority was given by acclamation.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

*The Character of the Duke of Wellington as a Soldier and a Civilian.*

OF the Duke of Wellington's character as a soldier, Mr. Maxwell has given the following estimate:

"The intrinsic value of a soldier's character must not be tested by merely what he has done, but by the circumstances under which his exploits have been achieved. What was the opening of Wellington's peninsular career? He debarked with an army not ten thousand strong, to operate against an able general\* commanding five-and-twenty thousand disposable soldiers, and at a period immediately subsequent to disastrous campaigns in which the qualities of British soldiers had been unjustly deprecated, while those of their opponents acquired, by admirable discipline and consequent success, a reputation amounting to invincibility.†

That delusion Wellington's first victories dispelled. Was he then cordially supported by his allies, and liberally sustained by his friends? No; abroad and at home, he was harassed by the suspicions of one party, and paralysed by the misconduct of the other; and, while an object of deadly jealousy to the imbeciles with whom he was obliged to act, whose errors he was forced to remedy, whose madness he was expected to control, the keenest shaft reached him from that country to which he should have looked confidently for support; and in England, while goaded out-of-doors by the rabid outpourings of unwashed demagogues, within the walls of St. Stephen's he was exposed to the baser attacks of dishonest statesmen, who, to attain an unworthy end, would have blasted the hopes of Britain,‡

\* Junot, Duke of Abrantes.

† "He, Napoleon, thus made his troops, not invincible indeed, nature had put a bar to that in the character of the British soldier, but so terrible and sure in war, that the number and greatness of their exploits surpassed those of all other nations; the Romans not excepted, if regard be had to the shortness of the period; nor the Macedonians, if the quality of their opponents be considered."—*Napier*.

‡ "An English commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not

and left Europe at the mercy of a man whose ambition the world could not satisfy. As a great commander, the amount of Wellington's reputation depends upon a simple question:—Was he the first or second of his age? "That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution," says Napier, "neither so rapid nor so original a commander as Napoleon, must be admitted, and being later in the field of glory, it is to be presumed that he learned something of the art from that greatest of all masters; yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation; Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign of Italy, so harassed by the French, as Wellington was by the English, Spanish and Portuguese governments. Their systems of war were, however, alike in principle; their operations being necessarily modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications, without scattering their forces, these were common to both. In defence firm, cool, enduring; in attack fierce and obstinate; daring, when daring was politic; but always operating by the flanks in preference to the front: in these things they were alike; but, in following up a victory, the English general fell short of the French Emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering-ram—down went the wall in ruins. The battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded, and the roaring flood poured onwards, covering all." It has been objected to the Duke of Wellington's character as a great man, that he was constitutionally cold and imperturbable—stern in the exaction of duty—careless in rewarding merit—the end his mighty object—the means a matter of indifference. That charge is unfounded; and had the publication of his extensive correspondence possessed no other value, it would have proved, in a hundred instances, that misfortune obtained his sympathy, and the widow and orphan met frequently in him a warm and an eloquent supporter.

That his firmness approached severity may be imputed risk much, however conscious he may be of personal resources, when disaster will be his ruin at home. His measures must, therefore, be subordinate to this primary consideration."—*Ibid.*

rather to the circumstances under which he acted at the moment, than to any natural harshness of disposition. Had he not possessed the sternest determination, the conflicting elements of which his army was composed could neither have been reduced to order, nor could their discipline have been maintained. To restrain military license, to assure the delinquent that his offences would be punished, examples were necessarily made; and their salutary effects were best evidenced by the fact, that the conduct of the Allied army was as remarkable for peaceable demeanour in cantonments, as it was for its heroism and efficiency in the field. To form a great general, mental and physical qualities are essential; and with both, Wellington was largely gifted. In the vigour of manhood, few were better fitted to endure privations and fatigue. An economist in time, the space allotted for personal indulgence was brief—his hours for repose were limited—his meals were simple and rapidly despatched—and hence, the greater portion of his time was passed in the saddle or bureau: and no hospital or cantonment escaped his visits, nor did a letter or report remain unanswered. In his manner and address the Duke was always frank, and, when he pleased, dignified and graceful. Easy of access, the soldier's complaint was as attentively listened to as the remonstrance of the general. If a favour were required, it was promptly granted, or as decisively refused; and on the merits of a statement, when once a decision was made, influence would be used in vain, and entreaty pass unheeded. In personal simplicity, the Duke's costume was in keeping with his character. He despised everything like parade, and excepting when their services were necessary, dispensed with the attendance of his staff. Nothing could be more striking than the plainness of his appearance in public, when contrasted with the general frippery and parade of his opponents; and the peasantry could scarcely be persuaded that the unpretending personage who courteously listened to their story, or returned a passing salute, was that great captain whom conquest had attended from the Tagus to the Seine.

In estimating the military talents of Napoleon and Wellington—for to compare either with any other commander of the age would be absurd—to the former, a superiority has

been generally conceded for the decision with which he followed up a defeat, and the important consequences which always were attendant on his victories. Both were admitted to have possessed an inimitable skill in handling masses of men, with the same facility that ordinary commanders directed the movements of a brigade. Their combinations were beautiful—their conceptions grand—they were not the laboured efforts of military art, but the outbursts of military genius—formed in a moment—executed as rapidly—changed, should circumstances require, and adapted to meet the emergency that might arise. If Wellington did not push his victories to grand results, let us inquire the causes; and when Napoleon's military *improvisation* is declared unequalled, let us see how far Wellington was behind. The circumstances under which these two great commanders conducted their campaigns, were different; for Napoleon had never Wellington's difficulties to contend with. The former was a free agent. His battles were delivered to clear away obstacles that impeded an advance, while Wellington's were generally received to enable him to maintain a position in the country. Napoleon, when victorious, had always the means in hand to push his success, and secure the fruits of conquest. Wellington's battles were frequently defensive; and the heavy repulses which masterly combinations enabled him to inflict, were unadorned with the trophies which accompany a bold advance; and often, his most brilliant fields were followed by regressive movements, which always follow a defeat and rarely attend on victory. That Wellington possessed within himself the rapid resources and daring confidence which mark a great commander, his conduct when placed in dangerous positions, or at the crisis of a doubtful day, will best establish.\* What operations

\* "And for the Englishman's hardiness and enterprise, bear witness the passage of the Douro at Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajoz, the surprise of the forts at Mirabete, the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of the Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthez, the crowning battle of Toulouse! To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; but to deny him the qualities of a great commander, is to rail against the clear mid-day sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed! How many battles he fought, victorious in all!"—*Napier*.

could be more masterly than his retreat across the Tagus,\* or his advance across the Douro? What act more daring than to hold the height of Guinaldo with two weak divisions, within cannon shot of an army strong enough not merely to defeat, but to annihilate him? Look at the sudden ruin inflicted on Marmont at Salamanca—the seizure of Arinez†—the counter-stroke at Sauroren. Follow the footsteps of the peninsular army from Rolica to Toulouse. Commence his history at Assaye, and close it on the night of Waterloo. Test his military character by his acts—let him then dispute the palm with Napoleon—and who will pronounce him second to any general of the age?

In the prime of manhood, Wellington's appearance indicated both activity and strength. In height he was nearly five feet ten inches; his shoulders were broad, his chest expansive, his arms long; the hand large, but well formed; the wrist unusually bony; the whole frame-work evincing a capability of enduring the extremity of fatigue. The keen, grey eyes were brilliant; and his sight remarkably acute. His face was long, the features striking; the nose aquiline; the brow open and developed; and "the lower portion of the face contradicting, in a singular manner, the stern and almost iron expression of all above the mouth."

The general expression of the Duke's face was cheerful. In probably the most trying moment of his career, when the failure of the attack on the great breach at Badajoz was communicated, he was observed to be "pale, but perfectly collected." In the hour of his triumph, when he had ascertained the extent of his conquest, and found that the laurels of Salamanca were added to his wreath, the admirable historian of his wars thus describes him as he stood—"I saw him late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how well the field was won; he was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm, and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater

\* By the bridge of Orzobispo.

† At Vittoria.

things."\* Eighty-three winters have shed their snows upon his honoured head, and those iron nerves which war and climate could not shake, have felt the hand of Time, and owned its power; but, though the frame has yielded, the mind retains its vigour, and the heart beats firmly as it once did upon the battle-field. Like the oak of that proud ship which bore the flag of Nelson, decay is traced upon the surface, but the core remains intact. True to his country, that voice which turned "the heady fight" to victory, still gives its fearless counsels in the senate; uninfluenced by party predilection, and reckless whether its honest sentiments accord with popular opinion, or provoke the clamour of the crowd. When a century shall have passed away; when beauty fades into kindred dust, statesmen are forgotten, the rottenness of demagogues is exposed, and a new generation wonders only how a past one could be fooled; in the page of England's history *one name* will stand out in bold relief, and one consenting voice pronounce—that the greatest soldier Britain had produced, was Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

Among the many tributes to the memory of the illustrious Wellington there is not one which for truth and eloquence has approached the following sketch of his character from the "Times" newspaper:—

"If aught can lessen the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has just closed leaves no duty incomplete and no honour unbestowed. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to nightfall with renowned actions, animated by unfailing energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and of statesmanship. He rose by a rapid series of achievements which none had surpassed, to a position which no other man in this nation ever enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country and in the life of England can no more be filled. There is none left in the army or the senate to act and speak with like authority. There is none with whom the valour and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet, when we consider the

\* Napier.

fulness of his years and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, "*Satis diu vixisse dicito*," since, being mortal, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on that honoured head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century, became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements. To what a century, to what a country, to what achievements was that life successfully dedicated! For its prodigious duration—for the multiplicity of contemporary changes and events—far outnumbering the course of its days and years—for the invariable and unbroken stream of success which attended it from its commencement to its close, from the first flash of triumphant valour in Indian war to that senatorial wisdom on which the Sovereign and the nation hung for counsel to its latest hour—for the unbending firmness of character which bore alike all labour and all prosperity—and for unalterable attachment to the same objects, the same principles, the same duties, undisturbed by the passions of youth, and unrelaxed by the honours and enjoyments of peace and of age—the life of the Duke of Wellington stands alone in history. In him, at least, posterity will trace a character superior to the highest and most abundant gifts of fortune. If the word "heroism" can be not unfairly applied to him, it is because he remained greater than his own prosperity, and rose above the temptations by which other men of equal genius, but less self-government, have fallen below their destinies. His life has nothing to gain from the language of panegyric, which would compare his military exploits or his civil statesmanship with the prowess of an Alexander or a Cæsar, or with the astonishing career of him who saw his empire overthrown by the British General at Waterloo. They were the offspring of passion and of genius, flung from the volcanic depths of revolutions and of civil war to sweep with meteoric splendour across the earth, and to collapse in dark-

ness before half the work of life was done. Their violence, their ambition, their romantic existence, their reverses, and their crimes, will for ever fascinate the interest of mankind, and constitute the secret of their fame if not of their greatness. To such attractions the life and character of the Duke of Wellington present no analogy. If he rose to scarce inferior renown, it was by none of the passions or the arts which they indulged or employed. Unvanquished in the field, his sword was never drawn for territorial conquest, but for the independence of Europe and the salvation of his country. Raised by the universal gratitude of Europe and of this nation to the highest point of rank and power which a subject of the British monarchy could attain, he wore those dignities and he used that influence within the strictest limits of a subject's duty. No law was ever twisted to his will, no right was ever sacrificed by one hair's breadth for his aggrandizement. There lived not a man, either among his countrymen or his antagonists, who could say that this great Duke had wronged him; for his entire existence was devoted to the cause of legal authority and regulated power. You seek in it in vain for those strokes of audacious enterprise which in other great captains, his rivals in fame, have sometimes won the prize of crowns or turned the fate of nations. But his whole career shines with the steady light of day. It has nothing to conceal; it has nothing to interpret by the flexible organs of history. Everything in it is manly, compact, and clear; shaped to one rule of public duty, animated by one passion—the love of England, and the service of the Crown.

“The Duke of Wellington lived, commanded, and governed in unconscious indifference or disdainful aversion to those common incentives of human action which are derived from the powers of imagination and of sentiment. He held them cheap, both in their weakness and in their strength. The force and weight of his character stooped to no such adventitious influences. He might have kindled more enthusiasm, especially in the early and doubtful days of his peninsular career; but in his successful and triumphant pursuit of glory her name never passed his lips, even in his addresses to his soldiers. His entire nature and character were moulded on reality. He lived to see things as they were. His acute

glance and cool judgment pierced at once through the surface which entangles the imagination or kindles the sympathy of the feelings. Truth, as he loved her, is to be reached by a rougher path and by sterner minds. In war, in politics, and in the common transactions of life, the Duke of Wellington adhered inflexibly to the most precise correctness in word and deed. His temperament abhorred disguises, and despised exaggerations. The fearlessness of his actions was never the result of speculative confidence or foolhardy presumption, but it lay mainly in a just perception of the true relation in which he stood to his antagonists in the field or in the Senate. The greatest exploits of his life, such as the passage of the Douro, followed by the march on Madrid, the battle of Waterloo, and the passing the Catholic Relief Bill, were performed under no circumstances that could inspire enthusiasm. Nothing but the coolness of the player could have won the mighty stakes upon a cast apparently so adverse to his success. Other commanders have attained the highest pitch of glory when they disposed of the colossal resources of empires, and headed armies already flushed with the conquest of the world. The Duke of Wellington found no such encouragement in any part of his career. At no time were the means at his disposal adequate to the ready and certain execution of his designs. His steady progress in the peninsular campaigns went on against the current of fortune, till that current was itself turned by perseverance and resolution. He had a clear and complete perception of the dangers he encountered, but he saw and grasped the latent power which baffled those dangers, and surmounted resistances apparently invincible. That is precisely the highest degree of courage, for it is courage conscious, enlightened, and determined.

"Clearness of discernment, correctness of judgment, and rectitude in action were, without doubt, the principal elements of the Duke's brilliant achievements in war, and of his vast authority in the councils of his country, as well as in the conferences of Europe. They gave to his determinations an originality and vigour akin to that of genius, and sometimes imparted to his language in debate a pith and significance at which more brilliant orators failed to arrive. His mind, equally careless of obstacles and of effect, travelled by the shortest road to its end; and he retained, even in his

latest years, all the precision with which he was wont to handle the subjects that came before him, or had at any time engrossed his attention. This was the secret of that untaught manliness and simplicity of style that pervades the vast collection of his despatches, written as they were amidst the varied cares and emotions of war; and of that lucid and appropriate mode of exposition which never failed to leave a clear impression on the minds of those whom he addressed. Other men have enjoyed, even in this age, more vivid faculties of invention and contrivance, a more extended range of foresight, a more subtle comprehension of the changing laws of society and the world. But the value of these finer perceptions, and of the policy founded upon them, has never been more assured than when it was tried and admitted by the wisdom and patriotism of that venerable mind. His superiority over other men consisted rather in the perfection of those qualities which he pre-eminently possessed, than in the variety or extent of his other faculties.

“These powers, which were unerring when applied to definite and certain facts, sometimes failed in the appreciation of causes which had not hitherto come under their observation. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that the soldier and the statesman of 1815, born and bred in the highest school of Tory politics, should have miscarried in his opinion of those eventful times which followed the accession of William IV., than that the defeated opponent of reform in 1831 should have risen into the patriot senator of 1846 and 1851. Yet the administration of 1828, in which the Duke of Wellington occupied the first and most responsible place, passed the Catholic Emancipation Act, and thereby gave the signal of a rupture in the Tory party, never afterwards entirely healed, and struck the heaviest blow on a system which the growing energies of the nation resented and condemned. Resolute to oppose what he conceived to be popular clamour, no man ever recognised with more fidelity the claims of a free nation to the gradual development of its interests and its rights; nor were his services to the cause of liberty and improvement the less great because they usually consisted in bending the will or disarming the prejudices of their fiercest opponents. Attached by birth, by character, and by opinion to the order

and the cause of the British aristocracy, the Duke of Wellington knew that the true power of that race of nobles lies, in this age of the world, in their inviolable attachment to constitutional principles, and their honest recognition of popular rights. Although his personal resolution and his military experience qualified him better than other men to be the champion of resistance to popular turbulence and sedition, as he showed by his preparations in May 1832, and in April 1848, yet wisdom and forbearance were ever the handmaidens of his courage, and, while most firmly determined to defend, if necessary, the authority of the state, he was the first to set an example of conciliatory sacrifice to the reasonable claims of the nation. He was the Catulus of our senate, after having been our Cæsar in the field; and, if the commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the Roman title of *Parens Patriæ*, that touching honour would have been added to the peerage and the baton of Arthur Wellesley by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people.

“Though singularly free from every trace of cant, his mind was no stranger to the sublime influence of religious truth, and he was assiduous in the observances of the public ritual of the church of England. At times, even in the extreme period of his age, some accident would betray the deep current of feeling which he never ceased to entertain towards all that was chivalrous and benevolent. His charities were unostentatious but extensive, and he bestowed his interest throughout life upon an incredible number of persons and things which claimed his notice and solicited his aid. Every social duty, every solemnity, every ceremony, every merry-making, found him ready to take his part in it. He had a smile for the youngest child, a compliment for the prettiest face, an answer to the readiest tongue, and a lively interest in every incident of life, which it seemed beyond the power of age to chill. When time had somewhat relaxed the sterner mould of his manhood, its effects were chiefly indicated by an unabated taste for the amusements of fashionable society, incongruous at times with the dignity of extreme old age, and the recollections of so virile a career. But it seemed a part of the Duke’s character that everything that presented itself was equally welcome; for he had

become a part of everything, and it was foreign to his nature to stand aloof from any occurrence to which his presence could contribute. He seems never to have felt the flagging spirit or the reluctant step of indolence or *ennui*, or to have recoiled from anything that remained to be done ; and this complete performance of every duty, however small, as long as life remained, was the same quality which had carried him in triumph through his campaigns, and raised him to be one of the chief ministers of England, and an arbiter of the fate of Europe.

“ It has been said that in the most active and illustrious lives there comes at last some inevitable hour of melancholy and of satiety. Upon the Duke of Wellington that hour left no impression, and probably it never shed its influence over him ; for he never rested on his former achievements or his length of days, but marched onwards to the end, still heading the youthful generations which had sprung into life around him, and scarcely less intent on their pursuits than they are themselves. It was a finely balanced mind to have worn so bravely and so well. When men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth, no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington. The actions of his life were extraordinary ; but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman ; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries, we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from amongst us, an inheritor of imperishable fame.”

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### Anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington.

WE have avoided, with very few exceptions, the introduction of anecdotes into the body of our narrative, for

reasons that will be obvious to most of our readers. There is, however, no reason why we should not append a few of those which seem to illustrate the more salient points of his character, and we do so accordingly: "the child," Wordsworth says, "is father to the man," but we find nothing in the Duke of Wellington's boyhood, related on anything like sufficient authority, which appears to confirm, in his instance, the correctness of the theory. He thrashed one or two boys at school, and took care of the pet toad of another absentee. He watched his schoolfellows at their play, and quickly gave intelligence to those engaged in the game if any thing unfair had been attempted. Like most boys, he cut his name on a door at Eton, and was not pleased in after life to find that it had been obliterated. He beat Bobus Smith soundly, and had he met him in after life would no doubt have thrashed him still more thoroughly, for Bobus, though esteemed a wit of his age, was a very great blockhead. We do not credit the story that young Wellesley is said to have palmed upon Lady Dungannon, of his sister's having eloped with her groom; for his love of truth and sense of propriety would assuredly have preserved him from such an escapade; neither do we believe that Lady Mornington, finding her son Arthur troublesome, "dropped him at Douay," and did not see him for two years after the separation; and then, for the first time, at the Haymarket Theatre, when she is said to have exclaimed, "I do believe there is my ugly boy, Arthur." The Countess of Mornington was a lady, and a kind mother, and such an anecdote must consequently be regarded not only as apocryphal, but highly improbable. The anecdotal attempts to connect him with the Plantagenet family and that of Colley Cibber, are equally incredible. He was, indeed, one of the last men in the world to furnish much material for the anecdote-monger. He never aimed at making a point; plain common sense and sterling truth being the leading characteristics of his oratory and of all of his public acts. The following anecdotes are of a more authentic character:

**STATUES, BUSTS, PORTRAITS AND TESTIMONIALS.**—The statues, busts, and portraits of the Duke are very numerous. The best of the various busts and equestrian figures are those of Behnes, Chantrey, Bayly, and Count D'Orsay. The

most successful of his portraits are those of Sir Thomas Lawrence. One of the best likenesses of him in quite his later years, is the engraving from Claudet's daguerreotype, and that from Winterhalter, entitled, "The First of May." The equestrian statue by Marochetti, at Glasgow, is a fine composition, but not very happy as a likeness. The Royal Exchange statue is a good likeness, but the costume detracts much from its *vraisemblance*. The picture of his Grace showing Lady Douro the battle-field of Waterloo, by Sir Edwin Landseer, formed a leading attraction of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy three years ago. The picture by Hilton of the Duke's entry into Madrid, formerly in the collection of George IV., was stolen by an engraver, and has disappeared from the world of art for many years.

Of the colossal trophy erected in Hyde-park, of Achilles watching his armour, it may be sufficient to mention that it is a copy of one of the antiques on the Monte Cavallo. It weighs thirty tons, and cost 10,000*l*. The metal was supplied by cannon captured at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo. For twenty-two years this was the only work of art in honour of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast, Chantrey's bronze equestrian statue, before the new Royal Exchange, being the next. Mr. Wyatt's abortion in the Green Park is said to have cost 30,000*l*., and has achieved the questionable honour of being the worst of all the public monuments that have been erected in his honour. Statues of all kinds are in course of preparation for most of the principal towns of England.

Of Mr. Salter's picture of the Waterloo Banquet, it is needless to speak. As a work of art, it does not rank high; but as a record of the physiognomy of the Waterloo heroes, it is not without interest. The Duke is represented in the act of addressing his guests, one-half of whom, instead of listening to him with respect and attention, are turning their backs upon him, and looking at Mr. Salter, in order to enable him to give becoming prominence to their portraits. The publisher is said to have realized by the print upwards of 20,000*l*. The finest picture in the Waterloo Gallery, illustrative of the exploits of the Duke of Wellington, is Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo."

**THE DUKE'S EARLY THOUGHTFULNESS.**—On the second or third day after he joined his first regiment as ensign, he caused a private soldier to be *weighed*—first in full marching order, arms, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., and afterwards without them. “I wished,” he said, “to have some measure of the power of the individual man compared with the weight he was to carry, and the work he was expected to do.” When I expressed some surprise at such early thoughtfulness, he replied, “Why, I was not so young as not to know that since I had undertaken a profession I had better endeavour to understand it.” He went on to say, “It must always be kept in mind that the power of the greatest armies depends upon what the individual soldier is capable of doing and bearing.”

**GLORY.**—“Some Frenchman has said that ‘the word *duty* is to be found in every page of my despatches, and the word *glory* not once.’ This is meant, I am told, as a reproach; but the foolish fellow does not see that, if mere *glory* had been my *object*, the doing my *duty* must have been the *means*.”

**COMPLIMENT TO BLÜCHER.**—When Blücher, in his hate of France, refused the order of the Holy Ghost, which Louis XVIII. wished to confer, and the Duke tried in vain to persuade him to accept, “If I do,” said the vengeful Prussian, “I will hang the order on me behind.” “And if you do,” observed the Duke, “you will show how much you value it, by hanging it where the enemy will never hit it.”

**OPINION OF WATERLOO.**—Some of the Duke's guests were discussing the circumstances of the battle in his presence. It was not his habit to take an active part in any conversation referring to his own campaigns. But on this occasion the arrival of Blücher, the absence of Grouchy, and other similar topics, together with the antecedent probabilities as to the issue of the great conflict being freely talked of, the Duke suddenly said, “If I had had the army which was broken up at Bordeaux, the battle would not have lasted for four hours.” As the Duke was not given to boast, and his judgment may be relied on, this forms an important comment upon the engagement, about which so many theories and speculations have been offered.

**CORN LAWS.**—When the repeal of the corn laws was pro-

posed, and the ministry of which the Duke was a member had, after resignation, resumed their offices, the Duke presented himself to the House of Lords as a sincere convert to the pending measure. "I decided," said he, "that I, for one, would stand by my right honourable friend. I felt it my duty. I was of opinion that the formation of a government in which her Majesty would have confidence, was of much greater importance than the opinions of any individual on the corn law, or any other law." With this preface his Grace claimed an acquiescence from their lordships "in the principle laid down, that I positively could not refuse to serve my Sovereign when thus called upon."

**AUTHORITY OF THE DUKE.**—The Duke of Wellington held appointments like those of a mediæval noble—like those of a supreme favourite under some Plantagenet or Tudor sovereign. As Commander-in-chief he disposed of the army, as Warden of the Cinque Ports he held what were termed the keys of the kingdom, as Constable of the Tower he governed the only strong place of the metropolis. In those and other functions he would have been controlled, it is true, by the present operation of the constitution; nor is it meant to be intimated that any such offices could now invest an individual with much substantial power over the country at large. But it must be remembered that to these royal appointments the Duke added the realities of modern authority. He was at one time Prime Minister of England, and, in that capacity, the director of the House of Commons; he held so many proxies, that these, combined with his own personal weight, enabled him to lead the House of Peers; and he was always known to possess a greater and more deserved influence with the Sovereign, than any other subject in the land. Rarely, of late, has an administration been formed without his advice, and there actually was a moment when he constituted of himself the whole administration of the kingdom, holding the seals of three Secretaries of State, and five government offices besides. As far as place, position, and influence could confer power, the Duke enjoyed it in a greater degree than any man of modern times, and yet it is perfectly certain that such a contingency as an abuse of this power in his hands was never dreamt of by any Englishman living.

**READING HIS OWN DESPATCHES.**—He sometimes read aloud, commenting upon such works as were interesting to him, and was never seen to lounge about, or to be entirely idle. I have heard that Lord Douro one day found him reading his own early despatches, and that he said, "When in India I thought that I was a very little man; but now I find that I was a very considerable man." What greatness there is even in this simplicity!

**MEDALS AND DECORATIONS.**—The Duke was not in favour of medals or decorations, as he said we had always done our duty without them, and that the feeling throughout the army was, that they would be given (perhaps with few exceptions) to the aides-de-camp and relations of such general officers as were serving. He has also described the difficulty he himself experienced in distributing the orders conferred by the Allied Sovereigns. He asked for the Waterloo medal to commemorate a great period, but was well aware that, issuing them to all, they could not confer honour upon every individual who obtained them. These medals, however, as they become rare in the ranks, give a certain *esprit* to the old soldier, and influence his conduct for his own good towards the end of his service.

**A COMPLIMENT.**—All who know Apsley House must have seen the celebrated statue of Napoleon bearing a Fortune upon a globe in the right hand—a tribute often paid to successful commanders. Lord Bristol, when he first saw the statue in Canova's studio, admired it excessively: his only criticism was, that the globe appeared too small for the figure. Canova, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, addressing an English nobleman, answered this very happily: "Vous pensez bien, milord, que la Grande Bretagne n'y est pas comprise."

**GOOD ADVICE.**—Speaking of the tree under which he was said to have taken up his position at Waterloo, some one mentioned that it had nearly been all cut away, and that the people would soon doubt if it had ever existed. The Duke at once said that he remembered the tree perfectly, and that a Scotch sergeant had come to him to tell him that he had observed it was a mark for the enemy's cannon, begging him to move from it. A lady said, "I hope

you did, sir." He replied, "I really forget, but I know I thought it very good advice."

**SELL OR SAIL.**—An officer of the 46th having obtained leave of absence from his regiment (then stationed at Cape Coast Castle) for six months, at the expiration of that time applied for a renewal of it; but the answer he received was truly laconic and characteristic of the Duke: it consisted of three small words—"Sell or sail."

**HIS CHARITIES.**—A general and very erroneous impression has existed in the public mind that the Duke of Wellington was extremely parsimonious in his contributions to the different benevolent institutions with which London abounds. Such was not the case; but when he gave donations, he always requested that it might not be blazoned before the public; and, that his private benevolence was extensive, we have only to instance the late prosecution of the female Stanley and her male accomplice, who obtained from the Duke above 500*l.* at various periods, extending over seven years. Of the hospitals and charitable institutions he was connected with, we may mention that his Grace was President of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, President of the Royal Maternity Charity, President of the Eastern Dispensary (Great Alie-street), Patron of the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary, Patron of the Royal Society of Musicians, President of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, besides being a liberal though unostentatious supporter of many of the charitable institutions of the metropolis. He was also the oldest Governor of the Charterhouse (excepting the Duke of Buccleuch), a Governor of King's College, a Trustee of the Hunterian Collection, and President of the United Service Institution.

**NEWS OF NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE.**—On the day that intelligence reached Vienna of Napoleon's escape from Elba, it happened that a great diplomatic dinner was given (we believe by Prince Metternich), and, as the guests arrived, all were anxious to detect by the Duke's manner if he had heard the news. His countenance, however, gave no sign, but, waiting patiently till all the company had assembled, he said, "Gentlemen, have you heard of the Emperor's escape?" then approaching Prince Talleyrand, and placing

his hand on his shoulder, he added, "*Quant à moi, Mons. de Talleyrand, je suis soldat du Roi de France,*" thus promptly declaring his resolution, and leading the minds of all to that alliance which proved so successful in its results.

**HIS ESCAPES.**—Wellington's escapes from danger were remarkable. There was rarely an action in which some of his personal attendants were not killed or wounded. At Vittoria he passed unharmed through the fire of the French centre bristling with cannon, for there eighty pieces were in battery. At Sorauren, he wrote a memorandum on the bridge, while the enemy were in actual possession of the village. During the bloody contest that ensued, for a time he sat upon a height within close musket range of the enemy, watching the progress of the battle; and, in the evening, his danger was still more imminent. "He had carried with him," says General Napier, "towards Echallar, half a company of the 43rd as an escort, and placed a sergeant, named Blood, with a party to watch in front, while he examined his maps. The French, who were close at hand, sent a detachment to cut the party off; and such was the nature of the ground, that their troops, rushing on at speed, would infallibly have fallen unawares upon Lord Wellington, if Blood, a young, intelligent man, seeing the danger, had not, with surprising activity, leaping, rather than running down the precipitous rocks he was posted on, given the General notice: and, as it was, the French arrived in time to send a volley of shot after him as he galloped away." It was said of Napoleon that he bore a charmed life; and certainly a special Providence watched over that of Wellington. "God covered his head in battle, and not a hair of it was scathed."

**"MUST NOT BE BEATEN."**—During the battle some regiments were reduced to two-thirds of their original number, but remained immovable notwithstanding, resolved to die to the last man, rather than yield their position and give up the victory. One Scotch division of 400 men was reduced to 40, and asked for a reinforcement. "They may die," replied Wellington, "but they must keep their ground. Nothing but night or Blücher can now give us reinforcements." The division obeyed and stood its ground. The Duke

of Wellington, the Prince of Orange, Lord Hill, Pozzo di Borgo and Alava, a Spanish volunteer general, flew by turns from one regiment to another to animate them, entered the squares, received the charges, and quitted them again after their fire had been delivered, to fly to another, thus setting an example, and imparting resolution to all. "Stand fast! stand to the last man, my lads!" repeated Wellington from square to square; "we must not be beaten: what would they say of us in England?" This was Nelson's word of encouragement at Trafalgar: the eye of England was upon every one of her soldiers.

**A HARD HIT.**—During the period when the Duke was at the head of the government, he visited a place, then of fashionable resort, celebrated for the efficacy of its waters. His Grace's medical attendant, a resident, having learnt his intention of being present at the morning service the following day in a certain church, communicated it to the officiating minister. This announcement of the Duke's arrangement somewhat disconcerted the reverend gentleman—a man universally respected and beloved by all who knew him—because he was then going through a course of sermons on the lessons of the day, and it so happened that the first lesson for that Sunday was the 5th chapter of the 2nd Kings, where the story of the captain of the host of the King of Syria is told, and the kind-hearted Mr. —, whose sermon was already prepared, was fearful that the Duke might think he had selected the subject, as it were, to preach at him. A clerical friend was consulted, who said it would perhaps have been wrong to have purposely chosen the subject, but as it occurred regularly in the course he was giving, and as the sermon was already written, he thought it best to go on with it, in the hope that it might be blessed. On the following morning, when the preacher had given out his text, and read the verse:—"Now Namaan, captain of the host of the King of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance to Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour, but he was a leper;"—the Duke, placing his elbow on the front of the pew, and fixing his eyes on the preacher, appeared to give the utmost attention to the discourse. On coming out of church, some one—we believe it was the Duke of Man-

chester—tapping the Duke of Wellington on the shoulder, said, “Ah! he has hit your Grace, I think.” “He has hit us all,” replied the great captain; “but I happen to know that the subject was not purposely selected, but came in the order of a course of sermons on the lessons of the day,”—for the medical attendant had told him that the minister was engaged on such a course. The Duke was called away before the next Sunday to attend a cabinet council, but he desired the physician to make known to Mr. — the reason of his absence.

THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.—Among the splendid commemorations of the Duke’s military career was the presentation to his Grace of this silver-gilt shield, the subscriptions for which purpose by the merchants and bankers of London exceeded 7000*l*. The design for this successful work was competed for, and Mr. Stothard, R.A., was the successful artist. The subjects were, of course, to be selected from the military life of the victorious General. Stothard had but three weeks to study the history of the wars, to make choice of his subjects, and to execute all his designs. He commenced by making extracts from the despatches of the period, which filled many pages of a manuscript folio volume. “It struck Stothard,” says Mrs. Bray, in her recently published life of the artist, “that the shield of Achilles, executed some years before by Flaxman (in respect to the arrangement of the compartments), would apply with propriety to the work in question. Stothard’s designs for the Wellington shield are rather large drawings, and executed in sepia. They commence with the Battle of Assaye in the East Indies; conduct the gallant Duke through all his brilliant victories in the Peninsular War; and conclude with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent. These subjects are ranged in compartments, within a wreath of oak, twined round the shield. In the centre is the Duke seated on horseback. Victory is placing a laurel crown on the victor’s brow; and Anarchy, with the broken sword; Discord, with the extinguished torch; and Tyranny, with the displaced mask and useless dagger, beneath the warrior’s feet. The wonder of the central group consists in the management of the horses, *within the circle*, without the slightest confusion, or interference with each other: all the

evolutions of the chargers emanating from the centre, in itself a most original conception. Stothard made his own models of the drawings for the chaser, and likewise etched the designs, the same in size as the originals. Whilst the shield was in progress, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington went to Stothard's house to see it. The shield was finished and presented; and Stothard, for his splendid designs and drawings, received his own demand—150 guineas; a very inadequate sum for such a work." The great incidents of the several victories are most picturesquely told in the compartments of the design. Stothard subsequently applied to the Duke, to prevent any other person from executing drawings from the shield; when he was assured by his Grace that no copy should be taken to the artist's detriment, and that Messrs. Green and Ward, who had executed the shield in silver, "should also be desired not to allow any one to copy without his Grace's express permission." "The shield is mine;" emphatically added the Duke.

**WELLINGTON SAVING NAPOLEON'S LIFE.**—The late General V. Müffling, who was the agent of all the communications between the head-quarters of Blücher and the Duke of Wellington during the march of the allies on Paris, after the return of Napoleon from Elba, relates the following circumstances in his Memoirs:—"During the march (after the battle of Waterloo) Blücher had once a chance of taking Napoleon prisoner, which he was very anxious to do; from the French commissioners who were sent to him to propose an armistice, he demanded the delivery of Napoleon to him as the first condition of the negotiations. I was charged by Marshal Blücher to represent to the Duke of Wellington that the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon outlawed, and that he was determined to have him shot the moment he fell into his hands. Yet he wished to know from the Duke what he thought of the matter; for if he (the Duke) had the same intentions, the Marshal was willing to act with him in carrying them into effect. The Duke looked at me rather astonished, and began to dispute the correctness of the Marshal's interpretation of the proclamation of Vienna, which was not at all intended to authorise or incite to the murder of Napoleon; he believed, therefore, that no right to shoot him in case he should be

made prisoner of war could be founded on this document; and he thought the position both of himself and the Marshal towards Napoleon, since the victory had been won, was too high to permit such an act to be committed. I had felt all the force of the Duke's arguments before I delivered the message I had very unwillingly undertaken, and was therefore not inclined to oppose them. 'I therefore,' continued the Duke, 'wish my friend and colleague to see this matter in the light I do: such an act would give our names to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us, they were not worthy to be his conquerors; the more so, as such a deed is useless, and can have no object.' Of these expressions, I only used enough to dissuade Blücher from his intention.'" There are three despatches given by Müffling in the Appendix to his Memoirs, in which the execution of Napoleon is urged on the Duke of Wellington by Blücher; they are signed by Gneisenau, and leave no doubt of the determination to revenge the bloodshed of the war on the cause of it, had he fallen into the hands of the Prussian commander. Blücher's fixed idea was that the Emperor should be executed on the very spot where the Duc d'Enghien was put to death. The last despatch yields an unwilling assent to the Duke of Wellington's remonstrances, and calls his interference "dramatic magnanimity."

**THE DUKE AND SIR W. ALLAN.**—It will, doubtless, be recollected that the Duke became the purchaser of one of the large pictures of Waterloo, painted by Sir William Allan, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. After the picture had become the property of the Duke, the artist was instructed to call at the Horse Guards on a certain day, to receive payment. Punctual to the hour appointed, Sir William met his Grace, who proceeded to count out the price of the picture, when the artist suggested that, to save the time of one whose every hour was devoted to his duty, a cheque might be given on the Duke's bankers. No answer was vouchsafed, however, and Sir William, naturally supposing that his modest hint might not have been heard, repeated it:—"Perhaps your Grace would give me a cheque on your bankers; it would save you the trouble of counting notes." This time the old hero had heard, and whether irritated at

being stopped in the middle of his enumeration, or speaking his real sentiments, we know not, but turning half round, he replied with rather a peculiar expression of voice and countenance: "And do you suppose I would allow Coutts's people to know what a fool I had been?" The Duke might well say so, for the picture was a very indifferent one, considering the enormous price he had given for it.

**THE DUKE'S VISIT TO CAPTAIN SCOORN'S MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.**—The Duke had the simplicity which is almost uniformly the concomitant of genius. Some time ago, a Model of the Battle of Waterloo, which he recommended a lady to see, saying, "It is a very exact model of the battle to my certain knowledge, *for I was there myself.*"

**THOUGHTS AT WATERLOO.**—During the battle the two armies, for a while separated by the heaps of slain, assaulted each other again, hand to hand; amidst the smoke of incessant discharge the *mêlée* was so thick, so confused, and so furious, that neither the eye nor the voice of the generals could any longer discern or command the respective movements. It rained death around Wellington. His surviving companions of the battle, Vincent, Alava, and Hill, thought all was lost; but he alone still continued to hope. "Have you any orders to give?" asked the chief of his staff, with an anxious voice, which seemed to hint at the prudence of a retreat. "None," replied the general. "But you may be killed," said the other, "and your Grace may wish to communicate your thoughts to the next in command." "My thoughts!" replied the Duke; "I have no other than to stand my ground to the last man!"

**GENTLE REPROOF.**—The lately appointed Bishop of Nova Scotia applied to the government of that province to allow the soldiers of the garrison to *present arms* to him, which Sir John Harvey permitted until he heard from the Commander-in-Chief. The old Duke's answer was, "The only attentions the soldiers are to pay the bishop *are to his sermons.*"

**THE DUKE NO FLATTERER OF ROYALTY.**—In 1829, the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clarence, was thought by the straightforward and simple-mannered Premier (Wellington) to have mixed up too much of the popularity-seeking heir-presumptive with the business of his office. There had

been a vast deal of jaunting and cruising about, presenting of colours, preparations of shows on sea and land, which appeared to the Duke of Wellington to be more expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable; and it is believed that the retirement of the Lord High Admiral was caused by a plain expression of the Premier's opinion on this matter. It is said that on a long account for travelling expenses being sent in to the Treasury by the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Wellington endorsed the paper: "*No travelling expenses allowed to the Lord High Admiral.*"

CONTROVERSY AS TO HIS PLACE OF BIRTH SETTLED.—A Mr. Ryan, of Dublin, has suggested a piece of evidence not previously noticed, tending to deprive Dublin of the honour of being the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington. He says:—"A petition was presented towards the close of the year 1790, to the Irish House of Commons, which prayed that the return of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley for the borough of Trim should be deemed null and void, that hon. gentleman not having attained his majority before his election for the borough referred to. Same was, in the usual way, referred to a committee, before which the following testimony was given by a female of the name of Daly (if my memory from reading the report serves), who was produced to negative the averment on which the petition was founded:—"I remember having attended the Countess of Mornington during her accouchement, in March, 1769, and was present in her ladyship's room in Dangan Castle when the Hon. Arthur Wellesley was born; I do not remember the day of the month. He was, therefore, twenty-one years old last March.' This, I fancy, is conclusive on this question; and any one sceptical upon the subject, may satisfy themselves by reference to the report of the minutes of the proceedings of the Trim Election Petition, 1790-91."—See *Parliamentary Reports* (Ireland) for 1790-91.

"PRIVATE AFFAIRS."—The Duke once said that he never knew any army whose officers had so many "private affairs." At the termination of one of the campaigns, when the troops went into cantonments, there was a long list of applications founded on this plea. He ran his eyes over the names until he came to one applicant who asked leave—to get married.

"Oh!" said the Duke, "I can understand what this man means; let him go."

NAPOLEON.—During the day, at Waterloo, the colonel commanding the British artillery observed to the Duke: "I have got the exact range of the spot where Buonaparte and his staff are standing. If your Grace will allow me, I think I can pick some of them off." "No, no," replied he; "generals-in-chief have something else to do in a great battle besides firing at each other."

HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN.—"I'm considered a great favourite with children," said the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Weigall, the artist. "I was at the house of Lord S—— the other day, and there was a fine little fellow there, who had evidently been told that I was coming, and was on the look out for me. He called soldiers 'Rub-a-dubs.' As soon as I went in he came up to me and said, 'You are not a Rub-a-dub at all, for you don't wear a red coat!'" His Grace soon, however, remarked that he was not always fortunate with children. "I was lately in the house of a French marquis; they brought in a little child to see me; I wanted to take it in my arms, but the child seemed to have a great aversion to me, and shrunk from me. So I said to the little thing, 'Pourquoi?' and, clinging to the nurse, it said, '*Il bat tout le monde!*' I suppose she had heard her nurse say so, and thought I should beat *her*."

The Duke was remarkably fond of young children, and kept in a cabinet several half-sovereigns, having a hole drilled through them, through which was passed a blue ribbon; and whenever any of the young nobility visited him, they frequently went away in raptures, having had one of these now precious mementoes placed over their shoulders by the kind old man. Among the last thus honoured were the Ladies Scott, the youthful daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. It is a well-known fact that his Grace frequently carried about his person a number of new shillings, for the purpose of distributing among the juveniles of the more humble classes of society.

STRATHFIELDSAYE.—The Strathfieldsaye estate, worthy of the name and the deeds it is designed to perpetuate, is situated about six and a half miles north-west of the Winch-



*Stratfield Saye*



field station, and about the same distance north-east of the station at Basingstoke; it is three and a half miles east of Silchester. The parish of Strathfieldsaye is partly in the county of Berks. The park is not of very great extent, the average breadth being about a mile, and the length about a mile and a half; but it is rendered pleasant, especially on the eastern side, by a diversity of hill and dale, and some fine trees; and it is also enlivened by the waters of the river Loddon, which, widening through the grounds, are expanded into various sheets of ornamental water, near which the mansion is situated. The term Strath, or Strat, as it is usually pronounced, seems to have been an old term signifying a "stretch" of level ground, with elevations running along the sides. In this sense it is frequently used in Scotland, and some instances of its employment with this meaning may be found in Wales. The addition of "Saye" appears to have been derived from a family of that name who originally possessed the domain, and from which it passed in marriage to that of the Dabridgecourts, who held it from the time of Richard II. to the year 1636.

**WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER.**—About eight in the morning the Duke of Wellington quitted Brussels. About eleven, or a little later, he reached Quatre Bras; whence he closely reconnoitred the enemy's position, and satisfied himself that there was no immediate danger from the side of Frasne. This done, and having left directions with the Prince of Orange as to the points of halt for such corps as might arrive in his absence, he galloped off to communicate in person with Field-Marshal Prince Blücher. The Duke is said to have expressed with characteristic good breeding, yet firmness, his disapproval of Prince Blücher's arrangements. "Every man" (such is the substance of the words which the Duke is said to have spoken) "knows his own people best; but I can only say that, with a British army, I should not occupy this ground as you do." Blücher, however, represented that his countrymen liked to see the enemy before they engaged him, and adhered to the opinion that St. Amand and Ligny were the keys of his position. And the Duke was at once too wise and too much under the influence of a right feeling to press his point. It was the Duke's

desire to co-operate with Prince Blücher actively, rather than passively. He saw that against the latter the main strength of the French army would be carried, and he proposed to advance, as soon as he should have concentrated force enough, upon Frasne and Gosselines, and to fall upon the enemy's rear. But this, which would have been both a practicable and a judicious movement, had his Grace received intimation of the French attack in good time, was now well-nigh impossible. It was idle to expect that Napoleon would delay his onward movement long enough to permit the concentration at Quatre Bras of such a force as would authorise an aggressive operation; and a project admirable in itself was at once abandoned, and an arrangement made that by the Namur road the allies should support one another. It is said that the Duke, as he cantered back to his own ground, turned to a staff-officer deeply in confidence, and said, "Now, mark my words: the Prussians will make a gallant fight; for they are capital troops, and well commanded; but they will be beaten. I defy any army not to be beaten placed as they are, if the force that attacks them be such as I suppose the French under Buonaparte is."

THE DUKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS. — His Grace's position as a legislator was no sinecure. Exactly at five o'clock during the session, he was on his way down Whitehall, either on horseback—for he rode with uncommon ease and grace, notwithstanding his advanced years—or in a carriage of novel construction which he had himself designed, drawn by one horse—a kind of cabriolet on four wheels. In the House of Lords, the Duke did not come in for a lounge or a gossip, as is the custom of many noble lords, but applied himself steadily to the business under discussion. Seated on one of the cross-benches just below the woolsack, or, when the House was not in committee, occupying the chair of the chairman of committees at the table, the Duke gave his entire and conscientious attention to everything that was said on both sides of the House. So strict and unbroken was his determination to hear everything, that people who heard noble lords make prosy and rambling speeches, in which they repeated arguments which had been a dozen times before repeated in the House of Commons, and who

saw the Duke of Wellington still listening with undiminished attention, conceived a theory that the Duke never read the newspapers, and formed his opinion upon public measures only from the evidence, and explanations and arguments which came before him in his legislative capacity. Such a practice is in the strictest conformity with constitutional theory, although little in accordance, perhaps, with the habits of modern statesmen in the ranks of the Peerage. The Duke of Wellington always seemed to us the best dressed man in the House of Lords. Other Peers, although we do not remember one, may have appeared in better fitting garments; but there was a happy suitableness in the colour and fashioning of the Duke's clothes which showed that he exercised the nicest supervision over his tailor, and by no means suffered that functionary to apparel him in the newest modes. His favourite costume was a blue frock coat, white waistcoat, white trousers, and white neckcloth—the latter fastened behind with a large silver buckle. In the winter of 1851-2, the Duke made his appearance in the House of Lords in a short white cloak or cape, which at first excited much attention from its singularity. But, upon examination it was seen to cover the old man's neck and chest in so warm and cosy a manner, and to agree so well with his clear complexion and white hairs, that it seemed one of the most graceful winter garments imaginable. The Duke's style of oratory was no doubt deficient in the higher flights of rhetoric, which he never affected, but it possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of plainness, perspicuity, and energy. He went straight at his mark, and seldom missed the bull's-eye. Latterly there were frequent pauses in his speeches, not arising from want of words or a paucity of ideas, but from a difficulty of articulation and ejaculation. Of late years, the Duke's deafness had so grown upon him that he interchanged very few remarks in the House with his most intimate friends. He became conscious that his interlocutor could not become audible to him without being heard by almost every one in the House, and the Duke did not choose to make a confidant of the Bench of Bishops and the Strangers' gallery. The Duke's temperance was carried to the verge of abstemiousness. His ability to endure fatigue was remarkably shown upon the memorable Corn-law debate

in the House of Lords, when his Grace took his seat upon the Ministerial benches at five o'clock, and did not once leave his place till their lordships divided at five o'clock the next morning. The Duke, upon this occasion, took an affecting leave of their lordships and of public life; but, ever faithful to the call of duty, he not frequently took a part in debate.—*Illustrated London News*.

**EULOGIUM ON MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER.**—"My Lords, I must say that, after giving the fullest consideration to these operations (in Scinde), I have never known an instance of an officer who has shown in a higher degree that he possesses all the qualities and qualifications to enable him to conduct great operations. He has maintained the utmost discretion and prudence in the formation of his plans, the utmost activity in all the preparations to ensure his success, and finally, the utmost zeal, gallantry, and science, in carrying them into execution."—February 12, 1844.

**MONUMENT IN SPAIN.**—It is stated that the monument which is to be erected in the Campo de Gardias, Madrid, in honour of the Duke, will resemble the column of the Dos de Mayo, and that the names of the principal victories gained by the Duke in the Peninsular war will be inscribed on it.

**ACTIVITY OF SIR JOHN WATERS.**—The Duke held Waters in the highest estimation; and whenever any important information during the Peninsular war, as to the movements of the French, was required, the services of the gallant Waters were always appealed to. It was his report of the motions of the French army that led to the battle of Busaco. It was Waters whom the Duke asked, when on the opposite side of the Douro, if he thought he could cross the river, and see how matters stood with the French, then in possession of Oporto. No sooner said than done. Waters got a small boat from a barber, which had been overlooked by the French, worked himself across, and returned with several barges! and, with this small beginning, the Duke, at a lower part of the river, got over a sufficient force to drive the French out of the city. On another occasion it was reported at head-quarters, that Waters was captured, to which the Duke replied, "Waters will join us;

I know him too well. Bring on his baggage." The Duke was right; for, I believe, that same day Waters was seen galloping into camp, bare-headed.

**THE FIRST OF MAY.**—Few among the many valuable and interesting works of art which adorn the State Gallery at Windsor Castle would sooner call forth the admiration of the beholder than "The First of May, 1851." This picture was painted by Winterhalter, at the express command of her Majesty. The circumstances under which it was produced were peculiar. On the memorable 1st of May, 1851, his eighty-second birthday, the Duke of Wellington repaired to Buckingham Palace, after having assisted in the opening of the Crystal Palace, to present a jewelled casket to his royal godson, Prince Arthur, on the first anniversary of his birth. The infant prince was asleep. Her Majesty, returning from Hyde-park at the same moment, without stopping to be divested of the robes of state, hastened to the apartment of the slumbering child, and, flinging only a shawl over him, brought him in her arms to the illustrious visitor, a bunch of lilies of the valley (the German May-flowers) in his tiny hand.

**HIS FAVOURITE CHARGER "COPENHAGEN."**—The following facts relative to this remarkable animal, whose career in war was matchless, if we except that of Napoleon's splendid white charger Marengo, are gathered from a recent number of the "Sporting Magazine." Copenhagen derived his name from the city in which he was foaled, his dam having been taken out there in the expedition of 1807, by the late Field-Marshal Grosvenor. The horse, we are told, was not only thoroughbred, but he was also of distinguished pedigree, being on his father's side a grandson of the celebrated Eclipse, and on his mother's of a well-known horse of his day, John Bull. Copenhagen did not remain long in the hands of General Grosvenor; he sold him to the Marquis of Londonderry, then adjutant-general to the Peninsular army, who sent him, with other horses, to Lisbon, in 1813. While there he was selected and bought with another horse by Colonel Charles Wood, at the price of 400 guineas, for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, with whom he soon became, as he continued, an especial favourite. The writer of the article informs us that

at Vimiera and Waterloo the Duke used no other horse "Vimiera," however, must be obviously a mistake for "Vittoria," the former action having taken place in 1808, long before the horse landed in Portugal, whereas the latter, the greatest battle fought between the two armies throughout the war, was fought in 1813, the year he came over from England. On the memorable day of Waterloo, though the great captain had been on his back for eighteen hours, Copenhagen gave little sign of being beat, for on the Duke patting him on the quarter, as he dismounted after the battle, the game little horse struck out as playfully as if he had only had an hour's ride in the park. For endurance of fatigue, indeed, he was more than usually remarkable; and for the duty he had to fulfil as proportionately valuable. However hard the day, Copenhagen never refused his corn, though he ate it, after a very unusual manner with horses, lying down. For many years Copenhagen was one of the most interesting sights at Strathfieldsaye, on which domain he was pensioned off, and where he at length died at an illustrious old age. The Duke rarely omitted to visit him, and the ladies of the family made him an especial pet. And he deserved this, for "old Copenhagen" had one of the surest and best characteristics of true courage—an extremely good and docile temper. He was, in fact, one of those "noble creatures" who liked being noticed, and who kissed hands and ate his apples with all possible grace. Copenhagen, whose colour was a full rich chestnut, was a small horse, standing scarcely more than fifteen hands high; he possessed, however, great muscular power. His general appearance denoted his Arabian blood, which his enduring qualities served further to identify. Though not much suited from his size for crossing the country, it is stated that the Duke occasionally rode him to the hounds. From this it will be seen that the old horse derived his name from his accidental birth-place, rather than because that name is associated with his great master's first deeds in European warfare. The paddock in which Copenhagen was interred, contains a noble cluster of elms in the centre, and is sheltered on every side. A small circular railing encloses the grave. Old age prostrated him in 1825.

Miss Mitford relates some amusing particulars of Copen-

hagen. "He died," she informs us, "at the age of twenty-seven. He was therefore in his prime on the day of Waterloo, when the Duke rode him for seventeen hours and a half, without dismounting. After his return, the paddock was assigned to him in which he passed the rest of his life in the most perfect comfort that can be imagined; fed twice a day (latterly upon oats broken for him), with a comfortable stable to retire to, and a rich pasture in which to range. The late amiable Duchess used regularly to feed him with bread, and this kindness had given him the habit (especially after her death) of approaching every lady with the most confiding familiarity. He had been a fine animal; but latterly he exhibited an interesting specimen of natural decay, in a state as nearly that of nature as can well be found in a civilised country. He had lost an eye from age, and had become lean and feeble; and in the manner in which he approached even a casual visitor there was much of the demand of sympathy, the appeal to human kindness, which one has so often observed from a very old dog towards his master. Poor Copenhagen, who, when alive, furnished so many bequests from his mane and tail to enthusiastic young ladies, who had his hair set in brooches and rings, was, after being interred with military honours, dug up by some miscreant (never, I believe, discovered) and one of his hoofs cut off, it is presumed for a memorial, although one that would hardly go in the compass of a ring."

THE DUKE'S GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS.—One of the three letters written by the Duke *from the field* was a brief note, which, having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus:—" *I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me.*" What must have been the intensity of feeling which dictated these emphatic words, we leave the reader to imagine. . . . . When the dreadful fight was over, the Duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, gave way, and as he rode amid the groans of the wounded, and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words just quoted from his letter. Again: "My heart," he feelingly writes, "is broken

by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won; the bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public." On the morning after the fight of Waterloo, orders were transmitted to the proper authorities to make the usual specific account of killed and wounded, and forthwith to bring it to the Commander-in-Chief. Dr. Hume, principal medical attendant on his Grace's staff, on preparing the list, hastened to the Duke's tent, and giving the pass-word, was ushered in by the sentinel. His Grace was asleep. The Doctor was aware of the fatigue the Duke's system had undergone, and hesitated to wake him. The order of the Duke, on the other hand, had been issued with more than usual peremptoriness; and the Doctor ventured to give the Duke a shake. In an instant, his Grace, dressed as he was in full regimentals, was sitting on the bedside. "Read," was the significant command. For more than an hour had the Doctor read aloud the harrowing list, and then his voice failed, and his throat choked with emotion. He tried to continue, but could not. Instinctively he raised his eyes to the Duke. Wellington was still sitting, with his hands raised and clasped convulsively before him. Big tears were coursing down his cheeks. In a moment, the Duke was conscious of the Doctor's silence, and recovering himself, looked up and caught his eye. "Read on," was the stern command, and while his physician continued for four hours, the "Iron Duke" sat by the bedside, clasping his hands, and rocking his body to and fro, with emotion. Such was the man his contemporaries charged with want of feeling.

CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD.—His great mental activity has often been a theme of conversation; but there was an illustration of it shortly before his death which is no less interesting on account of its relation than astounding in itself. His Grace was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and in the fulfilment of that office had, during the summer months, waded through all but a few pages of that enormous

Blue-book which embodies, and perhaps entombs, the labours of the recent commission. Death overtook him when near the close of this immense effort of research, for he read every word conscientiously, and indeed it was not his habit to skip anything.

**HIS LITERARY EXECUTOR.**—The late Duke of Wellington's private papers are all ready, and it is said, have been consigned for immediate publication to Lord Mahon, the literary executor of the late Sir Robert Peel. The Duke had none of the squeamishness of his old friend Talleyrand, who prohibited the publication of his memoirs till thirty years after his death, viz., 1868.

**HIS HABITS OF LIFE.**—The Spartan simplicity of his habits was maintained to the last, and the only relaxation which he permitted himself was an occasional extra hour's rest at Walmer. In his eighty-fourth year he was still the same abstemious, active, self-denying man he had ever been, rising early, never latterly tasting wine or spirits, taking regular exercise on foot and on horseback, sleeping on a hard uncurtained couch, and rejecting even the luxury of a downy pillow. A story is told of a highland chief who, finding his son reclining his head on a ball of snow, rebuked the effeminate indulgence by kicking it from under him. The Duke used a pillow, but it was an exceedingly hard one, stuffed with horsehair, and lined with washleather, and he carried it about with him wherever he went. Up to the last his daily toilet was performed without the slightest assistance. It took him from half-past six to nine every morning to dress; but even the operation of shaving he did all himself, and at his age that must have been nearly as difficult a feat as winning a battle in early life. Though in his eighty-fourth year, he still wrote a firm hand, and carried on a large correspondence—curious confirmations of the strength of nerve required to form a great commander.

**BENEVOLENCE.**—The following act speaks at once as to the benevolence of the Duke of Wellington's heart. The son of one of his oldest and best officers in India held a commission in one of the cavalry regiments; he was quartered in the west of Ireland, became a captive to a young and beautiful daughter of Erin, and a marriage was the result. A few years obliged him to sell his commission for

the payment of debts and the support of an increasing family. He tried his hand at teaching fencing, horsemanship, &c., but was not successful. The lady and her children retired to some relatives in Ireland, while the husband sought an interview with the Duke, who, in respect to the memory of the father, procured the son a barrack-master's place in Canada. Arrangements were made for joining a ship going out with troops, and the Duke also procured a passage therein for the wife and children. But the question of outfit and support was a difficult one. His friends advised application to the Duke, and, after a short interview on the subject, the latter stated he would consider what was best to be done, and in two days wrote a letter to the gentleman in these words:—"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington will be happy to arrange for Mr. — proceeding to his appointment, and requests his being at the Horse Guards at three to morrow." Upon this interview the Duke handed him the form of a note of hand for 200*l.* to sign, to be payable out of his pay, and his (the Duke's) solicitor at once effected a life assurance in the Duke's favour, a cheque was handed for the money, and the gentleman, with his wife and children, proceeded on their voyage. Happiness and hope appeared now in the prospective, but the father was never to reach Canada. On the voyage thither he ruptured a blood-vessel and died, leaving his wife a widow, and his little ones orphans. Poverty was before them in a foreign land, and they struggled on for a time. The lady had very properly apprised the Duke of her bereavement, and by the return of post she received a letter of condolence, and also the enclosure of her deceased husband's note of hand, advising her to return. On her arrival in England, his Grace advised her to employ her talents in teaching, and gave her a letter to his solicitor to procure her a house for such purpose. He obtained for her only boy (her other children being girls) an entrance into the Military School, and placed in her hands a cheque of the — Assurance Office, which he stated he had received on her husband's life. The widow and her children now live in comfort and ease at a fashionable watering-place, selected by the Duke himself, and she is patronised by many ladies to whom he recommended the establishment.

THE DUKE'S VISITS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—His Grace paid several visits to the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, during its construction; one of which, on the morning of April 16, was attended with this interesting incident: the Duke was accompanied by his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro, and after walking through the transept, proceeded eastward to the Foreign Department, where he paused to observe one of the exhibitors unpacking various costly articles of gold and silver plate. At the moment of the Duke's approach, was uncovered a pair of silver equestrian statuettes of the Duke himself, and his once formidable rival Napoleon. The great Captain smiled at the association; and to an inquiring look of the exhibitor, quietly nodded assent. The news instantly spread that the Duke of Wellington was within "the French territory," and in a few moments, probably for the first time in his life, the noble and gallant Duke was *surprised* and surrounded by a body of Frenchmen; hats were at once raised to the British hero, who, having returned a military salute, passed on to the next department. We question if there occurred a more suggestive incident within the cosmopolitan Palace of Peace.

The Duke was present at the opening of the Exhibition on May 1. His Grace arrived, with the Marchioness of Douro, at ten o'clock; and the knowledge that it was his birthday perhaps contributed to increase in volume and in warmth the hearty cheering with which he was greeted as he passed to his place near the central area. In the royal procession which formed part of the opening ceremony, the Duke walked with the Marquis of Anglesey, immediately preceding her Majesty's ministers. His Grace and the Marquis attracted much attention, the Duke supporting himself upon his more aged companion, while both seemed highly gratified in their tour of inspection. At the close of the ceremony, the Duke repaired to Buckingham Palace, to present to his royal godson, Prince Arthur, a jewelled casket, this being the infant's birthday.

THE DUKE AS A LANDLORD.—A pleasing trait in the Duke's character is the long period during which a large proportion of his dependents have been connected with or served him, and the unvarying testimony which they bear to

his good and kind qualities as an employer, a landlord, and a master. Exact and punctual in the management of his private affairs, up to the last moment his weekly bills were discharged by him as usual; and this precision, which he carried into everything, made him easily dealt with. Amid the splendour of his public achievements, his conduct as a landed proprietor is apt to be forgotten. Yet was he one of the most liberal and improving landlords in the country. The estate of Strathfieldsaye, which he used to say would have ruined any man but himself, has had more done for it in the shape of permanent improvements—of draining, of chalking, of substantial farm premises, and such like—than perhaps any other single property in the south of England. It was a wretched investment of the public money; but the Duke, true to his usual maxim, did the best he could with it, and the annual income for a long series of years has been regularly laid out upon it. The vast sums he expended in building labourers' cottages show the attention he bestowed on the wants and comforts of the working classes under his control. In fact, his whole property presented the aspect of a kind of model farm, and no defect escaped his vigilant eye. Nearly the whole proceeds of the rental were appropriated in improved cultivation, and in ameliorating the condition of the tenantry. His Grace's portion of the Union did not supply a pauper to the district workhouse. A single instance will suffice to prove his humanity. One of his keepers was killed in an affray with poachers, who were arrested and convicted; he immediately ordered his well-stocked preserves to be thrown open, saying that he would not allow his men to be murdered, and other people transported, for the sake of a parcel of birds and some paltry game. The sufferings of the Irish poor during the famine period engaged his deepest sympathies; and he expressed himself with the utmost warmth and feeling on the subject of the savings-bank failures, considering these deposits of hardly-acquired earnings as a sacred trust, to be repaid, without reference to legal technicalities, on the implied faith of an imperial obligation.

**THE DUKE AS A MUSICAL AMATEUR.**—As a director or patron of the ancient concerts, Sir Henry Bishop, the conductor, states that he never knew any director of that insti-

tution (which, unfortunately, no longer exists), or of any other musical societies with which Sir Henry has been connected, who gave more thorough business-like attention to the whole matter than did the Duke. Whatever he undertook, having undertaken it, he seemed to think that it was his "duty" (and that was the great idea always before him) to carry it out to the fullest extent of his abilities. His correspondence and "programmes," which he corrected and altered with his own hand, are singularly clear and specific in the directions for his night, each of the directors having, in turn, the selection of the music and of the chief singers for the eight concerts. The Duke's night was generally one of the most expensive of the series. The directors laid down rules for their guidance as to the outlay; but the Duke's first remark to Sir Henry Bishop used to be, "I must have a good concert." When Sir Henry gently hinted at times that his Grace was exceeding the prescribed limits, the Duke would reply, "Never mind the expense; I will pay the difference." It is stated that if the amount of excess thus incurred by the Duke had been charged, it would be no inconsiderable sum. The punctuality of his Grace in his attendance was very remarkable. It was customary for each director to give a dinner to his brother directors prior to the concert; at these dinners the conductor was invited. The first time Sir Henry (then Mr. Bishop) dined at Apsley House, on the evening of the concert, he kept looking at his watch after the dinner, anxious not to be over time for the departure to the Hanover-square Rooms. The Duke looked at Sir Henry Bishop, and asked if it were time to go. Sir Henry replied, "There is yet a quarter of an hour to spare." "Very well," rejoined his Grace; "remember, Mr. Bishop, we are under your orders." Sir Henry was conversing with Lord Ellenborough, and the Duke got into earnest conversation with a noble director, when suddenly his Grace broke off, and turned round to the conductor, and said, "It is time." Sir Henry looked at his watch, and found the quarter of an hour had elapsed to a second,—a fact which the Duke was conscious of without reference to a time-piece, and in the midst of talking. In the programme of one of the concerts of 1847, of which the Duke was director, the Earl of Mornington's name appears to the glee, "Here in

cool Grot." The Duke, on seeing the name, said to Sir Henry, "Ah, my worthy father! Could he compose?" "Yes," replied the conductor; "he has composed music which any professor would be proud to claim." "Ah, indeed!" rejoined the Duke; "I am glad to hear it!"

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE DUKE EXPIRED is of moderate size and plainly furnished, but everything neatly and methodically arranged, something like an officer's room in a garrison. On the right-hand side stands an ordinary iron bedstead, with a single horse-hair mattress and a horse-hair pillow covered with leather, which the Duke usually carried with him and used in town. Summer or winter the little camp bedstead was without bed curtains or any paraphernalia. Here the Duke always slept and wrote when at Walmer. Over the bedstead is a small collection of books evidently selected for use. Among them are some of the best English writers of Anne's Augustan age in poetry and prose, recent histories and biographies, some French memoirs, military reports, official publications, and Parliamentary papers. In the centre of the room is a mahogany table, well stained with ink, and covered with papers; and here for some hours every day the Duke sat and wrote. Near this is a more portable one, and contrived so as to be used for writing while in bed. This, with two or three chairs, comprises the whole; and it is sufficiently characteristic of the tastes and habits of the illustrious deceased. The windows look out upon the sea, and the view from the ramparts is very extensive and, it may also be added, magnificent. The prospect is unbroken, north and south, till it touches upon the massive and frowning battlements of Deal and Sandown Castles; directly in front it is only bounded by the French coast; while below stretch the Downs for some miles on either side, and its fleet of merchant vessels bound on their peaceful errands of commerce and enterprise. The unmistakable military character of the Duke is evident in the notices placed by his orders on many of the doors of the castle, "Shut the door;" although it may be added that he never addressed a request to any of his personal attendants without saying, "If you please," do this or that. A still more kindly and considerate memorial of his Grace might be seen upon his table in the shape of a number of small slips

of paper on which were printed, "Avoid, to impose upon others the care of original papers which you wish to preserve." It is well known that the applications to the late Duke for advice and assistance were extremely numerous, and in many cases testimonials and original documents were enclosed by the applicants, which the Duke, after making a memorandum of, invariably returned, accompanied by one of those significant cautionary notices.

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The following aphorisms and opinions have been selected from the despatches, speeches, and correspondence of the Duke of Wellington:—

A great country can never wage a little war.

In military operations, time is everything.

The only mode of avoiding party spirit in the army is for the commanding officer to be of no side excepting that of the public; to employ indiscriminately those who best serve the public, be they what they may, or in whatever service; the consequence will be that the service will go on, all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him; there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifles; and the commanding officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party.

The Duke had many aphoristic rules for his guidance in the common affairs of life. One of his maxims was, that "He who wishes to have any thing done well, must do it himself."

There is an awkwardness in a secret which enables discerning men invariably to find it out; and it may be depended upon that, whenever the public business ought to be kept secret, it always suffers when it is exposed to public view. For this reason, secrecy is always best; and those who have been long trusted with the conduct of public affairs, are in the habit of never making known public business of any description, that it is necessary the public should know. The consequence is, that secrecy becomes

natural to them, and as much a habit as it is to others to talk of public matters; and they have it in their power to keep things secret or not, as they think proper. Remember that what I recommend is far removed from mystery; in fact, I recommend silence upon the public business, upon all occasions, in order to avoid the necessity of mystery upon any.

Without distinction of religion, every man ought to be called upon to do service to the State, wherever he is particularly qualified to do that service.

Having known Malta for a period of nearly twenty years (1839), I really believe that, on the face of the globe, there is not a place of the same extent and population, that possesses one-thousandth part of its riches and resources of all descriptions.

A war carried on by militia, volunteers, and troops of that description, will infallibly be carried on after the manner of civil wars.

LORD MELBOURNE.—I am willing to admit that the noble Viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to her Majesty. I happen to know that it is her Majesty's opinion that the noble Viscount has rendered her Majesty the greatest possible service, in making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the Constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of her Majesty's crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country.—August 24, 1841.

I have passed part of my life in the foreign service of my country; but I most sincerely protest that I never did join with any holy alliance against the liberties of Europe.—July 19, 1833.

If the world were governed by principles, nothing would be more easy than to conduct even the greatest affairs; but, in all circumstances, the duty of a wise man is to choose the lesser of any two difficulties which beset him.—July 13, 1833.

It is our duty in every case to do all that we can to

promote the Protestant religion. It is our duty to do so, not only on account of the political relations between the religion of the Church of England and the Government, but because we believe it to be the purest doctrine and the best system of religion that can be offered to a people.—July 19, 1833.

It has been my lot to live among idolaters — among persons of all creeds and of all religions ; but I never knew yet of a single instance in which public means were not provided, sufficient to teach the people the religion of their country. They might be false religions ; I know but of one true one ; but yet means were never wanting to teach those false religions ; and I hope that we shall not have done with this subject, until we have found sufficient means for teaching the people of England their duty to their Maker, and their duty to one another, founded on their duty to that Maker.

The foundation of all justice is truth ; and the mode of discovering truth has always been to administer an oath, in order that the witness may give his depositions under a high sanction.

County meetings, if properly regulated, are a fair constitutional way of taking the sense of the county ; but this cannot be the case if they are attended by a mob, for the purpose of supporting one side.

I do not admit the right of one country to interfere with the internal affairs of another country, except where the law of necessity or great political interests may render interference absolutely necessary. But I say that non-interference is the rule, and interference the exception.

I am one of those who have, probably, passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war ; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say, there is nothing which destroys property, eats up prosperity by the roots, and demoralizes the character, to the degree that civil war does ; in such a crisis the hand of man is raised against his neighbour, against his brother, and against his father ; servant

betrays master, and the whole scene ends in confusion and devastation.

I am resolved to tell plainly and honestly what I think, quite regardless of the odium I may incur from those whose prejudices my candour and sincerity may offend. I am here to speak the truth, and not to flatter the prejudices and prepossessions of any man. In speaking the truth, I shall utter it in the language that truth itself most naturally suggests. It is upon her native strength—upon her own truth—it is upon her spiritual character, and upon the purity of her doctrines, that the Church of England rests. It is by these means, and not by tests and proscriptions, that Protestantism has been maintained: let her be assured of this.

The great bulk of the Roman Catholics are as much interested as the Protestants of the established Church in maintaining the safety of the established Church.

There is a great deal of difference between casually admitting Dissenters, and permitting them to enter into the Universities as a matter of right. I see no objection to the admission of the few now admitted, who must submit to the regulations and discipline of the University, and of its several colleges; but I do object to the admission of Dissenters into the Universities by right; and my reason for making this exception is, that I am exceedingly desirous that the religion taught there should be the religion of the Church of England: and I confess I should be very apprehensive that, if Dissenters of all denominations were admitted by right, and they were not under the necessity of submitting to the rules and regulations of the several colleges, not only would the religion of the Church of England not be taught, but no kind of religion whatever. I state this on the authority of a report which I have recently received of the proceedings of an institution in this country for the instruction of children of Dissenting clergymen; from which it appears absolutely impossible, for any length of time, to adhere to any creed, or any tenet or doctrine in these seminaries, in which every kind of doctrine is matter of dispute and controversy.

I know nothing about landlords, farmers, or labourers, when I am advocating a legislative question of a public

nature in Parliament. I have nothing to say to them any further than as their interests are identified with those of the community at large.

In all retreats, it must be recollected that they are safe and easy in proportion to the number of attacks made by the retreating corps.

I mistrust the judgment of every man in a case in which his own wishes are concerned. Half the business of the world, particularly that of our country, is done by accommodation, and by the parties understanding each other; but when rights are claimed, they must be resisted, if there are no grounds for them; when appeal must be made to higher powers, there can be no accommodation, and much valuable time is lost in reference which ought to be spent in action.

To write an anonymous letter is the meanest action of which any man can be guilty.

The enthusiasm of the people is very fine, and looks well in print, but I have never known it to produce anything but confusion. In France, what was called enthusiasm, was power and tyranny acting through the medium of popular societies, which have ended by overturning Europe, and in establishing the most powerful and dreadful tyranny that ever existed. In Spain the enthusiasm of the people spent itself in *vivas* and vain boasting. The notion of its existence prevented even the attempt to discipline the armies; and its existence has been alleged, ever since, as the excuse for the rank ignorance of the officers, and the indiscipline and constant misbehaviour of the troops.—*Dispatch*, Dec. 10, 1811.

The numbers of a meeting, that is to say, such an assembly of persons as would create terror in the minds of people living in the neighbourhood, would justify the magistrate in taking measures to disperse it.

I hope that it may never be lost sight of in this country, that the original foundation of the independence of Belgium, as a separate kingdom, was this condition, namely, its perpetual neutrality. That condition I consider to have been the foundation of that transaction, and I hope this will never be forgotten by this country or by Europe.

When a nation is desirous of re-establishing public credit, or, in other words, of inducing individuals to confide their property to its Government, they must begin by acquiring a revenue equal to their fixed expenditure; they must manifest an inclination to be honest, by performing their engagements in respect to their debts.

The theory of all legislation is founded in justice; and if we could be certain that legislative assemblies could on all occasions act according to the principles of justice, there would be no occasion for those checks and guards which we have seen established under the best systems. Unfortunately, however, we have seen that legislative assemblies are swayed by the fears and passions of individuals; when unchecked, they are tyrannical and unjust; nay, more, it unfortunately happens too frequently that the most tyrannical and unjust measures are the most popular. Those measures are particularly popular which deprive rich and powerful individuals of their properties, under the pretence of public advantage; and I tremble for a country in which there is no barrier for the preservation of private property, excepting the justice of a legislative assembly possessing supreme power.

I have passed my life in foreign countries, in different regions of the earth, and I have been only in one country in which the poor man, if sober, prudent, and industrious, is quite certain of acquiring a competence. That country is England. We have proofs that persons in the lowest ranks can acquire, not only a competence, but immense riches. I never heard of such a thing in any other country.

I have served the sovereigns and the public of this country for fifty years, and throughout the whole of that period I have been exposed to evil report and to good report, and I have still continued to serve on through all report, both good and evil, and thus I confess myself to be completely indifferent to the nature of all reports. (1839.)

I have passed a long life, I trust with honour, in the service of her Majesty's predecessors. I served her Majesty's predecessors in diplomatic situations and in councils, as well as in the army, and I believe people cannot accuse me of saying one thing and meaning another.

## A P P E N D I X.

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### THE FUNERAL.

FROM the first announcement of the Duke's death, a universal belief prevailed throughout the country that a public funeral would afford the only fitting mode of expressing the national respect for his memory. In this belief her Majesty and her Government instantly and earnestly participated. As soon as it was ascertained that no obstacle of a personal nature existed to thwart the general wish of the nation, orders were given to prepare for its accomplishment. The funeral itself, however, was postponed, with the view of affording ample time to prepare for its becoming celebration, and of enabling the two Houses of Parliament to take part in the ceremonial. The time which thus elapsed seemed only to deepen the public admiration of the great Duke's career, and to impart a new intensity to the national resolve to bestow every possible mark of reverence on his memory.

In introducing to Parliament a resolution conveying the thanks of the House of Commons to Her Majesty for the directions she had given for the public interment of the remains of the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Disraeli, gave the following able *résumé* of his character and services :

"The House of Commons is called upon to-night to fulfil a sorrowful but a noble duty. It has to recognise, in the face of the country and the civilized world, the loss of the most illustrious of our citizens, and to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a bereaved nation. The princely personage who has left us, was born in an age more fertile of great events than any period of recorded time. Of those vast incidents the most conspicuous were his own deeds, and these were performed with the smallest

means, and in defiance of the greatest obstacles. He was therefore not only a great man, but the greatest man of a great age. (Cheers.) Amid the chaos and conflagration which attended the end of the last century there rose one of those beings who seem born to master mankind. It is not too much to say that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings of the earth fell before his fiery and subtile genius, and at the head of all the power of Europe he denounced destruction to the only land which dared to be free. (Hear, hear.)

"The providential superintendence of this world seems seldom more manifest than in the dispensation which ordained that the French Emperor and Wellesley should be born in the same year; that in the same year they should have embraced the same profession; and that, natives of distant islands, they should both have sought their military education in that illustrious land which each in his turn was destined to subjugate. (Cheers.) During the long struggle for our freedom, our glory, I may say our existence, Wellesley fought and won fifteen pitched battles, all of the highest class, concluding with one of those crowning victories which give a colour and aspect to history. (Cheers.) During this period that can be said of him which can be said of no other captain—that he captured 3,000 cannon from the enemy, and never lost a single gun. (Continued cheering.)

"The greatness of his exploits was only equalled by the difficulties he overcame. He had to encounter at the same time a feeble Government, a factious opposition, and a distrustful people, scandalous allies, and the most powerful enemy in the world. He gained victories with starving troops, and carried on sieges without tools (cheers); and, as if to complete the fatality which in this sense always awaited him, when he had succeeded in creating an army worthy of Roman legions and of himself, this invincible host was broken up on the eve of the greatest conjuncture of his life, and he entered the field of Waterloo with raw levies and discomfited allies. (Cheers.) But the star of Wellesley never paled. He has been called fortunate, for Fortune is a divinity that ever favours those who are alike sagacious and intrepid, inventive and patient. (Hear, hear.) It was his character that created his career. (Cheers.) This alike achieved his

exploits and guarded him from vicissitudes. It was his sublime self-control that regulated his lofty fate. (Loud cheers.)

"It has been the fashion of late years to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace have hardly qualified us to be aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which are necessary for the formation of a great general. It is not enough to say that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in managing mankind; that he must be able to perform the highest duties of a Minister of State, and sink to the humblest offices of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge, and he must do all these things at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances. (Hear, hear.) At the same moment he must think of the eve and the morrow,—of his flanks and of his reserve; he must carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements, which are perpetually changing, he must combine amid overwhelming cold or overpowering heat; sometimes amid famine, often amid the thunder of artillery. (Hear, hear.) Behind all this, too, is the ever-present image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to receive him with cypress or with laurel. (Hear, hear.)

"But all these conflicting ideas must be driven from the mind of the military leader; for he must think—and not only think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning, for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the finest combination, and on a moment more or less depends glory or shame. (Cheers.) Doubtless all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as we see every day of our lives ordinary men making successful Ministers of State, successful speakers, successful authors. But to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to think deeply and clearly in the recess of a cabin is a fine intellectual demonstration, but to think with equal depth and equal clearness amid bullets is the most complete exercise of the human faculties.

"Although the military career of the Duke of Wellington fills so large a space in history, it was only a comparatively small section of his prolonged and illustrious life. Only

eight years elapsed from Vimiera to Waterloo, and from the date of his first commission to the last cannon shot on the field of battle scarcely twenty years can be counted. (Hear.) After all his triumphs, he was destined for another career, and, if not in the prime, certainly in the perfection of manhood, he commenced a civil career scarcely less eminent than those military achievements which will live for ever in history. (Hear, hear.) Thrice was he the ambassador of his Sovereign to those great historic Congresses that settled the affairs of Europe; twice was he Secretary of State; twice was he Commander-in-Chief; and once he was Prime Minister of England. His labours for his country lasted to the end. (Hear, hear.) A few months ago he favoured the present advisers of the Crown with his thoughts on the Burmese war, expressed in a State paper characterized by all his sagacity and experience; and he died the active chieftain of that famous army to which he has left the tradition of his glory. (Cheers.)

"There was one passage in the life of the Duke of Wellington which should hardly be passed unnoticed on such an occasion, and in such a scene, as this. It is our pride that he was one of ourselves; it is our pride that Sir Arthur Wellesley sat upon these benches. Tested by the ambition and the success of ordinary men, his career here, though brief, was distinguished. He entered royal councils and held a high ministerial post. But his House-of-Commons-success must not be measured by his seat at the Privy Council and his Irish Secretaryship. He achieved a success here which the greatest ministers and the most brilliant orators can never hope to rival. That was a parliamentary success unequalled, when he rose in his seat to receive the thanks of Mr. Speaker for a glorious victory; or, later still, when he appeared at the bar of this House and received, sir, from one of your predecessors, in memorable language, the thanks of a grateful country for accumulated triumphs. (Hear, hear.)

"There is one consolation which all Englishmen must feel under this bereavement. It is, that they were so well and so completely acquainted with this great man. Never did a person of such mark live so long, and so much in the public eye. I would be bound to say that there is not a gentleman

in this House who has not seen him ; many there are who have conversed with him ; some there are who have touched his hand. His countenance, his form, his manner, his voice, are impressed on every memory and sound almost in every ear. In the golden saloon, and in the busy market-place, he might be alike observed. The rising generation will often recall his words of kindness, and the people followed him in the streets with a lingering gaze of reverent admiration. (Hear, hear.) Who, indeed, can ever forget that classic and venerable head, white with time, and radiant, as it were, with glory ?—

“ — *Stillichonis apex, et cognita fulsit  
Canities.*”

To complete all, that we might have a perfect idea of this sovereign master of duty in all his manifold offices, he himself gave us a collection of administrative and military literature which no age and no country can rival ; and, fortunate in all things, Wellesley found in his lifetime an historian whose immortal page already ranks with the classics of that land which Wellesley saved. (Cheers.)

“ The Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy—greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say his conduct revived the sense of duty in England. I would not say that of our country. But that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that among all orders of Englishmen, from those with the highest responsibilities of our society, to those who perform the humblest duties, I dare say there is not a man who in his toil and his perplexity has not sometimes thought of the Duke, and found in his example support and solace. (Hear, hear.)

“ Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties—it was not till he died that we felt what a space he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease. (Hear.) In an age whose boast of intellectual equality flatters all

our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the greatest of men; in an age of utility, the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe, and no representative for their sorrow, but the solemnity of a pageant; and we—we who have met here for such different purposes—to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce—the spectacle of a senate mourning a hero! (Cheers.)”

The right honourable gentleman concluded by moving an address.

The motion was of course agreed to unanimously.

After lying in state from Friday the 12th until Wednesday the 17th of November, in Chelsea Hospital, where millions of people were spectators at the hazard of their lives, the remains of the Duke of Wellington were removed in the evening of the last-mentioned day to the Horse Guards, preparatory to their final deposit on the following morning; St. Paul's Cathedral having been decided upon as the place of his interment, and fitted up for the occasion with a splendour of solemnity of which we have no previous example. At a quarter before eight, seventeen minute guns having been fired, the coffin and car were withdrawn from the tent under which they had been deposited at the Horse Guards, and the troops, after presenting arms, fell into the procession. The command of the troops selected for the occasion was conferred by her Majesty on His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, whose staff was composed of the following officers:—Colonel the Earl of Cardigan and Colonel Lord de Ros (who performed the duties of the Adjutant and Quartermaster General's departments); Lieutenant-Colonel Lord William Paulet, unattached; Lieutenant-Colonel Lord George Paget, 4th Light Dragoons; Lieutenant-Colonel Tyrwhitt, Scots Fusileer Guards; and Captain his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Grenadier Guards, (who acted as aides-de-camp). The military force appointed to attend the corpse consisted of seventeen pieces of artillery, eight squadrons of cavalry, and six battalions of infantry.

The following was the order of procession :—

INFANTRY—Six Battalions.

Band of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Major-Gen. Fane . . . . .	{	2d Battalion Rifle Brigade.
		Band of the 1st Battalion Royal Marines—
		Chatham Division.
		1st Battalion Royal Marines .
		Band of Her Majesty's 33d Regiment.
		Her Majesty's 33d Regiment.

Bands of the Scots Fusilier and Coldstream Guards.

Major-Gen. Shaw . . . . .	{	Battalion Fusilier Guards.
		Battalion Coldstream Guards.
		1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Band of the Royal Artillery.

ARTILLERY—Nine Guns of the Field Batteries.

Band of Her Majesty's 17th Lancers.

CAVALRY—Five Squadrons, viz. :—

	{	17th Lancers.
		Band of Her Majesty's 13th Light Dragoons.
		13th Light Dragoons.
Major-Gen. Jackson . . .	{	Band of Her Majesty's 8th Hussars.
		8th Hussars.
		Band of Her Majesty's Scots Greys.
		Scots Greys.
		6th Dragoon Guards.

Eight Guns of the Horse Artillery.

The Seventeen Pieces commanded by Col. Whinyates, C.B.

Band of the 1st Life Guards.

Major-Gen.	{	Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blues).
The Hon. H. Cavendish.		2nd Life Guards.
		1st Life Guards.
		Marshalsmen on Foot.

Messenger of the College of Arms on Foot.

Eight Conductors with Staves on Foot.

Chelsea Pensioners, in number eighty-three, on Foot.

[Fell in at Charing-cross.]

Twelve Enrolled Pensioners on Foot.

One Soldier from every Regiment in Her Majesty's Service.

Three Soldiers of Artillery and three Soldiers of Infantry of the East India Company's Army, representing the Artillery and Infantry of the Three Presidencies.

Thirteen Trumpets and one Kettle Drum.

Two Pursuivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

Henry Murray Lane, Esq., Blue Mantle.

George William Collen, Esq., Portcullis.

### THE STANDARD OR PENNON,

Borne by Major-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., G.C.B., (carried in the street by Lieut.-Colonel Garcock, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback).

Servants of the deceased in a Mourning Coach.

Lieutenant of the Tower in a Carriage.  
Major-General Sir George Bowles, K.C.B.

### DEPUTATIONS FROM PUBLIC BODIES IN CARRIAGES.

Merchant Tailors' Company, in One Carriage.

Charles Rickards, Esq., Master.	} Wardens.
John Thompson, Esq.	
John Norman, Esq.	
John Ewart, Esq.	

East India Company, in One Carriage.

Sir James Weir Hogg, M.P., Chairman.  
Russell Ellice, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.  
William Wigram, Esq., Senior Director.  
James Cosmo Melvill, Esq., Secretary.

Corporation of the Trinity House, in One Carriage.

Captain John Shepherd, Deputy-Master.  
Captain Wells.  
Captain Ellerby.  
Captain Probyn.

The Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of Dover Castle, in One Carriage.

Robert H. Jenkinson, Esq.  
Henry Stuart, Esq.

Captains of Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown Castles, in One Carriage.

Board of Ordnance and Ordnance Department, in One Carriage.

Delegation from the University of Oxford, in Two Carriages.

Deputation from the Common Council of the City of London,  
in three Carriages,

including the Right Hon. Thomas Challis, Lord Mayor, with the Recorder and Sword Bearer.

[Fell in here after the preceding part of the Procession had passed through Temple Bar.]

Two Pursuivants of Arms.

Edward Stephen Dendy, Esq., Rouge Dragon.  
William Courthope, Esq., Rouge Croix.

Band of Her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards.

## THE GUIDON,

Borne by General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B. (carried in the street by Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Cunynghame, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.)

Comptroller of the late Duke's Household, in a Mourning Coach,  
Mr. Collins.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Physicians to the deceased, Dr. M'Arthur and Dr. Williams.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Chaplain of the Tower, Rev. H. Melvill ;  
The Chaplain of the Forces in the London District, Rev. Prof. Browne ;  
The Chaplain-General of the Forces, Rev. G. R. Gleig.

A Carriage, conveying  
The High Sheriff of the County of Southampton.

The Sheriffs of London, in Two Carriages,  
Alderman Carter.  
A. A. Croll, Esq.

The Aldermen and Recorder of London ; a Deputation consisting  
of Four Carriages  
[Fell in here after the preceding part of the Procession had passed  
through Temple Bar.]

In the first Carriage, the Recorder and two of the Junior Aldermen.

In the second Carriage, Alderman Sidney, Alderman Moon,  
Alderman Hunter, and Sir John Musgrove, Bart.

In the third Carriage, Alderman Finnis, Alderman Sir James Duke,  
Bart., M.P., Alderman Sir William Magnay, Bart.,  
and Alderman Wilson.

In the fourth Carriage, Alderman Thompson, M.P., Alderman Humphrey,  
Alderman Farebrother, and Alderman Hooper.

A Carriage, conveying  
Colonel Airey, C.B., Military Secretary.  
Companions of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four,  
in one Carriage, viz. :—  
General Sir Loftus Otway,  
Vice-Admiral the Hon. Jocelyn Percy,  
Lieut.-General William Sandwith,  
Sir Joshua Rowe.

[Members of the House of Commons were seated in the Cathedral.]  
Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four,  
in One Carriage, viz. :—  
Lieut.-General Earl Cathcart,  
Admiral Sir John West,  
Lieut.-General Sir Hopetoun Stratford Scott,  
Sir S. George Bonham.

Knights Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four,  
in One Carriage, viz.:—

Lieut.-General Right Hon. Sir Edward Blakeney,  
Admiral of the Fleet, Sir George Cockburn, Bart.  
Lieut.-General Sir George Pollock,  
Viscount Palmerston ;

Being one of each Class from the Army, one from the Navy, one from  
the East India Company's Service, and one from the Civil Service.

Heralds in a Mourning Coach,  
George Harrison, Esq., Windsor.  
Matthew C. Gibbon, Esq., Richmond.  
Band of Her Majesty's 2d Life Guards.

### BANNER OF WELLESLEY,

Borne by Lieut.-General Lord Saltoun, K.T., K.C.B.  
(Carried in the Street by Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Wood, C.B., supported  
by two Captains in the Army on Horseback).

A Mourning Carriage and Four, conveying  
Lord Cranworth, Sir Lewis Knight Bruce, Lords Justices of Appeal.

A Carriage, conveying  
Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

A Carriage, conveying  
Sir John Jervis, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

A Carriage, conveying  
Sir John Romilly, Master of the Rolls.

A Carriage, conveying  
Lord Campbell, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

A Carriage, conveying  
The Right Hon. R. Christopher, M.P., Chancellor of the Duchy of  
Lancaster.

A Carriage, conveying  
The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A Carriage, conveying  
Lord Colchester, Paymaster-General of the Forces.

A Carriage, conveying  
The Right Hon. W. Beresford, M.P., Secretary-at-War.

A Carriage, conveying  
The Right Hon. George Banks, M.P., Judge Advocate-General.

A Carriage, conveying  
Lord Raglan, Master-General of the Ordnance.

A Carriage, conveying  
The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., First Lord Commissioner of  
the Admiralty.

A Carriage, conveying

The Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, M.P., and the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, M.P., the Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments.

A Carriage, conveying

The Right Hon. J. S. Lefevre, Speaker, representing the House of Commons.

A Carriage, conveying

The Earl of Malmesbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

A Carriage, conveying

The Earl of Derby, First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury.

A Carriage, conveying

The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England.

A Carriage, conveying

Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Lord Great Chamberlain.

A Carriage, conveying

The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., Lord Privy Seal.

A Carriage, conveying

The Earl of Lonsdale, Lord President of the Council.

A Carriage, conveying

The Most Rev. Dr. Musgrave, Lord Archbishop of York.

A Carriage, conveying

The Attendants of the Lord Chancellor.

A Carriage, conveying

Lord St. Leonards, Lord High Chancellor,  
Representing the House of Lords.

A Carriage, conveying

The Most Rev. Dr. Sumner, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lieutenant-Colonel Enoch, Assistant Quarter-Master-General.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. Sullivan, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The Marquis of Worcester, Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased,

The Earl of March, Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.

Deputy Quarter-Master-General.

Colonel G. A. Wetherall, Deputy Adjutant-General.

Colonel G. Freeth, Quarter-Master-General.

Major-General G. Brown, Adjutant-General.

A Carriage of His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, drawn by Six Horses,  
with the

Gentleman Usher, the Equerry and Groom of the Bedchamber to  
His Royal Highness.

A Carriage, drawn by Six Horses, with the Private Secretary, Treasurer,  
and Lord of the Bedchamber to His Royal Highness,

Colonel the Hon. C. Grey, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. B. Phipps,  
Lord George Lennox.

**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,**

in a Carriage drawn by Six Horses,  
attended by

The Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, and  
The Groom of the Stole to His Royal Highness,  
The Marquis of Exeter, K.G., and the Marquis of Abercorn, K.G.  
Field Officer in Brigade Waiting.  
Sergeant Trumpeter.

Heralds.

Albert William Woods, Esq., Lancaster;  
Walter Aston Blount, Esq., Chester.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
Robert Laurie, Esq., Norroy King-at-Arms.  
Band of the Royal Horse Guards.

**THE GREAT BANNER,**

Borne by Lieutenant-General Sir James Macdonnell, K.C.B.,  
Carried in the street by Colonel Chatterton, K.H., supported by two  
Lieutenant-Colonels on Horseback.

[Here, on reaching the Cathedral, the Dignitaries of the Church,  
meeting the Body at the West Door, fell in.]

**BATONS.**

OF SPAIN—Borne by Major-General the Duke of Osuna, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Lieutenant-Colonel Don Gabriel de Torres and Colonel Don Augustine Calvet y Lara.

OF RUSSIA—Borne by General Prince Gortchakoff, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Major-General Count Benkendorff, and Lieutenant-Colonel Tchernitzky.

OF PRUSSIA—Borne by General the Count de Nostitz, in a Mourning Coach, supported by General De Scharnhorst and Lieutenant-General De Massow.

OF PORTUGAL—Borne by Marshal the Duke of Terceira, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Lieutenant-General the Count De Villa Real and Major Don Manuel de Souza-Continho.

OF THE NETHERLANDS — Borne by Lieutenant-General the Baron D'Omphal, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Captain Gevers and Captain W. F. Tindal.

OF HANOVER—Borne by General Sir Hugh Halkett, C.B., in a Mourning Coach, supported by Colonels Poten and Marenholtz.

OF ENGLAND—Borne on a Black Velvet Cushion, in a Mourning Coach,  
by the Marquis of Anglesea, K.G.,  
supported by  
Colonel the Duke of Richmond, K.G., and Major-General the  
Duke of Cleveland, K.G.

The Coronet of the Deceased,  
 Borne on a Black Velvet Cushion, in a Mourning Coach, by  
 Gentleman James Pulman, Esq., Gentleman  
 Usher. Clarenceux King-of-Arms; Usher.

Supported by  
 J. H. Pulman, Esq., and Shaw Lefevre, Esq.

The Pall Bearers, Eight General Officers, in two Mourning Coaches :

General Viscount Combermere, G.C.B.  
 General Marquis of Londonderry, G.C.B.  
 General Sir Peregrine Maitland, G.C.B.  
 General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B.  
 Lieut.-General Lord Seaton, G.C.B.  
 Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Woodford, G.C.B.  
 Lieut.-General Viscount Gough, G.C.B.  
 Lieut.-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.

Band of the Grenadier Guards.

Five Banners borne by  
 Officers in the Army  
 on Horseback.

# THE BODY,

upon a

Funeral Car drawn by Twelve Horses,

Decorated with Trophies and

Heraldic Achievements.

Five Banners borne by  
 Officers in the Army  
 on Horseback.

Garter, Principal King-of-Arms,  
 Sir Charles Young,  
 in a Mourning Coach ;  
 Gentleman supported by Gentleman  
 Usher. J. J. Young, Esq. and C. W. Young, Esq.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
**THE CHIEF MOURNER,**

The Duke of Wellington,  
 In a long Mourning Cloak,  
 Supported by  
 The Hon. William Wellesley, Train-bearer,  
 Lord Charles Wellesley,  
 Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Marquis of Salisbury,  
The Marquis of Tweeddale,  
Supporters.

The Earl of Mornington.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Earl Cadogan,  
The Earl of Gifford,  
Lord Arthur Hay,  
Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. G. L. Damer.  
Assistants.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
Lieut.-General Sir Robert Harvey,  
Samuel Bignold, Esq., Assistants  
Viscount Wellesley,  
Colonel Charles Bagot.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Lord Raglan,  
Hon. Richard Fitzroy Somerset,  
The Earl of Westmoreland,  
Lord Burghersh.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Hon. Julian Fane,  
The Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell,  
Rev. G. D. St. Quentin,  
Viscount Chelsea, M.P.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
Colonel the Hon. A. Liddell,  
Lord Cowley,  
Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P.,  
Culling Smith, Esq.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Marquis of Worcester,  
Rev. Dr. Henry Wellesley,  
Richard Wellesley, Esq.,  
Lord Hatherton.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Hon. and Rev. Dean of St. Patrick's,  
The Earl of Longford,  
Major the Hon. R. Pakenham,  
Captain the Hon. Thomas Pakenham.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
The Hon. Fenton John Evans Freke,  
Lord Burghley, M.P.,  
Sir Edmund Hayes, Bart., M.P.,  
Captain E. Pakenham.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
 Rev. Arthur Pakenham.  
 Captain Thos. Pakenham.  
 Thomas Thistlethwayte, Esq.,  
 Thomas Conolly, Esq., M.P.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
 The Rev. W. Foster,  
 J. Stewart, Esq.,  
 Algernon Greville, Esq.,  
 The Earl of Ellenborough.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
 Viscount Mahon, Literary Executor to the Deceased,  
 Lord Colchester,  
 Lieut.-General Lord Downes,  
 Hon. R. Clive, M.P.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
 Major-General the Right Hon. George Anson,  
 Major-General Arbuthnot,  
 Henry Arbuthnot, Esq.,  
 John Parkinson, Esq.

A Mourning Coach, conveying  
 William Booth, Esq.,  
 Philip Hardwick, Esq.,  
 John Hamilton, Esq.

The late Duke's Horse, led by the Groom to the Deceased.  
 Private Carriages of the Deceased and of the Chief Mourner.

Band of the Royal Marines—Woolwich Division.  
 Officers and Men from every Regiment in the Service; consisting of  
 one Captain, a Subaltern, a Sergeant, a Corporal, and five  
 Men, from every Regiment.

Band of Her Majesty's 93rd Highlanders.

Carriages of Her Majesty the Queen.

Two Carriages, representing Her Majesty's Suite.

Carriage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

Carriage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

Carriage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge.

Other Private Carriages.

Troops to close the Procession.

From the Horse Guards the procession moved along  
 St. James's Park, up Constitution Hill, through the  
 Triumphal Arch, then along Piccadilly, St. James's Street,  
 Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, the Strand, Fleet Street, and

Ludgate Hill, to St. Paul's. At Temple Bar it was joined by the Civic Authorities in their carriages of state, and now extended nearly two miles in length.

Every available spot on the line was crowded with spectators who, notwithstanding the unpropitious aspect of the weather, had for the most part taken possession of their seats long before break of day.

On the arrival of the procession at St. Paul's Cathedral the ceremonial was conducted in accordance with the official programme. The Marshalmen and conductors divided and ranged themselves on each side at the foot of the steps without the great west door: the Chelsea and enrolled Pensioners, together with one soldier from every regiment in Her Majesty's service, the Royal Marines, and six soldiers of the East India Company's armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay (two officers from every regiment having been previously provided with seats in the nave behind the place assigned to the soldiers), proceeded into the nave, and filed off right and left; the rest of the procession, having alighted, moved forward in order to the west door of the church, on entering which they proceeded up the nave. The officers of arms, the officers bearing the banners with their supporters, and the officers of the late Duke's household, took their places in the area.

The deputations and delegations from public bodies, the officers of the Tower of London and of the castles of Dover, Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown, the Barons and Officers of the Cinque Ports, the Physicians of the deceased, Chaplains, and the High Sheriff of the county of Southampton, were conducted to their seats. The Common Council, Sheriffs, Recorder, Aldermen, and Lord Mayor, proceeded to their own seats. The Military Secretary, Companions, Knights Commanders, and Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath, representing the Order of the Bath; the Lords Justices, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief Baron and the Lords Chief Justices, the other official personages, Ministers, and great Officers of State, were conducted to the seats appropriated to them respectively.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert was seated in a chair on the right hand of the Chief Mourner; the suite of his Royal Highness took their places near him. His Royal

Highness the Duke of Cambridge near his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The body, when taken from the car, was received by the Bishop, Dean, Canons, and Prebendaries, attended by the Minor Canons and Choir, and borne into the church, attended and supported as follows:—

The Spurs borne by York Herald.  
The Helmet and Crest borne by Richmond Herald.  
The Sword and Target borne by Lancaster Herald.  
The Surcoat borne by Chester Herald.

### FOREIGN BATONS.

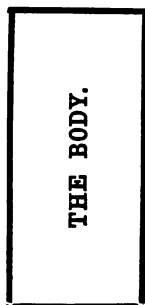
The Baton of the Deceased, as Field Marshal, borne by the Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., and supported as before.

Gentleman  
Usher.

The Coronet and Cushion  
borne by Clarenceux King-of-Arms.

Gentleman  
Usher.

Five General Officers bearing Banners, and  
Four General Officers, Supporters of the Pall.  
Major-General Lord Sandys.  
Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Stovin, K.C.B.  
Lieut.-General Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B.  
Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Clifford, K.C.B.  
Lieut.-Gen. Sir. Thos. McMahon, Bart., K.C.B.



THE BODY.

Five General Officers, bearing Banners.  
Four General Officers, Supporters of the Pall.  
Lieut.-General Sir W. Napier, K.C.B.  
Lieut.-General Sir George Scovell, K.C.B.  
Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Cotton, G.C.B.  
Lieut.-General Lord Charles Manners, K.C.B.  
Lieut.-General Sir John Wilson, K.C.B.

Gentleman  
Usher.

Garter Principal King of Arms.

Gentleman  
Usher.

Supporter  
The Marquis of  
TWEEDDALE.

THE CHIEF MOURNER,  
In a long Mourning Cloak,  
his Train borne by the  
Hon. Wm. Wellesley.  
Lord Charles Wellesley,  
Assistants to the Chief Mourner.  
Relations.  
Friends.

Supporter  
The Marquis of  
SALISBURY.

The supporters of the pall were seated on stools on each side of the Body. The officers bearing the bannerols were ranged behind the supporters of the pall.

The Chief Mourner was seated in a chair at the head of the Body, his supporters on either side, the train-bearer behind, and the assistant-mourners upon stools, also on either side. The relations and friends of the deceased took their places behind the Chief Mourner.

The Body being placed on a bier, and the pall being removed, the coronet and cushion were placed on the coffin, as also the Field Marshal's baton of the deceased.

The foreign batons were held during the ceremony by the distinguished persons before named, and they, with the Marquis of Anglesey, occupied stools at the foot of the coffin.

The part of the service before the interment and the anthem being performed, the Body was deposited in the vault, and the service being ended, Garter proclaimed the style; and the controller of the deceased, breaking his staff, gave the pieces to Garter, by whom they were deposited in the grave.

The funeral service, rendered still more solemn by the immense mass of human beings, listening with deep interest and one common feeling of sorrow, and the thrilling and beautiful anthems which pealed through the Cathedral, was of a most impressive character.

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The following is a list of the Batons and Orders which had been conferred on the Duke:—

### BATONS AND ORDERS.

#### BATON OF RUSSIA.

##### ORDER OF ST. ANDREW.

Collar.	Badge with Riband.	Star.
---------	--------------------	-------

##### ORDER OF ST. ALEXANDER NEWSKY.

Cross with Riband.	Star.
--------------------	-------

##### ORDER OF ST. GEORGE.

Cross with Riband.	Star.
--------------------	-------

#### BATON OF PORTUGAL.

##### ORDER OF THE TOWER AND SWORD.

Badge with Riband.	Star.
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**BATON OF AUSTRIA.****ORDER OF MARIA THERESA.**

Cross with Riband. Star.

**BATON OF ENGLAND.**

Badge of the Garter with Riband.

Cross of the Bath with Riband.

**BATON OF SPAIN.****ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.**

Collar and Badge. Badge and Riband.

**ORDER OF ST. FERNANDO (HIGHEST CLASS).**

Cross with Riband. Star.

**ORDER OF ST. FERNANDO (FOURTH CLASS).**

Cross with Riband. Star.

**ORDER OF ST. HERMENEGILDO.**

Badge with Riband. Star.

**BATON OF PRUSSIA.****ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE.**

Cross with Riband. Star.

**ORDER OF THE RED EAGLE OF BRANDENBURGH.**

Cross with Riband.

**BATON OF THE NETHERLANDS.****ORDER OF WILHELM OF THE NETHERLANDS.**

Cross with Riband. Star.

**BATON OF HANOVER.****ORDER OF THE GUELPHS.**

Cross with Riband. Star.

**THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.**

The Garter.

Star.

Collar and George.

**THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.**

Star.

Collar and Grand Cross.

Collar of Victories, given by George IV.

**THE SUPREME ORDER OF THE ANNONCIADE.**

Collar and Badge.

Star.

**THE ORDER ST. FERDINAND OF MERIT.**

Badge and Riband.

Star.

Peninsular Clasp.

**THE SAXON ORDER OF THE CROWN.**

Star.

Cross and Riband.

**THE ORDER OF ST. JANUARIUS.**

Star.

Cross and Riband.

**THE DANISH ORDER OF THE ELEPHANT.**

Star.

Badge and Riband.

**THE ORDER OF THE SWORD OF SWEDEN.**

Star.

Badge and Riband.

Waterloo Medal.

**THE ORDER OF THE ST. ESPRIT.**

Star.

Cross and Riband.

**ORDER OF THE LION D'OR, HESSE-CASSEL.**

Star.

Badge and Riband.

**MILITARY ORDER OF MAX. JOSEPH BAVARIA.**

Star.

Cross and Riband.

**ORDER OF FIDELITE, GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN.**

Star.

Cross and Riband.

**THE WURTEMBERG ORDER OF MILITARY MERIT.**

Star.

Cross and Riband.

**THE ORDER OF THE LION OF BADEN.**

Badge and Riband.



# LIST OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S OFFICIAL TITLES. ---

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.  
 MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON.  
 MARQUIS OF DOURO.  
 EARL OF WELLINGTON, IN SOMERSET.  
 VISCOUNT WELLINGTON, OF TALAVERA.  
 BARON DOURO, OF WELLESLEY.  
 PRINCE OF WATERLOO, IN THE NETHERLANDS.  
 DUKE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO, IN SPAIN.  
 DUKE OF BRUNOY, IN FRANCE.  
 DUKE OF VITTORIA.  
 MARQUIS OF TORRES VEDRAS.  
 COUNT OF VIMIERA, IN PORTUGAL.  
 A GRANDEE OF THE FIRST CLASS, IN SPAIN.  
 A PRIVY COUNCILLOR.  
 COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.  
 COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.  
 COLONEL OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.  
 A FIELD-MARSHAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.  
 A MARSHAL OF RUSSIA.  
 A MARSHAL OF AUSTRIA.  
 A MARSHAL OF FRANCE.  
 A MARSHAL OF PRUSSIA.  
 A MARSHAL OF SPAIN.  
 A MARSHAL OF PORTUGAL.  
 A MARSHAL OF THE NETHERLANDS.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE HOLY GHOST.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.  
 A KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH.  
 A KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF HANOVER.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE BLACK EAGLE.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE TOWER AND SWORD.  
 A KNIGHT OF ST. FERNANDO.  
 A KNIGHT OF WILLIAM OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.  
 A KNIGHT OF CHARLES THE THIRD.

A KNIGHT OF THE SWORD OF SWEDEN.  
 A KNIGHT OF ST. ANDREW OF RUSSIA.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE ANNUNCIADO OF SARDINIA.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE ELEPHANT OF DENMARK.  
 A KNIGHT OF MARIA THERESA.  
 A KNIGHT OF ST. GEORGE OF RUSSIA.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE CROWN OF RUE OF SAXONY.  
 A KNIGHT OF FIDELITY OF BADEN.  
 A KNIGHT OF MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH OF BAVARIA.  
 A KNIGHT OF ST. ALEXANDER NEWSKY OF RUSSIA.  
 A KNIGHT OF ST. HERMENEGILDO OF SPAIN.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE RED EAGLE OF BRANDENBURGH.  
 A KNIGHT OF ST. JANUARIUS.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN LION OF HESSE-CASSEL.  
 A KNIGHT OF THE LION OF BADEN.  
 A KNIGHT OF MERIT OF WURTEMBERG.  
 THE LORD HIGH CONSTABLE OF ENGLAND.  
 THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.  
 THE CONSTABLE OF DOVER CASTLE.  
 WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.  
 CHANCELLOR OF THE CINQUE PORTS. }  
 ADMIRAL OF THE CINQUE PORTS. }  
 LORD-LIEUTENANT OF HAMPSHIRE.  
 LORD-LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER HAMLETS.  
 RANGER OF ST. JAMES'S PARK.  
 RANGER OF HYDE PARK.  
 CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.  
 COMMISSIONER OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.  
 VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SCOTTISH NAVAL AND MILITARY  
 ACADEMY.  
 THE MASTER OF THE TRINITY HOUSE.  
 A GOVERNOR OF KING'S COLLEGE.  
 A GOVERNOR OF THE CHARTER HOUSE.  
 A TRUSTEE OF THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM.  
 A DOCTOR OF LAWS.  
 &c.                      &c.                      &c.

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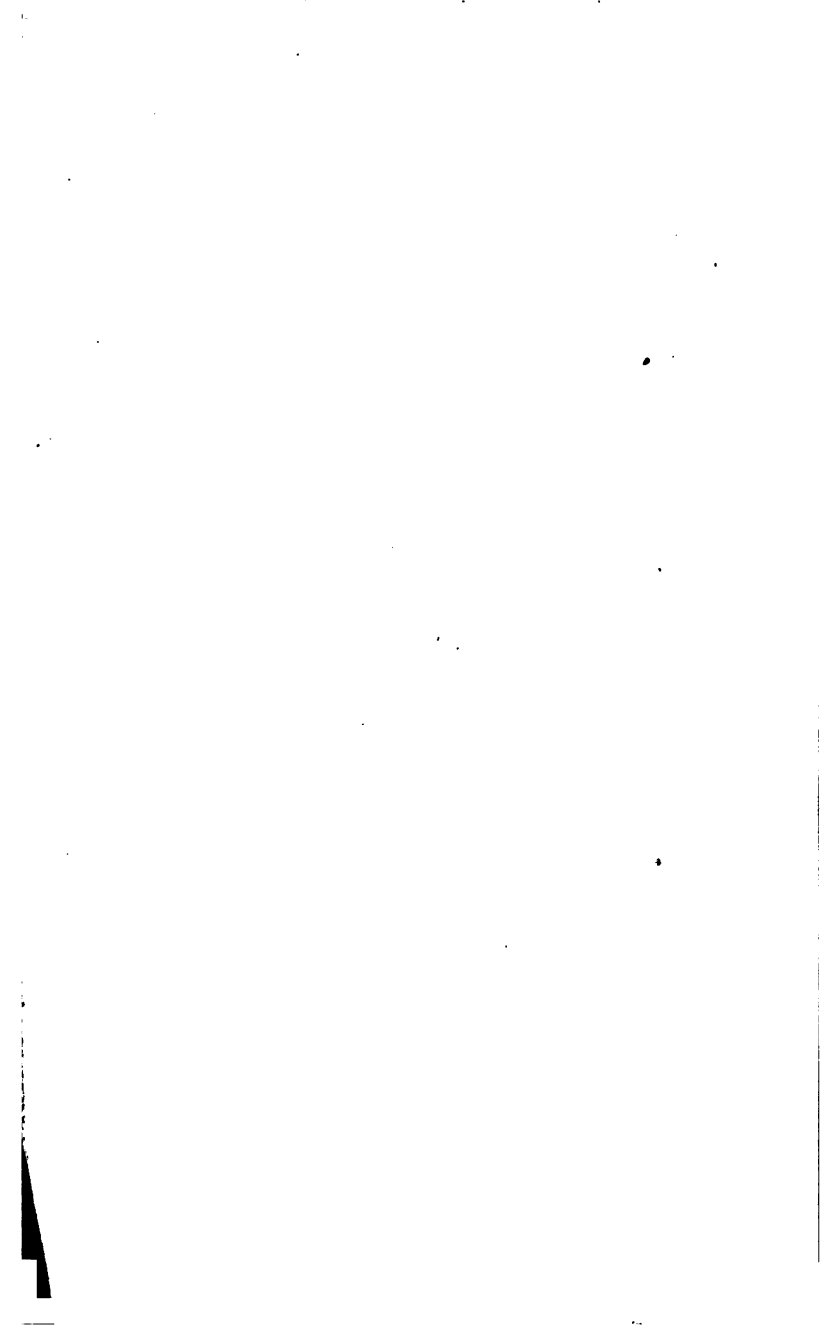
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